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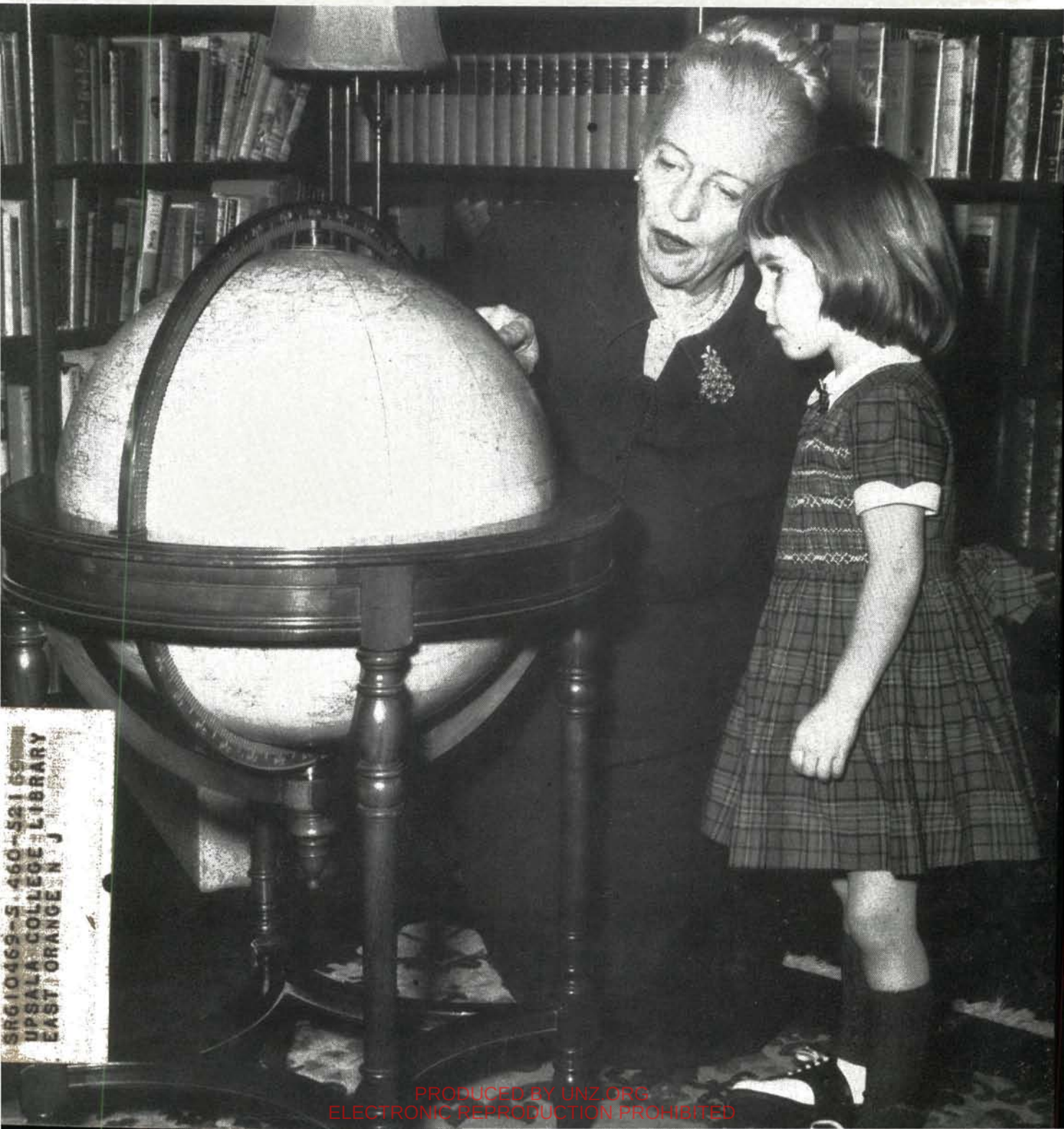

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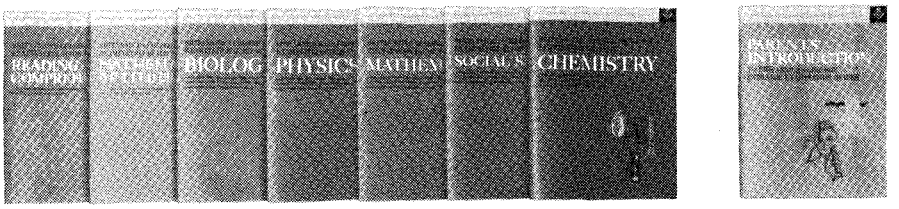

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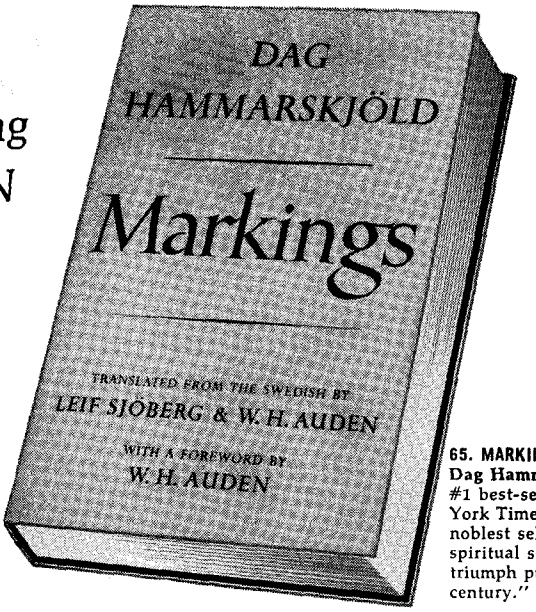

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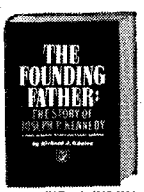

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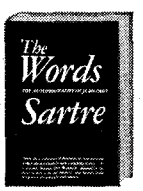

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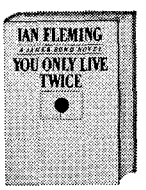

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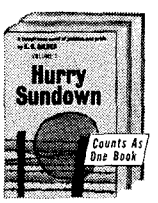

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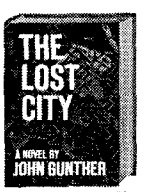

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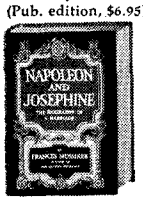

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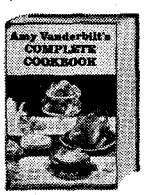

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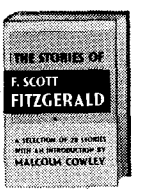

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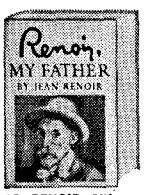

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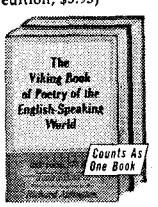

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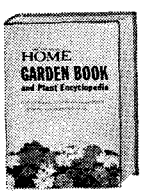

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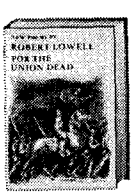

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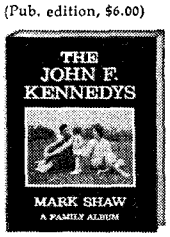

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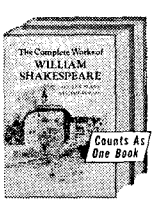

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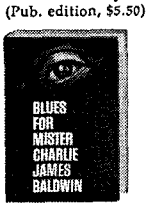

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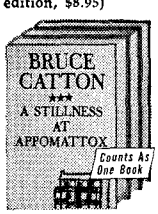

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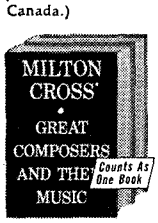

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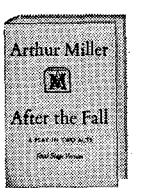

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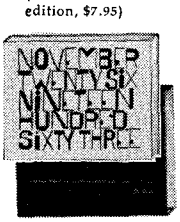

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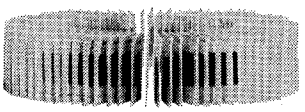

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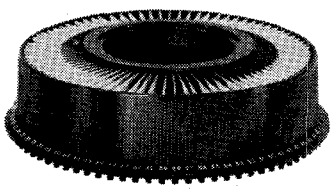

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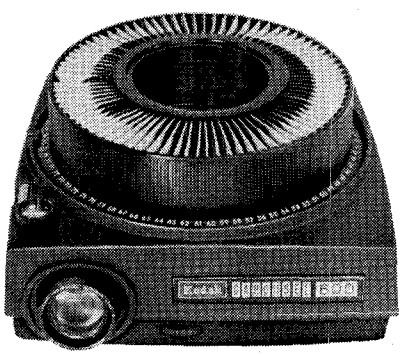

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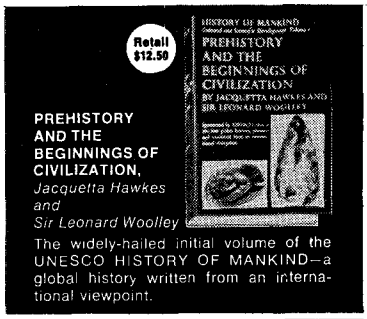

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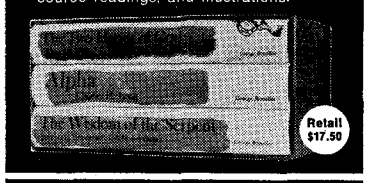

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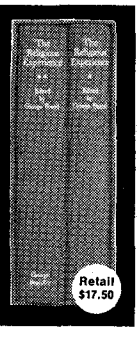

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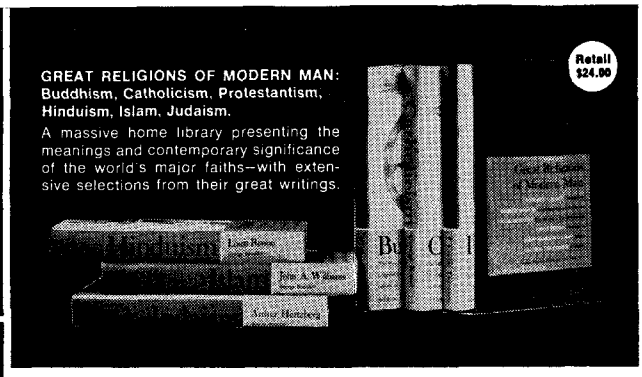

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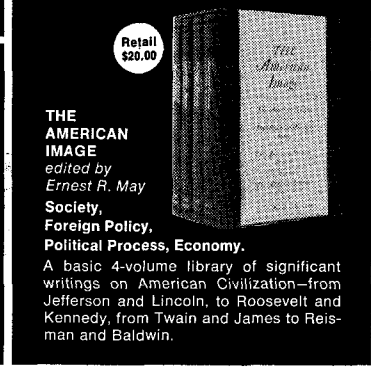

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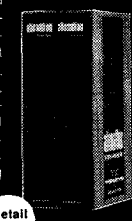

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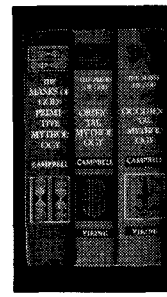

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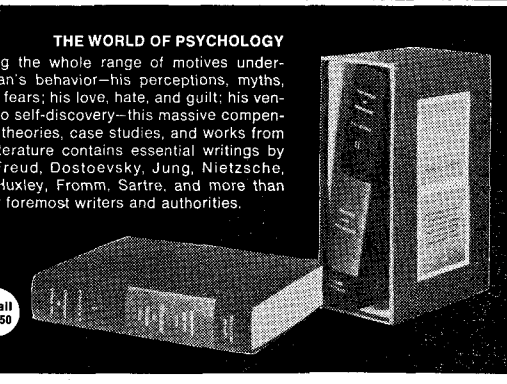

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Passing Fancy

Over, Simca—
Over, Volks—
The highway is meant for the solid folks.

Hey, you insects—
Don't you know
You move when a license number is low?

Jump, mosquitoes—
Hop, you fleas—
The inner lane's meant for the VIPs.

Beat it, bedbugs—
Go get lost
Or else you'll be gassed by my twin exhaust.

Okay, vermin—
Quake and quail—
I'm passing you now like a full-blown gale.

So I hit you!
Hit me back!
You can't hurt a cad in a Cadillac.

—Edward Eliscu.

Heaven Is Paved With Good Inventions

THE invention of gunpowder, in the Middle Ages, is supposed to have made prince and peasant equal. That is to say, if a prince and a peasant each had a loaded pistol in his hand, and the peasant's hand didn't shake too much, the outcome was a toss-up. All the prince's wealth and education and family connections gave him no edge whatever over the peasant with quick reflexes and an itchy trigger finger.

Down through the centuries, inventions have had an important leveling effect, and not merely when somebody leveled a pistol at somebody else. The invention of the sewing machine made it possible for a clumsy woman to make stitches as evenly as the deftest seamstress. The invention of the electric light gave quite a boost to people who envied those who somehow managed to keep their candle burning in a draft. The invention of the automobile made it possible for arthritic oldsters to get where they wanted to go as quickly as agile youngsters, even if they had the sense not to wish to accomplish this.

The invention that has done the most for me, by way of bringing me up to the level of my one-time superiors, is the typewriter. My handwriting has always elicited expressions of annoyance and ridicule—annoyance because it could not be deciphered, and ridicule because it was so characterless and childish. But thanks to a typewriter, I can form the letters as clearly and beautifully as anyone.

The typewriter, I understand, was patented in 1714 by an English engineer named Mills. But this model was not practical. The first typewriter that really worked was designed in 1868 by Christopher Sholes, Carlos Glidden, and S. W. Soule of Milwaukee. Their typewriter was placed on the market in 1874 by E. Remington and Sons, of Ilion, New York. It looked like a typewriter-size piano.

And now, in this matter of inventions, we come full circle, for the Remington firm that produced the first typewriters in the United States was the same Remington company that manufactured guns. Gun makers, who had equalized the prince and the peasant, were now equalizing stylish, legible writers and those, like me, who flunked penmanship in first grade.

Sometimes, when I begin to doubt that all men are created equal, I encourage myself by thinking of gunpowder and the typewriter. Those of us who start life a little behind the rest need never fear—pretty soon some invention will enable us to catch up.

The only thing that has been a little slow coming along, and will *soon* be too late to be of much use to me, is a patented contraption for growing hair. Meanwhile I can only rub my scalp with a mixture of gunpowder and ink—and hope. —Richard Armour.

Room at the Top

Happy Conclusions

(A further sampling from a hobbyist's collection of endings culled from popular fiction)

"It's wartime, my dear—and soldiers are always in a hurry." He laid his hard, cool cheek against hers, with his lips at her ear, and whispered, "Must I wait *forever?*"

"No!" she cried quickly, and felt her knees dissolve. "I didn't mean—oh, *Oliver.*"

"Hello, honey. What are you doing?"

"Nothing," he said. "Not a damn thing."

"Let's do it together," she said. "The old man just took off again."

"Fine," Hank said. "Come on over."

It *is* a wondrous plan, Margi thought. Beyond my understanding. Beyond all . . . She stopped thinking, then. Burt was kissing her.

"Him 'n' Arizony is babies together," she said. "You 'n' me, Peter, has got to help both of 'em grow up to be men. It's a task that can't noways be dodged. An infant child and an infant land," she said. "You 'n' me, Peter, 's a-goin' to be held responsible for how both of 'em is raised. We hain't at the hind end of things, Peter. We're just steppin' over the edge into the beginnin'!"

She was on her knees beside him. Her arms were about him, hugging him, holding him tight.

Bokker forced out words. "It's all right, Ruth, it's all right . . ."

It was all right.

"Honey, you don't know what a rip-snorter you got hogtied," he chuckled. "We're takin' the night train for La Mesa—and a parson."

The king's lips ceased to move.

But in death the drooping corner of his mouth had twisted up into a smile.

Nor Is It Yet

THE END

He tried to pull her down beside him. "Stop it, Danny! You idjut! Oh, look, there's Belle Vista already! 'Member how the sunset used to be like gold on the windows of old Algiers across the Miss'sippi?"

He lifted her hand to his lips. "Across the Miss'sippi," he whispered. "Back home!" —F. de Sales Meyer.

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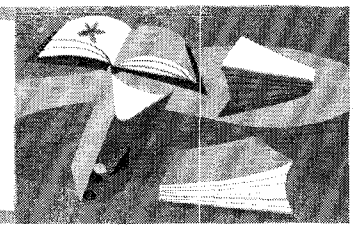

In an assignment given to her high school senior English class, Mrs. Welton Jones of Shreveport asked for interpretations of Sir John Suckling's song:

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

A goodly number of answers went along these lines: "Well, there were these two young lovers—she was named Prithee and he was called Will. . . ."

And in their entertaining radio show, Tom and Marjorie Ewell recounted the

case of the student who was asked what American was given the nickname of Old Hickory. His answer was, "Henceforth." Called to account for this reply, he showed his teacher his history book, which said, "Henceforth, he was called Old Hickory."

Is there a good word to be said for segregation? I was dismayed to find that in a girls' gym class in a nearby high school, they never choose up sides for basketball. Instead, the Negro girls are always on one team and the white girls on the other. Suspecting the worst, I inquired about why the game should be played on racial lines. A girl looked at me disapprovingly and explained, "It's nothing like that. You see, if we mixed the teams up, we wouldn't know who to throw the ball to."

If you've got a marvelous idea and you are going to start to put it into effect, I advise you to keep a detailed diary, paying especial attention to quotations and decisions from other people, particularly where they went against your better judgment. Then, I believe, no matter what the outcome of your idea, you will be in a good position to bring to public notice a fascinating account of your trials and tribulations.

Perhaps the best recent example is *Only You, Dick Daring,* the popular book by Merle Miller and Evan Rhodes that tells how their big television show failed. While they were working on the project, they kept a daily record of their frustrations. A few years ago, playwright William Gibson published *The Seesaw Log,* the last few pages of which contained the script of his successful play, *Two for the Seesaw.* Most of the book, though, was about all the troubles he went through with the producers and actors.

A few months ago Jane Fonda appeared in a flop play in New York entitled *The Fun Couple.* A television program was based not on the so-called comedy but on how an actress rehearses for and appears in a flop play. The camera followed her from the first rehearsal to the closing night. I wonder what they would have done if the show had been a success.

I just read about Dore Schary, who produced and directed *One by One,* a play that opened in December and closed fast. I was feeling sorry for Mr. Schary, a talented man whose skills I respect. Then I noted that "From the

play's inception, he has kept a log about the daily happenings concerning the play, for a book that could be written without hindsight." Now I am glad the production is off the boards, so that he will be able to devote full time to what I am sure will be a worthwhile publishing venture.

Here's some news about Cuba that tells a lot. When C. L. Sulzberger of the *New York Times* prepared to visit Castroland, he received this cable from his correspondent there, Juan de Onis:

"Please bring with you following articles needed desperately:

"Nine regular full-sized flashlight batteries for *Times* portable radio.

"Complete set of piston rings for Plymouth 1954 six-cylinder and for Buick 1954 Special V-8, also fourteen sparkplugs.

"Assortment of No. 2 and larger unsnelled fishing hooks.

"Tube of mentholated shaving cream."

Sharps and Flats: Clay Blair, ousted chief of the *Saturday Evening Post,* is reported writing a book on his experiences with and at that publication. I wonder if *he* kept a daily diary.

► *Printer's Ink* has told of a recent survey in New York in which men and

women were shown a list of magazine names and asked to point out the ones they read regularly. Nine per cent of them picked *Collier's.*

► Three women in Norwalk, Connecticut, were arrested and charged with "manifest danger of falling into ways of vice."

► In Chula Vista, California, five miles from the border, many people from Mexico do their shopping. Dan Putnam, to be different, placed these signs in the window where he has his display advertising business: "Aqúi Se Habla Inglés" and "Ici On Parle Anglais."

► A sign in the parking lot at St. Joseph's Hospital in St. Paul, Minnesota, goes like this: "Reserved—St. John's Sister's."

► Attorney John Slate tells me that a pertinent question on Form 1040 income tax return asks, "Were you blind at the end of your taxable year?"

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

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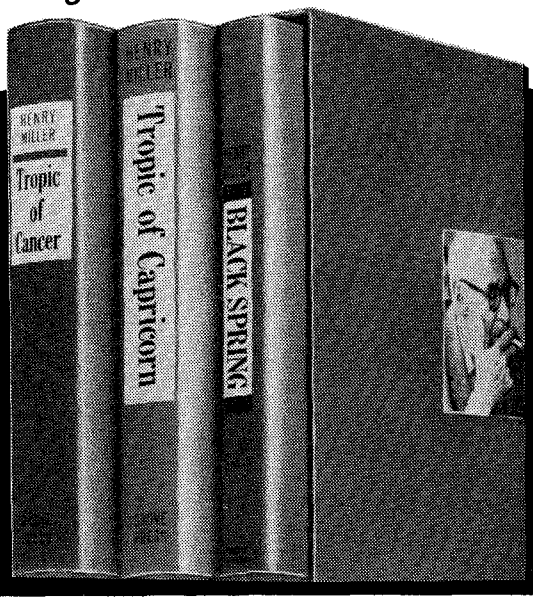

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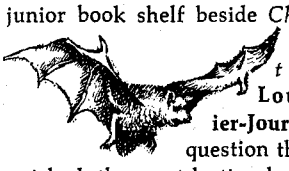
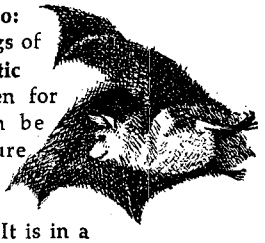
Full-grown praise for a new children's classic

THE
BAT-POET

by Randall Jarrell
Pictures by Maurice Sendak

Cleveland Press: "Merits a place on the junior book shelf beside *Charlotte's Web* or *Winnie-the-Pooh*." **Louisville Courier-Journal:** "Without question the most distinguished, the most lasting book of the year for children." **Saturday Review:** "Every once in a while one finds a book like this—charming simply as a book, and, whether for children or adults, original and a delight to read aloud." **McCall's:** "An enduring ornament of children's literature." **Chicago Tribune Books Today:** "Only a poet as fine as Randall Jarrell could have written this tale of a small brown bat that turns poet." **Louis Untermeyer:** "The combination of prose and verse has never been bettered." **Library Journal:** "A shining jewel of a book . . . cries to be read aloud at story hours, in classrooms, and at bedtime." **Henry Rago:** "It has the makings of a classic." **Atlantic Monthly:** "Written for children, it can be read with pleasure and profit by adults." **John Crowe Ransom:** "It is in a class by itself." **The New York Times Book Review:** "A haunting little story, a parable of charming instruction—and of instructive charm." **Christian Science Monitor:** "An outstanding book." **The Nation:** "Contains a mystery and magic rarely met with today." **Winston-Salem Journal and Sentinel:** "Like so many outstanding books, it defies age limits. Enjoy, enjoy!" **$2.75**

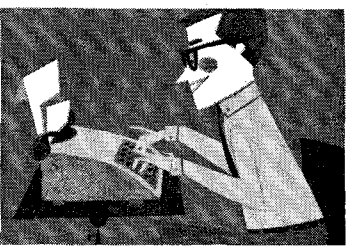




One of The New York Times'
"10 Best Illustrated Books of 1964"

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Top of My Head



JOSHUA ABER, lawyer, New York, complains: "Saturday night at eight my wife and I anxiously awaited the beginning of the movie *War and Peace*. Ten minutes later we knew that the war was one of commercials and the peace, what there was of it, was the Tolstoy classic. In three hours and fifteen minutes there were forty-three commercials.

"First I shaved with my Sunbeam Shavemaster, washed my hair with Enden, while my wife used her Lady Sunbeam and washed her hair several times with Halo. We smoked Lucky Strikes, made reservations with National Airlines, and took some Vicks Formula 44 for our Tareyton cough. The Green Giant came over while my wife dashed Arpège behind her ears and whipped up some Star Kist Tuna with Pabst Blue Ribbon and washed it all down with Gallo Wine. The leftovers went into Glad Bags.

"We invited neighbors in for a Vicks Vaporub party and thought very young with Pepsi, if you please. After the mess I took two Excedrin, a shot of Alka-Seltzer, and several Bufferin as I sat down with a Winston to write my will with my Sheaffer Ballpoint. When I finished I dropped dead."

Take a letter:

Dear Late Mr. Joshua Aber: How's TV up there? Does the announcer shout "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you? . . . Or "Come on up! Come to Paradise on the Gossamer Wing Airline! You're here before you know it—often too soon! Is this any way to run a Paradise? You bet it is!"

• • •

Richard K. Shull had a well-written series on TV in the New York *World-Telegram*. Under one title, "Why Television Has a Low IQ," he quoted producer-packager Keefe Brasselle, who produced-packaged such shows as *Cara Williams*, *Baileys of Balboa*, and *The Reporter*. (That should answer the question in the title right there.)

This is the quote from Mr. Brasselle, who, Mr. Shull says, describes himself as being "brutally candid": "People make the decisions of what goes on TV. If the nation is backsliding in culture it's because the public is boss. I give them what they want."

Take a letter:

Take a Letter

Dear Mr. Shull: All right, let's examine Mr. Brasselle's prescience in knowing how badly the public wanted his three shows. And we'll use the network's yardstick—the ratings: *Cara Williams*, 17.9—fifty-eighth in the top hundred of what the public wants; *Baileys of Balboa*, 10.3—eighty-seventh; *The Reporter*, 11.4—seventy-seventh. Doesn't it seem to you, Mr. Shull, that a producer-packager with that kind of prescience is a little crystal balled up?

As for the public's backsliding in culture, as Dizzy Dean might have said it, it only backslud because they've been conditioned after many years of TV to accept low-I.Q. shows. The question is that old "which came first, the chicken or the egg?" Was it the producer who chickened out of doing a quality show or the egg that hatched the low I.Q. of TV's mass audience? Any way you look at it, that's a dangerous intake of cholesterol for a TV audience every week.

• • •

A personal letter from another producer-packager on Madison Avenue:

"Dear Mr. Ace: You wouldn't be interested in writing an hour show for a new young singer with a hit record that has great appeal for teen-agers, would you?"

Take a letter:

Dear Package-Producer: That's right.

• • •

A full-page color ad in the *New York Times Magazine* shows a dreamy-looking blonde gazing affectionately through smoldering gray-green eyes over a shapely bare shoulder at a handsome man as rugged as all outdoors standing there buttoning his shirt. The copy:

"I love watching him get dressed in the morning. The cold shower . . . the leer . . . Other men are so dull . . . But Jack swings into his shirt as though it were a battle flag. Good old Van Heusen 417 . . . Gosh, I feel sorry for all those nice little ladies who get up at dawn and hover over a hot stove. This is the way mornings should be . . . in love in love in love."

Take a letter:

Dear Van Heusen 417: Yeh, but wait till they get married and she has to hover over a hot stove while he complains about a missing button in his battle flag 417.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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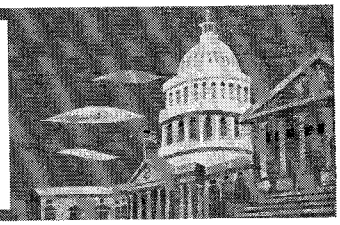
State of Affairs



New Times, New Leaders

THE JOHNSON ERA begins at a time when the world, with one or two exceptions, is bereft of great leaders and charismatic personalities. Whatever history may say of Mr. Khrushchev, President Kennedy, and Pandit Nehru, each in his own way aroused the attention of the world and projected a powerful influence: Mr. Khrushchev by his ebullient personality, the de-Stalinization he carried out, and his pursuit of coexistence; President Kennedy by his youth and personal magnetism, the feeling that he was giving something new and vibrant to American civilization, and his handling of the Cuban crisis; Mr. Nehru because his own people saw in him something of a saint, and the world considered him the chief voice of the nonaligned countries.

Great military powers like the United States and the Soviet Union do not necessarily have to have leaders with great personalities in order to project their power; it expresses itself in military and economic terms. But by making serious mistakes the man at the helm can damage the prestige of his nation. Thus, although President Eisenhower was not an assertive leader the United States did not diminish under him but it did suffer a temporary loss of prestige when Russia suddenly took the lead in the space race.

On the other hand, all the assertiveness of Khrushchev's personality could not mask the defeat he suffered when he was obliged to withdraw Soviet missiles from Cuba. Nor would it have been possible for Nehru to maintain his prestige as leader of the nonaligned world after China's attack, even had he been in good health.

Despite China's economic and military weakness, Mao Tse-tung, to Khrushchev's distress, built up his country's prestige by using the same forbidding remoteness that Stalin had used when he built up Russia's. Moreover, Mao went a step further and challenged the Kremlin's hegemony in the Communist world.

General de Gaulle is another example of what a strong personality can do for a country of lesser power. He gave France a new stature, a new inner strength, and thus a new power position in Europe. Marshal Tito, too, has eked out a position for Yugoslavia well beyond its inherent strength by courageously holding out for "different roads to socialism"—a concept that is now gaining wider acceptance in the Communist world. And there are other men who have given new impetus to the position of their countries, either by advancing their prestige or by giving them notoriety—men such as Chancellor Adenauer, Ben-Gurion, Colonel Nasser, President Betancourt, and Fidel Castro.

Today even so powerful a country as the Soviet Union is suffering from the lack of a central figure that in some way personifies its power. Although Khrushchev's standing in the Communist world had begun to weaken in the last two years—as had the position of Moscow as its infallible center—the Soviet leader's personality continued to cover up the decline of both. This was one of the reasons everybody was so surprised when he fell overnight into oblivion. The world was fooled by his strident self-confidence—as, in fact, he himself seemed to be. Messrs. Brezhnev and Kosygin are colorless men, typical of a period of transition and internal consolidation. How much weaker the Kremlin had become was evident in the way the various foreign Communist leaders questioned the method of Khrushchev's removal. Brezhnev even rushed to the Polish frontier after the *coup d'état* to reassure Gomulka that it did not herald any major policy changes.

President Johnson now assumes the leadership of the United States in his own right. He has been President for more than a year, but he has always implied that during that year he felt himself to be only the executor of the Kennedy legacy. Moreover, the past year has not confronted him with any grave international crises in foreign affairs or any really crucial decisions in national ones. Many important decisions were postponed because of the coming election. Moreover, during the final months the world at large was too concerned about the possibility of a Goldwater victory to want to do anything that could play into his hands.

But from now on it will be the Johnson era, and it begins on a note of optimism and high expectation. The President has strong popular backing in the country and is resourceful in dealing with legislators; his party has a handsome working majority; the economy continues strong: his program should do well.

Yet no one can be sure what sort of a character Lyndon Johnson will develop as a world leader. Judging by some of his favorite phrases, such as "Have a big heart and a tight fist," "Keep an eye on the future and your feet on the ground," "Think boldly and act prudently," there run through his system two contradictory strains: a deep-seated desire to break new ground, and caution acquired with his years of political experience. It is difficult for this reason to predict how he will translate his great assets into leadership. Will he be a more inward-looking President who feels that he can insure his place in history by stressing progress at home, or will he become a world leader? Clearly, an American President has enormous responsibilities in both areas.

So as the curtain rises over the Johnson era Americans and the world generally are wondering what kind of leadership to expect from him—how he will choose to project the power of his own personality and that of the United States to the world stage.

—HENRY BRANDON.

A Thumb Does Many Things:

By S. Dorman

SNAPPED between teeth tells you
what to do with your advice;
thrown back over a shoulder
inquires if the secret's out?
Squashes a cutworm, or an ant,
or bubblegum under a leaf
of your host's walnut table.
Slicked on the tongue it will turn
a page by the delicate edge; wet
with ink, betray you or announce
you're unique, after all. Pointed
down, it leaves no one to mercy,
or may be used to stir the cubes
in a drink, or move a man
by striking six strings.

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Saturday Review
January 16, 1965

CAN WE SURVIVE THE FUN EXPLOSION?

When pleasure becomes the summum bonum, the pursuit of happiness may be getting out of hand

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

STERN CENSORS usually denounce their contemporaries as "pleasure-mad." Our age being one when sociology gets more attention than the fulminations of the moralist, the preferred term is "fun-oriented." For although this term is also sometimes pejorative, it is not always so. A few years ago, for example, Daniel Lerner published in the *American Scholar* an article not explicitly taking sides but giving a very tolerant description of the "fun-oriented" society.

"The theory that every man has a right to comfortable conditions of life is," he said, "the economic counterpart of the theory that every man has the right to be continuously entertained . . . The old Puritan ethic (or perhaps, more exactly, simply Protestant), with its emphasis on effort, achievement, struggle, and success, has yielded to a whole new array of words expressing the new concept of right conduct and a good life."

About the same time Miss Katherine Hoskins, writing in the *Hudson Review*, took a more positive stand: "I sometimes think that our volatility, our lack of memory, our wastefulness, and other qualities that seem weaknesses could be the virtues of two hundred years from now. I can imagine a new ethos, a different hierarchy of values into which our characteristics would fit. . . . A world more fluid, more abstract—where all things are easily picked up, easily put down. A world without monuments and where one didn't save string, an era of present rationality and charm, wherein the ego has learned grace and poetry and uses them."

Now it is true that there are distinctions between what being "pleasure-mad" on the one hand and "fun-oriented" on the other implies. "Pleasure-mad" suggests dissipation accompanied by the search for madder music and stronger wine. "Fun-oriented" sometimes suggests only golf, picnics, cook-outs, and all sorts of innocent happenings. Still, one does shade into the other.

It has always seemed to me strange that the left-wingers who despise the "privileged class" and find no virtue except in "the worker" should suppose that if everybody had the equivalent of inherited wealth everybody would be fine. The rich playboy has always been an irritating phenomenon, but in the past he was never numerous enough to constitute a serious problem. Many members of the middle and lower classes now enjoy the "privileges" that were once abused by the rich only, and maybe that is why the youth problem grows. At least this seems as reasonable a theory as the more popular opposite, which is that society deprives too large a proportion of its members of the goods they have the right to expect. As a Tory might say, "They seemed to behave better when they had even less."

A FEW days ago I stood on a busy streetcorner in Tucson watching the young people go by and asking myself if I saw in them the emergence of the new and healthily fun-oriented type. I concluded that the first step (if it really is in that direction) had obviously been taken. Physically, they were a healthier-looking, more confident lot than one is likely to see in any other country. Among the young women (in whom of course I was most interested) there may have been few who could be singled out as great beauties, but the level of physical attractiveness was certainly high—and obviously high on the list of their ambitions. Since their models were those of the movies, the television screen, and the fan magazines, the almost universal effect aimed at was that of the siren—the dangerous woman, or what Hollywood calls, somewhat inelegantly, the "sexpot." But this was despite the fact that few of them had the temperament to go with this outward show or were capable of fulfilling the promises their appearance seemed to hold out. Instead of going on to a career of devastation, most of them are destined to end up in a few years pushing a cart in the supermarket—the cart being used as transportation for one or more "kids" until such time as the space they are occupying is needed for canned baby food. Though their heads will be crowned by large curlers they will be definitely "fun-oriented" rather than "pleasure-mad."

IN one other respect I think I can see, even in the faces of the youngest, that they are also already living in that new world "where all things are easily picked up and put down" and where there are no "monuments." Translated, this means that they have gladly accepted our "civilization of the disposable," in which everything from Kleenex to automobiles is to be casually discarded and in which, instead of looking for a usable past, they are so completely unaware that any past exists that they have no need to reject it. They really were "born yesterday" and the last thing that would ever occur to them would be to familiarize themselves with the best that has been thought and said. Their beauty (if you can call it by so exalted a term) is the exact opposite of what Pater thought he saw in the Mona Lisa. None of the sorrows of the world have come to rest on their faces and if the eyelids are a little weary that is only because their owners were up late last night having fun.

If you assume (as they unconsciously do) that there is no such thing as the wisdom of the ages and that there is nothing to be learned from even the mistakes of the past, then perhaps they are right in being happily ignorant of it. But I find it hard to believe that the slate should be wiped quite so clean.

Presently I found myself thinking, in my old-fashioned way, about Matthew Arnold's classification of his contempo-

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raries, and I think that it requires some modification if it is to be applied this hundred years later. What he called the cultured are perhaps as numerous (which is also as few) as they were in his time. But if I understand aright another of his distinctions, there are fewer Philistines and more Barbarians, *i.e.*, fewer who have rejected culture and chosen vulgarity, more who are simply unaware that culture exists. The values of the Philistine—comfort, money, and power—are consciously held and therefore not wholly unexamined. His thinking may be vulgar and directed toward the achievement of vulgar ends but it is at least thinking of a sort, and the choices are deliberately made. The Barbarian does not really think or choose at all with his conscious mind. He merely finds himself living in a world of physical sensations, quite unaware that any other existence is possible. I know that we spend millions on schools, that no other nation is so supplied with libraries, that paperbacks proliferate, and that even TV devotes hours to "education." But I have the feeling that a very large number of youths of both sexes are as untouched by all this as though it did not exist.

In addition to Arnold's categories one must of course establish a new one either nonexistent or unnamed in Arnold's day: the category of the Alienated. This category includes two subdivisions, into one or the other of which the existentialist and the beatnik are placed. Both have one thing in common with the Philistine because both have rejected "culture" in Arnold's sense, though they often know more about it than his Philistines did. They differ from one another in that the highly intellectual existentialist is depressed while the beatnik has taken only one step away from the fun-oriented society and finds the *summum bonum* to be not fun but "kicks."

Lytton Strachey once remarked that when Victorians "lost their faith" they reacted to the loss in different ways. To some it was merely a burden laid down; to others it was more as though they had lost a portmanteau that they continued to look nervously about for. The beatnik and the existentialist react in a somewhat analagous manner to their own loss of faith in the whole system of beliefs and values of the Western world. And to me the discouraging fact is that if, as seems to be the case, the existentialists will be the teacher of any Barbarians who decide to live "an examined life" instead of an unexamined one, there isn't too much to choose between the two. In fact, I am inclined to think that I would rather live among the modern Barbarians than in a society really dominated by the completely alienated—whether existentialist or beatnik.

For those of us who live in the United States our world is almost completely without monuments in the literal as well as in the figurative sense, and I wonder if this absence of physical monuments does not encourage our unawareness of the monuments of thought and feeling in which the Barbarians refuse to interest themselves. When (as seems to be increasingly the case) the schools make a half-hearted effort to call some attention to them, we, so the pupils reply, are "modern" and we can't be bothered with what ought to have been disposed of long ago. In many schools, it seems, the attempt to present culture has been given up in despair, "assigned reading" now being any book the pupil cares to choose—with the result that, so I am told, one class in a Tucson high school is "studying" *Peyton Place*.

Even in New York there are few physical objects outside museums to remind anyone of the fact that the city has a past; and to the Barbarian a museum (which he does not often visit) is the only proper place for anything that was made more than twenty years ago. Buildings are not disposed of quite as quickly as automobiles (just as automobiles are not disposed of as quickly as Kleenex), but there is little desire to keep any of them long. What a fanatical antiquarian called "vandalism" we call "modernization." As a result, even the most ambitious public structures are almost in the class of consumer goods, with the stress on "consumer" and by consequence on consumption.

I am told that even the Parisian is losing interest in his "monuments" and is quite reconciled to seeing them replaced by modern structures of either the glass-box or the Corbusier variety. Yet of all great cities his is the one in which monuments of both the remote and the recent past are most conspicuously integrated into the whole city to which they contribute so much of its character. These monuments are lived in and with, not merely preserved. Hence the citizen does not have to seek them out but passes Notre Dame, the Louvre, and the Arc de Triomphe—each a characteristic monument of some part of his past—as he goes about his business or pleasure. In New York the most you are likely to find is the plaque that says, "On this spot once stood . . ."

I do not think it is mere prejudice that has led me to believe that the man and woman on the Paris street look somehow aware of more things than do their opposite numbers in Tucson or New York, and if this is not an illusion then it may be that their physical city has something to do with the fact. Of course, they also look less healthy, physically less imposing, and I am certain that the American would not want to give up his advantage there in exchange for what the Parisian seems to have. But is a choice really necessary?

A few years ago Robert Graves gave a speech before the American Academy of Arts and Letters the subject of which was announced mysteriously as "On The Word Baraka." It turned out that this

"Can't you read, man? Use the delivery entrance!"

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word is Arabic and refers to that particular charm (in both the literal and figurative senses of the word) which adheres to anything from a cooking pot to a mosque that has been long used either by an individual or his clan. Mr. Graves's point was that we rarely keep anything, cooking pot or building, long enough for it to acquire even a trace of this charm and that the central fact of our civilization is that we prefer newness to baraka. My objection to the new Utopia certainly includes the fact that the very concept of baraka will have been forgotten.

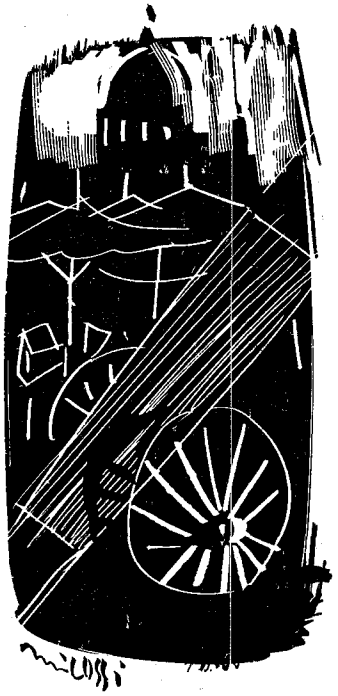
Is it—or isn't it—a cause for surprise that the age of fun should be also both an age of violence and (among a conspicuous group of intellectuals) an age of philosophical despair? Fun, violence, and despair seem at first sight to make an unexpected trio but perhaps there is a natural relation. Since you can't possibly have fun all the time, since seeking it too persistently and too exclusively is a sure way of finding boredom and frustration instead, perhaps pessimism is the inevitable reaction of the thoughtful, and violence the inevitable reaction of those who do not analyze their frustrations.

IF it is true that the American family spends an average of five hours a day watching television, then what it is so doggedly exposing itself to must indicate something about the inner life of its members. The seeming incongruity of the fun-oriented commercial that usually interrupts the most sadistic spectacle again calls attention to the kinship between the two. Suddenly at some climax of violence comes the "word from our sponsor." What one logically expects is an offer of heroin, of brass knuckles sent COD "in a plain wrapper," or, possibly, some direction for obtaining police protection. But the advertiser assumes that what the audience wants most is something that will keep its hair in place or get the clothes really white. Are these two things—the sadistic melodrama on the one hand and the commercial on the other—the two competing versions of the American dream and is it the triviality of the one that creates an appetite for thrills and excitement at any cost?

What cannot be doubted is the all too obvious fact that this is indeed an age of violence, both public and private. Publically, it is an age of revolutions, small wars, and riots; privately, an age of vandalism and brutal assaults that suggest the "unmotivated act" of the existentialist novel, though the perpetrator usually can give no such rationalized explanation. When, a few months ago, a Tucson youth drove an icepick into the back of a school maintenance worker and then said he had no idea why he assaulted a man against whom he had no grudge, the shocking thing was that, in a sense, the incident was too typical of what one reads about almost daily to cause shock. And one wonders again if the reaction against the boredom of a fun-oriented society does not have something to do with the situation.

THE New York World's Fair adopted as its theme "Man's Achievements in an Expanding Universe" but its theme song (to the music of Richard Rogers) is: "Walk away from every care/This is your fun time/you are entitled to it." Walking away from every care in an expanding universe may seem to require some doing, but isn't that last clause, "you are entitled to it," the real theme song of our society? Did the natural right to *pursue* happiness become somehow the right to *get* happiness and did that right inevitably degenerate into a right to have fun—for the simple reason that the impossibility of guaranteeing fun is less obvious than the impossibility of guaranteeing happiness? Do children destroy schools and students plunge icepicks into custodians simply because they are not getting the fun they have been told they have a right to and are taking their revenge?

Sociologists used to blame all youthful delinquency and most adult criminality on a society that had deprived the child or the adult of decent conditions of life. But the explanation will no longer hold water. Youthful delinquents and vandals come from every strata of society—from the poor who have too little, from the rich who have too much, and from the middle classes, which seem to have just the right proportion of the things the sociologists talk about.



We can't all belong to the jet set but few of us are too poor to join its lower-income analogue, the motorcycle set. If many at both levels have been deprived, it is not of comfort and material luxuries. Perhaps what they suffer is being deprived of a set of values not to be found in a fun-oriented society. There we are all taught to believe that fun is what everyone has a right to; that if you do not have as much of it as you think you should you are "deprived"; and that to be deprived is to make any protest up to and including murder "understandable" because society, not you, is to blame.

STILL another paradox is the fact that this fun-oriented and violence-oriented society is also, on the other hand, playing a leading role in a world movement aimed at extending freedom and equality to all persons within our own country and ultimately to all nations. Perhaps the most tragic consequence of a taste for violence is the extent to which it confuses the motives of every social or political movement, from the demand for civil rights to anticolonial revolution, by making them sometimes genuinely what they profess to be and sometimes merely excuses for violence. Students strike and riot for absurd as well as for legitimate reasons. One is not quite sure whether the inhabitants of Cyprus wanted independence for reasons credible to human dignity or merely in order that Turks and Greeks might indulge in the fun of killing one another; whether a Southeastern confederation wants to be a self-governing nation out of legitimate "national aspirations" or whether the greatest national aspiration is to be strong enough to attack and subdue its neighbors. Surely the unholiest of united fronts is this one formed by the union of those who have a passion for justice with those moved only by a pathological lust to destroy. And it is all the more dangerous because even individuals are sometimes self-deceived.

The apologies for a fun-oriented society seem to assume that security and abundance are automatic as well as permanent and that somehow or other they will continue to bless those who have put "having fun" before everything else. Theirs would be, it seems to me, a rather ignoble Utopia and it is certainly an impossible one. At this moment one cannot be sure whether we are headed toward a world more just and happier than it has ever been, or whether (as the news of yesterday and today seems often to suggest) toward a dark age where violence, both private and public, is normal and almost continuous. The fun-oriented are not likely to be of much help in settling the question.

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Rescuing the Forgotten Prisoners

By IRWIN ROSS

JURGEN WIECHERT owes his freedom to a unique organization called Amnesty International. In the summer of 1961, Jurgen, then eighteen, was the leader of a Protestant youth group in East Germany. At the conclusion of a Bible-study encampment, Jurgen and his group took an excursion cruise on the Baltic. After they were under way, the youngsters were told that the ship was not headed for the Danish island of Bornholm, as planned, but for the East German island of Rugen. Disappointed, they took up the chant: "We want to go to Bornholm!" Jurgen then penned a jocular petition: "To his Majesty, the Admiral of the good ship *Binz*, with humble respects: We request you to proceed to Bornholm." Twenty signed it.

Outraged, the captain had the whole group arrested. During the trial, the innocent agitation was presented as a plot to escape from East Germany. All the youngsters received prison terms; Jurgen, as the ringleader, got eight years.

Not long afterward, Jurgen Wiechert's conviction came to the attention of Amnesty headquarters in London. In March 1962, Amnesty sent P. S. Khera, an Indian lawyer, to East Berlin to intercede with the authorities on behalf of Wiechert and other political prisoners. Khera was received by the Attorney General, but got little satisfaction. Meanwhile, Amnesty assigned the Wiechert case to Harrow, one of its local groups in England. The Harrovians peppered the East German authorities with pleas for Wiechert's release; letters periodically went to the Minister of Justice, the Minister of the Interior, the Attorney General. A list was compiled of twelve leading East German newspapers; a separately written letter was addressed to each. None of them appeared in print, although one newspaper did acknowledge receipt.

The whole point of the writing campaign—which continued for over a year—was to keep reminding the East German authorities that Jurgen Wiechert was not a faceless number on a prison roster but a blameless youngster wrongly imprisoned on a ridiculous charge. Finally, on October 24, 1963, Jurgen was released.

Dedicated to the liberation of political prisoners everywhere, Amnesty operates on the premise that thousands of individuals languish in jails from Moscow to Capetown because no one has lifted a voice in their behalf. Most of them lack money, fame, or powerful friends in foreign lands; the governments that imprisoned them may, in fact, be only dimly aware of their existence. Notoriously quick to jail citizens, authoritarian regimes frequently keep their victims behind bars long after the reason for their arrest has been forgotten. When suddenly faced with outside pressure, the offending government often discovers diplomatic or public relations advantages in appearing magnanimous.

In its brief history (it was launched in May 1961) Amnesty has already proven the surprising effectiveness of moral indignation when shrewdly channeled and linked with the engines of mass publicity. In its first three years Amnesty campaigned for the release of some 1,360 political prisoners. In that period some 330 were freed.

Amnesty's basic technique is to dramatize individual cases of injustice. The plight of Abdul Ghaffar Khan of Pakistan was typical. When Amnesty came to his aid, Khan was seventy-two, a gaunt, weary man in ill health, held in indefinite detention in Lahore prison. Khan's offense was purely political: he wanted regional autonomy for the 4,000,000 Pathans on the northwest frontier—a demand that ran counter to the centralized structure of the Pakistan state. No threat of revolutionary violence was involved. A Moslem follower of Gandhi, Khan had spent decades converting the warlike Pathans to the disciplined uses of nonviolence. But the Pakistan government feared the old man's popularity among his people; he was a political irritant and had therefore been kept in jail, with but brief intervals of freedom, ever since Pakistan became independent in 1947.

Khan's followers, who continually pleaded for his release, had no leverage with the Pakistan government. Amnesty's resources were greater. In 1962 it named Khan "Prisoner of the Year," a designation that always inspires a flood of publicity, reaching a climax at public ceremonies commemorating Human Rights Day on December 10, the anniversary of the 1948 signing of the U.N.'s Declaration of Human Rights.

At the same time, Amnesty shrewdly played on the guilty consciences of Pakistan officials, many of whom have close links of sentiment with Britain. Amnesty representatives visited Pakistan to inquire about Khan and called on the Pakistan High Commissioner in London. These varied efforts finally elicited a commitment by the Pakistan government to review Khan's detention in February 1963. The following January the venerable leader was set free.

Amnesty often does not know whether it is private pressure or public clamor that finally springs the prison lock; it tries every approach, no matter how unlikely the prospect of success. Even the Czechoslovak government, one of the most obdurate Communist regimes in Europe, finally gave way to an Amnesty campaign in behalf of the Catholic Archbishop of Prague, Josef Beran.

Few churchmen had caused the totalitarians as much trouble as Beran. In 1949 he refused to swear a mandatory oath of allegiance to the Communist regime; he also protested government seizure of church properties and harassment by Communist rowdies who invaded his cathedral.

The government's response was to place Beran under house arrest. Thereafter he was moved around the country from place to place, but never brought to trial, never even charged with a crime. He had been held incommunicado for a dozen years when Amnesty took up his case in 1961. By this time Beran was seventy-three; rumors occasionally reached the outside world that he was gravely ill, or even dead. The sad truth, however, was that the world had largely forgotten him.

Amnesty's first move was to press the Czechoslovak Embassy in London for information—asking where Beran was, the state of his health, the charges against him. At the same time Amnesty was publicizing Beran's plight and spurring Catholic and Czech exile groups to take up his cause. That year the Archbishop's name led Amnesty's Christmas list of "forgotten prisoners," for whom Christmas cards were so-

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licited. The mass dispatch of thousands of Christmas greetings, now a standard Amnesty technique, was meant to impress the authorities as much as to bring a measure of solace to the prisoners.

The following March was the thirteenth anniversary of Beran's confinement. In Great Britain, Canada, and the United States, Czech exile organizations and religious groups held public meetings to demand the aged archbishop's release. A good deal of newspaper publicity was thereby engendered; the BBC and Radio Free Europe also beamed the programs to Czechoslovakia. Similar rallies were held the following year. In October 1963, two years after Amnesty began its efforts, the Czech government finally set Beran free.

The establishment of Amnesty was a natural consequence of Peter Benenson's private crusading. Benenson is a forty-three-year-old Londoner, a product of Eton and Oxford whose principal extracurricular interest has long been defending the victims of oppression. In the 1950s he frequently left his commercial law practice for trips to Hungary, Cyprus, South Africa, and Spain to serve as either a legal observer or defense counsel. In 1959 an inheritance made it possible for Benenson to give up his regular practice and devote himself entirely to good causes. At the same time, however, he was becoming increasingly dissatisfied with his defense work. He felt that in an authoritarian state there was a limited utility in merely defending a political prisoner in a courtroom. Something more was needed.

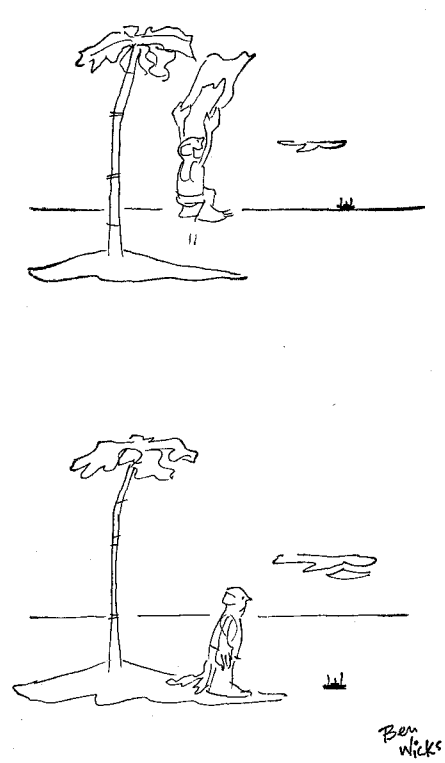
ONE morning early in 1961, Benenson read a news story in the *Times* about two Portuguese students who had raised their glasses to "freedom," been overheard by some snooper, and received seven-year prison terms for their reckless toast. His first impulse was to head for the Portuguese Embassy and deliver a personal protest. He quickly realized that this would be a useless gesture, but he began to wonder how the Portuguese and Spanish and Eastern European Communist regimes would react to a concerted wave of protests washing across their portals. In 1960 a World Refugee Year sponsored by the U.N. had been amazingly effective in emptying most of the refugee camps established since World War II. Why not a Political Freedom Year in 1961—a one-year campaign to empty the jails of political prisoners?

Benenson discussed his idea with Eric Baker of the Society of Friends, who was enthusiastic. They soon worked out the details and Benenson wrote an article entitled "The Forgotten Prisoners." It was prominently published in the *Observer*, a leading London Sunday paper. In it he stressed that "the force of opinion, to be effective, should be broadly based, international, nonsectarian, and all-party."

Benenson announced the establishment of an office in London to collect information about political prisoners, to publicize individual cases, and to aid groups around the world eager to join the campaign. Anyone was welcome who was willing to condemn persecution wherever it took place. Amnesty's motto was Voltaire's: "I detest your views, but am prepared to die for your right to express them."

THE response was enormous. Benenson's appeal was reprinted by newspapers on every continent. Pledges of support came from prominent churchmen, politicians, lawyers, and educators. Within a month, a thousand letters were received. Many correspondents sent along money. Two months after the article appeared, Benenson and Baker convened a meeting in Luxembourg of supporters from Britain, France, Germany, Belgium, and Ireland to set up an international organization. By autumn it was realized that an effective campaign could not be limited to a year, as originally planned. Amnesty would be a permanent body.

In the past, efforts to liberate political prisoners usually have been limited to celebrated individuals—Cardinal Mindszenty in Hungary, Sheik Abdullah in Kashmir, Milovan Djilas in Yugoslavia. Amnesty's scope is far broader; any "prisoner of conscience" anywhere, no matter how obscure, is its client. It defines "prisoner of conscience" as "any person who is physically restrained (by imprisonment or otherwise) from expressing any honestly held opinion . . . which does not advocate violence." The politics and religion of a prisoner are of no concern to Amnesty.



Its structure also represents an innovation. Instead of merely working through a central office leading a publicity campaign, much of Amnesty's activity is farmed out to local groups, each of which has to "adopt" three prisoners—one in a Communist country, another in the West (which includes Spain and Portugal), and a third in the newly independent nations of Africa and Asia. Each group concentrates its efforts on its three prisoners, lobbying for their release and, wherever possible, sending money or relief supplies to the prisoners' families. The system of group adoption enlists more manpower on behalf of many more prisoners than would otherwise be possible; it also ensures Amnesty's nonpartisan character.

Amnesty has enrolled over 350 local groups—some 200 of them in Britain and others in Australia, Belgium, Canada, Denmark, Finland, Ireland, Israel, Italy, Luxembourg, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, the United States, and West Germany. The groups range in size from three to seventy members, with most of them enrolling about a dozen. They include professional people, students, clergymen, housewives, businessmen; almost every group has one lawyer. Two British groups were founded in Catholic convent schools; one meets in a Moslem mosque. The groups are self-financed and in addition raise money for the London office, which in its last fiscal year collected some $24,000 in dues and contributions.

AT headquarters Amnesty maintains a central file of political prisoners, currently numbering over 3,500. It is compiled in a variety of ways. The staff regularly reads some eighty English, French, and German publications. Liaison is maintained with various exile groups in London, which regularly receive information from their homelands. Reports of foreign broadcasts are checked for data on arrests and convictions. Foreign correspondents and junketing parliamentarians are another source.

Publicity is always a powerful weapon; indeed, sometimes Amnesty can get results just by inspiring a journalistic inquiry. In most countries, however, the better known a political prisoner, the more difficult it generally is to secure his release; the regime fears that the concession will involve a damaging loss of face. When Amnesty began to work for Heinz Brandt, for ex-

(*Continued on page 74*)

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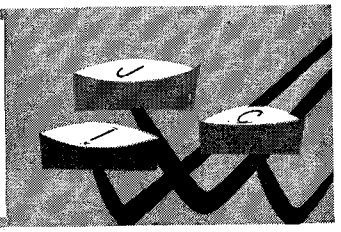
Manner of Speaking



Did I Mean That? From time to time my wife comes up to my attic study and looks purposefully at my desk. On such occasions she always wants to know how I keep track of anything. To which I reply that I never really lose anything. To which she replies that I can never really find anything, either.

As it happens, she is wrong in this case. I do constantly find things on my desk in the process of looking for something else. To be sure, I seldom find what I happened to be looking for just at that moment, but no matter—that will show up some other time. All one need really do is acquire a sense of sidereal time and everything will happen.

Somewhere in that infinite continuum I was stirring things on the top of my desk looking for I-forget-what, when I came on a clip of correspondence dating back to May of 1961. In SR for April 1, 1961, I had published a poem and one of the students of Professor John R. Bryden of Wayne University had written a paper on it. Professor Bryden had thought I might like to see that student paper.

This column may seem to be a tardy acknowledgement as the Winchell flies, but think again how the orbits swing. Not even such a cosmic gadabout as Halley's Comet has reappeared. The interim, in fact, hardly gives me time to be surprised over again by the student's ingenuity.

But to begin at the beginning, here is the poem:

ON FLUNKING A NICE BOY
OUT OF SCHOOL

I wish I could teach you how ugly
decency and humility can be when
    they are not
the election of a contained mind
    but only
the defenses of an incompetent.
    Were you taught
meekness as a weapon? Or did you
    discover,
by chance maybe, that it worked on
    mother
and was generally a good thing—
at least when all else failed—to get
    you over
the worst of what was coming. Is
    that why you bring
these sheepfaces to Tuesday?
    They won't do.
It's three months work I want, and
    I'd sooner have it
from the brassiest lumpkin in
    pimpledom, but have it,
than all these martyred repentances
    from you.

The student who wrote about the poem got the surface situation and its mood beyond any question. He was, in fact, surprisingly sensitive in that part of his discussion. Then, having described that much, a disastrous phrase occurred to him. "On a deeper level," he began—and suddenly I find myself buried in Norse mythology. Here is that part of his paper that leaves me gasping:

> On a deeper level, the poem says much more. Not only does it juxtapose the conflicting matriarchal and patriarchal principles of our society, but it also analyzes the positive and negative aspects of Christianity in juxtaposition with northern mythology symbolized by *Tuesday*.
>
> Indeed, the word *Tuesday* is the key to the entire poem. Technically, we note that it is the only word that does not rime or near rime with any other end-word of a line. Furthermore, it climaxes the first ten lines of the sonnet, forcing the reader to a halt, and leads to the spondaic "They won't do" and resolution of the final three lines.
>
> Tuesday, we remember, is the day of the week named for Tyr, the Norse god of battle, and here represents the patriarchal principle, which demands that children earn their parents' love (here it is the teacher's "pass") as opposed to the matriarchal principle that counsels giving love *regardless*, and is symbolized by *mother*.
>
> Of course, *Tuesday* might simply be the day of the student's class or conference, but symbolically it is also the Norse god of battle, the patriarchal principle, and the teacher himself.
>
> Several words in the poem call up Christianity: *election, meekness, mother, sheep-faces, martyred.* One is at first shocked to see *decency* and *humility* labeled *ugly*, but one soon realizes that the poet is saying these traits can be beautiful when they are *elected* (Christian theological overtone) by a "contained mind" (connoting, perhaps, a disciplined and disciplining God) and not by an "incompetent mind" (connoting self-indulgence and an overpermissive God).
>
> *Mother*, of course, is Mary, and *sheep-faces* and *martyred* call up Christ. The poem might be saying that patriarchal Christianity (God's love must be earned) is good, while matriarchal Christianity (God's love is for all) is bad, or that a dogmatic, institutionalized church (mother) is bad, while a militant Christ *(Tuesday)* is good.
>
> Tyr willingly had his hand bitten off by the wolf, Fenris. Isn't it ironic that *sheep-faces* come to him, and isn't it more than coincidental that Christ is supposed to have said, "If your hand offends you, cut it off"?
>
> The poem then is a plea for individual responsibility: Tyr would rather face a wolf than a sheep. The patriarchal principle calls for a deserving child. A teacher vastly prefers a pimply upstart who works and thinks to a "nice boy."

What astonishes me about all this is its combination of acumen and obtusity. The conclusions are right enough, yet all sorts of things are incidentally wrong, as for example, the poem is not a sonnet, and "Tuesday" is not a line end, but the middle of a line, the rest of the line being dropped because the tone of the poem changes in mid-line.

Somewhere between precision and fumble, moreover, this student decided to turn a corner that wasn't there. Obviously the boy had been reading up on Norse mythology and he happened to be loaded up on Tyr and Fenris.

For all that about Tuesday is an obvious derailment. Had I said Monday he would probably have come on with moon symbolism, and so on through the week. For the name of any day can be taken for this sort of symbolic ride—and when I say "ride" I am thinking of Rhakaday from "rakateah," one of the goon-Norns of Shickagoan mythology, who on orders from Ahlkhapohn rode people out of this world to the symbolic terminus known as Thurivver, where they were embraced by the goddess Seement.

But I really shouldn't josh this boy. On something like the same level he is exactly right about the Christian overtones of *election, meekness, etc.* Those words were all chosen for a purpose.

But how is a student to know he is right in one set of identifications and wrong in another? It is the residual teacher in me that asks that question, not the writer of the poem. And I think the teacher has a reasonable answer.

How do you *know*, asks the student, that *Tuesday* wasn't meant as a symbol? Because, says the teacher, that possibility is never returned to in the poem.

Any poet who intends a common word to acquire the extraordinary symbolic weight this student gives to *Tuesday* will reinforce that possibility by returning to it somewhere else in the poem. The Christian overtones of the poem are a theme because they are developed into a theme. *Tuesday* is simply a day of the week because had the poet wanted to evoke Tyr, or Tiw, or Thing, he would have brought the phrasing back to that possibility somewhere else in the poem.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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The Mathematics of Destruction

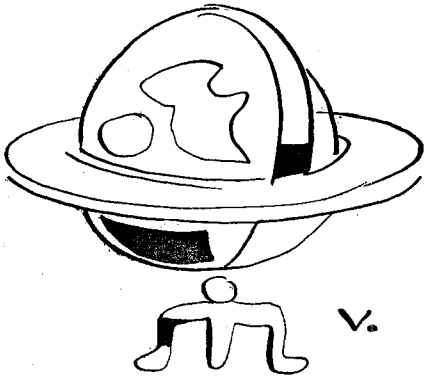
EDITOR'S NOTE: *The author of the following guest editorial is a professor of physics at the University of Colorado.*

FOR HIS book on the development of nuclear weapons, Robert Jungk used the arresting title *Brighter Than a Thousand Suns.* Yet somehow the full meaning of the number—1,000—becomes lost in the imagery of the firmament. What does multiplying or dividing by a factor of 1,000 really mean? Consider, for example, the changes that would be brought about in your life if your income were scaled down by a factor of 1,000, say from $9,000 per year to $9. Imagine the attendance at a university multiplied by 1,000 from 12,000 students to 12,000,000. In 1963, 43,600 people were killed by automobiles. A thousandfold increase would have meant 43,600,000 dead, almost a quarter of our population. Would we continue to use automobiles if the yearly death toll were that high? And what happens if we apply a factor of 1,000 to the 16,000,000 battle deaths during World War II?

Such changes give rise to thoroughly novel situations. Yet with weapons we seem to reject the implications of the thousandfold change in scale. We continue, for example, to make detailed comparisons between the nuclear strength of Russia and that of the United States, the debates often sounding like those that took place about the Maginot Line, the Wehrmacht, the dangers of selling scrap iron to Japan. Many, perhaps most, people still think of atomic weapons as merely an improved version of conventional weapons; public thinking about their use and control seems, for the most part, not to have undergone any significant change during the past twenty-five years.

Nuclear weapons are indeed at least 1,000 times more destructive than conventional weapons. During World War II, the largest single planeload of explosives was about ten tons of TNT. Today a single missile or plane can carry the explosive equivalent of at least 10,000,000 tons of TNT and can devastate an area 1,000 times as great as could be destroyed by ten B-29s. Similarly, smaller nuclear weapons are at least 1,000 times as destructive as pre-atomic tactical weapons were. In every instance we have multiplied our ability to destroy by a factor of at least 1,000.

These facts may be well known, but they are far from well understood. It is difficult to perceive the full implications of what happens when we make something 1,000 times smaller or 1,000 times larger. Most of the major changes in human institutions have resulted from the need to cope with a factor of considerably less than 100. World population, despite all the apparent crowding, is only eight times as large as it was in 1650. The industrial revolution, with all the changes it has brought, involves an increase of only a factor of thirty in the energy available per capita. And a jet airliner travels only about 100 times as fast as a man can walk.



The thousandfold increase in the destructiveness of weapons means that never again will it be practical, even as a last resort, to rely on war as a means of achieving national goals. The fact that wars do not settle important questions had become apparent even before the advent of atomic weapons. Yet even if, in desperation, we wanted to fight an old-fashioned war it would no longer be possible to do so. For were we to succeed in outlawing and destroying atomic weapons during peacetime, there would be plenty of time for a nation to manufacture them during the course of a prolonged conventional conflict. We are forced to renounce war altogether. To succeed in doing so may require a major cultural adaptation.

Because war has been so frequent in the history of man, there are many who believe it will inevitably occur in the future. There is, however, no established human behavior principle to suggest such a conclusion. Nonetheless, people must find some means of protecting themselves against actions they think are wrong. Since Nagasaki we have fortunately had no horrible reminders of the urgency of the task before us. Yet we dare not let ourselves forget. Perhaps it is because the nature of the solutions we seek are so difficult to perceive, or because inevitably they will involve abandoning part of what is familiar, that so many people ignore the problem. Oblivious to the factor of 1,000, they discuss campaigns and elaborate on the differences between strategic and tactical weapons. Meanwhile, the restlessness and frustrated ambition of people in all quarters of the globe give rise to problems that require immediate resolution.

We had better get on with the job. Deterrence will not work forever. Instead of thinking about and talking about and planning about armaments we should be trying out other systems. We may not be able to find the answers immediately or perfectly, but answers can ultimately be found. We would, of course, be further along if we had put our minds to the problem twenty years ago. But at that time even fewer of us understood the drastic changes that would be required as a result of the thousandfold increase in our power to destroy. —FRANK OPPENHEIMER.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Battle of the Bagels

EDITOR'S NOTE: *When, in SR's November 21 issue, Horace Sutton referred briefly to the origins of the bagel, we were hardly prepared for the ensuing storm of letters. Bagel scholars in great numbers have written to share the results of their studies. Among the recent contributions to this hitherto neglected field of historical research are the following:*

AFTER READING Professor Pepper's letter on the origin of the bagel [*SR*, Dec. 26] I feel compelled to bring certain additional facts to the attention of your readers. While the Bagelus theory once had wide acceptance, it has now fallen into disrepute. In fact among students of the area it is generally known as the "Bagelus Fallacy."

While the incident described by Professor Pepper no doubt occurred, since it is referred to by both Tacitus and Livy, it was not the bagel that Bagelus discovered but the doughnut.

Recent translations of latterly discovered Dead Sea Scrolls prove conclusively that the bagel was eaten by the Essenes as early as 527 B.C. and probably considerably before that date. In those days it was known as the "legab." Undoubtedly, the corruption occurred upon its introduction to modern languages, which as you know are written in the opposite direction from ancient Hebrew, or, as we scholars say, backwards.

It is generally believed that the legab or bagel was introduced to Crete by one of the ships belonging to the fleet sponsored jointly by King Solomon and the king of Phoenicia. It was an immediate success and it was only after Bagelus discovered the doughnut that its popularity as a breakfast food was somewhat diminished. This in part was due to the fact that the bagel was at this time made in the form of a square. It was only much later that the Greek mathematician Archimedes, while attempting to find the most perfect natural form, suggested that the bagel should be made round.

Even today there remains a hard core of bagel devotees who claim that the full succulence of the bagel can be savored only when it is in the shape of a square. In fact, there exists in Israel today a bagel company which manufactures bagels only in the traditional shape. The famous singing commercial "A Kauffman Square Bagel can't roll off your table" is well known throughout the Middle East.

Mendel Trubnick,
Algernon Professor of
Semitic Semantics,
Queens College.
Flushing, N.Y.

PROFESSOR PEPPER'S LETTER on the origin of the bagel in ancient Greece missed by a wide margin. It is true, as Professor Pepper says, that Bagelus, a Greek, covered his toes with dough in accordance with the accepted remedy for gout at the time. It is also true that the doughy rings hardened one day

"Now 'tis the season to pay for being jolly."

while Bagelus was baking his gouty feet in the sun. But, unbeknownst to Bagelus and, apparently, to Mr. Cull Pepper, a hardened dough ring had been discovered in ancient Egypt at least 1,000 years earlier. The account is to be found in Fuller's *History of Ancient Egypt*. I quote:

> In 1382 B.C., a superstition seized the people of Alexandria. Suddenly and inexplicably, the notion took hold that demons were inhabiting mummified corpses, causing the bodies to emerge from their shrouded wrappings at night, placing hexes on the populace. People flocked to the high priests, demanding that the demons be exorcised. The priests announced that the demons could be exorcised only by unwrapping twelve mummies that were at least one thousand years old and dipping the bodies in hot oil.

I now summarize the portion of this account that has to do with the actual discovery of the bagel.

Fuller says that as each casket was opened, out came not just the mummy but all the favorite possessions of the deceased, which, according to custom, had been placed in the burial box. In some cases, the possessions were rather far-fetched. For example, into the casket of Bhagelramesis, a number of the High Court known for his gluttony, had been placed various delicacies such as cakes, fried oysters, and sweetbreads. When Bhagelramesis's box was opened, as might be expected, all the foods had long been completely decomposed—all, that is, except one. Bhagelramesis loved unsweetened doughnuts. For some reason having to do perhaps with the cooking oil used, the doughnuts interred with Bhagelramesis not only had not decomposed, but had become petrified. Further, when Bhagelramesis's mummy and his possessions were soaked in the boiling oil for the purpose of exorcising the demon, the mummy was virtually dissolved but the doughnut came through the ordeal undamaged.

It was inevitable, of course, that one of the witnesses to this ritual should have been both curious and hungry. In this way, history came upon the true discovery of the bagel or, more precisely, the bhagel, named after Bhagelramesis. And this no doubt also accounts for the attempt of modern bagel bakers to come as close as possible to the original state of petrification in making their bhagels.

K. JASON SITEWELL,
University of Alexandria.
Alexandria, Egypt

IN ATTRIBUTING THE discovery of bagels to Bagelus of ancient Greece, Professor Cull Pepper overlooks the fact that the Greek climate lacks sufficient heat to produce the adamantine hardness of the bagel. It took the Negev desert, and nothing less, to do this.

The true development of the bagel is related in the Bible, 1 Samuel 25:18, *et seq.*, where David's amatory excursions are discussed. It is there stated, in part: "Then Abigail made haste, and took two hundred loaves . . . and laid them on asses." Obviously, during the ride through the desert on the bony and lumpy backs of asses, the loaves assumed their now well-known shape and consistency. It needs no imagination to recognize the perversion of her name as well as her character. "Abigail" became "Bigail," which was quickly corrupted to "bagel."

The unfair attempt (bordering, I submit, on anti-Semitism) to deprive us Jews of the credit for this ancient gastronomic horror must be nipped in the bud. Professor Pepper should check his rumors before rushing into print.

THOMAS L. PARSONNET.
Newark, N.J.

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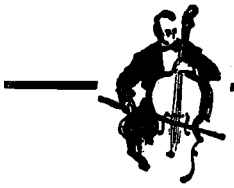

MUSIC TO MY EARS

Three-and-a-Half-Star *Aïda*—Eto and Koto

AS EVERYBODY knows, and the records are there to prove it, Verdi's *Aïda* makes a fine opera for the opening night of a season. It also makes a fine opera for the opening of a third of a season, or a half of a season, or even for the first Saturday night of the New Year when it is performed as well as it was at its seasonal reappearance at the Metropolitan. It would have been so had it merely brought together Leontyne Price in her seasonal reappearance, with Richard Tucker's first Radames ever in this theater. Bringing them together with William Steinberg's debut as a Metropolitan Opera conductor completed the equation, which reads: able singers plus able conductor equals notable opera.

The incidence of Tucker's first Radames with Steinberg's first *Aïda* may have had a deeper current than showed on the surface. It is anything but a new idea that he should be a Metropolitan Radames; Edward Johnson proposed it years ago, and it may be assumed that it has come up from time to time since, especially as Tucker took part in the famous Toscanini broadcast of 1949. But it is one thing for a lyric tenor *(spinto* though he be) to take a dramatic part with a microphone to assist him, another to sing it in a theater. It may finally be assumed that Tucker was waiting to do it on his own time and in his own way, with a conductor who saw it his way too.

That way was a lyrical, soaring nonstentorian way in which Steinberg was partner as well as collaborator. The conductor's inclination was to a carefully articulated, essentially musical statement of the score, rather than a restlessly surging dramatic one. Big effects were reserved for the big ensembles, with a mounting tide to the Nile Scene and beyond. The voices were assisted rather than pushed, the orchestral values insinuated into the totality rather than dominating it.

To be sure, he could not deny Tucker the luxury of a *fortissimo* B flat at the end of "Celeste Aïda," a tenorism that betrayed the singer's mistrust of a composer who could write so beautiful an aria and then stupidly require that the tenor end it *pianissimo*. This vulgarism aside, Tucker satisfied the ear with a stream of well-modulated, beautifully phrased sound, produced with so much head resonance that it shone through the ensembles like a beam of light. As for the eye, it had to settle for what it was offered. In justice to Tucker, it should be said that he played the part of the Egyptian general with a minimum of lunging and arm-waving, resisting most temptations to gesture unnecessarily. It would have been better had he considered that the true object of his love music was Aïda rather than the audience.

However, this Aïda has had a full indoctrination in the narcissism that afflicts the average operatic tenor, and she, creditably, directed her love toward Verdi when Radames was otherwise occupied. Miss Price had a wide range of vocal resources at her disposal, and played upon them with a freedom and sophistication that were highly creditable to her ever-expanding artistry. Whereas her first absorbing Aïdas here were the expression of an intensely subjective identification with the character and her plight, it appears that she has now learned to direct that intensity in an objective way, using it rather than letting it use her. Now it has variety as well as tension, in a shifting range of values relative to her momentary status—as the light-footed slave to Amneris, the anxious enamored of Radames, or the loyalty-torn daughter of his enemy, her father.

Unfortunately this cast did not provide either an Amneris or an Amonasro to meet this kind of impulse half way. Irene Dalis may, for voice, be rated at half a star, but in the magnitude of Tucker-Price-Steinberg she cast but a dim glow of illumination. Dramatically she is no more than diligent. Mario Sereni's Amonasro was more concerned with the problems of Mario Sereni than with those of his country or his daughter, the latter part of the Nile Scene being almost desert-dry in quality. Ezio Flagello as Ramfis and Justino Díaz as the King supported the low end of the ensemble with broad-based vocal sound, and the Katherine Dunham choreography was vividly performed. In all, Steinberg's demanding direction marked him as a man whose back we would like to become more familiar with in the opera house.

There could have been a similar story to report of the season's last *Manon* performances, had not the infusion of quality been limited to the single person of Mary Costa in her first ventures with the role here. Her good looks and theatrical magnetism generated a vibrance and animation that communicated to those around her, and she steadily improved in her singing of the music from a rather fluttery and unfocused first act through a well-controlled "Adieu, notre petite table," to a commanding St. Sulpice scene. Even when the execution was inconsistent, there were fine details, vocal and dramatic, to indicate the direction of her intentions.

There was virtually nothing in the most recent appearance of Leopold Stokowski with the Philadelphia Orchestra in Philharmonic Hall that might not have been present in their collaborations of the Twenties: mighty surges of sound in works of Smetana ("Sarka"), Sibelius (Second Symphony) and Wagner (excerpts from Act III of *Die Meistersinger*), a range of colorations more splotchy than precise, but through it all a strong pulse of musical life. Even the novelty had its parallel, rather than being Henry Eicheim's *Oriental Impressions*, it was Henry Cowell's impressions of the Orient in the form of a concerto for koto and orchestra.

Perhaps it should also be called a concerto for Eto and orchestra, for without the embracing virtuosity of this superlative blind musician, it would have lacked a large part of its enticing aural imagery. Plucking the strings of the horizontal, lute-like instrument with the picks on his right hand, damping their sonorities or shifting one of the numerous movable bridges with his left hand, Eto could ring a resonant chord through the hall or float a single tone that teased the ear into attention. What Cowell has done is less to write a concerto than to show that the koto is an instrument for which a concerto could be written—assuming, of course, that Kimio Eto was its performer.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Returning *Savage*

MENOTTI'S *The Last Savage* returned to the Metropolitan on New Year's Eve with a new conductor, Robert La Marchina, and two principals who had not been in last season's premiere: Donald Gramm as the Maharaja and John Alexander as his son Kodanda.

Mr. La Marchina, who is to be music director of the Met's National Company, treated the neo-Rossinian opera buffa as if it were solid grand opera. He produced plenty of healthy sound and a good measure of spirit too, but in the process lost the crucial delicacy that had illuminated Thomas Schipper's reading. For his part, Gramm lacks the earthy humor and *profondo* richness of his predecessor, Ezio Flagello, just as Alexander cannot match the tenorial finesse of Nicolai Gedda, the previous Kodanda.

Further novelty was provided by the "great appearance" of Leontyne Price, who disrupted both the continuity and the mood of the cocktail-party scene with a roughly vocalized "Vissi d'arte." Other surprise visitors included Rudolf Bing and Menotti himself. The returning "regulars" were led by Roberta Peters, George London, Teresa Stratas, and Lili Chookasian. —MARTIN BERNHEIMER.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

A Novel School for Life

RECENTLY I had a letter from a teacher and student of education: "I am writing a dissertation at ——— which will support the position that school administrators could be better educated if their graduate programs included some content from the humanities—specifically, a study of modern novels to give them training in values and value judgments." He went on to ask me to help him prepare a list of novels that would serve his purpose.

At the outset I didn't like the way he stated his problem. I don't think of novels in terms of their possible pedagogical usefulness, and I don't think that is the best way of looking at fiction. In the nineteenth century many persons judged novels in terms of the lessons they taught, which meant that they judged them in the light of Victorian morality. It has been a long—fifty years and more—fight to establish the autonomy of literature.

Yet novels are written about people and are inevitably concerned with the nature of man and the problem of his destiny. Today, wanting to praise a novelist, a critic would not be likely to say, "His morals are sound"; he would say, "He is capable of profound insights." But either statement asserts that readers can learn something from the work of the author in question. Although from the Victorian point of view what readers learn from most contemporary fiction they would be better off without knowing, they do learn.

There is small chance of my ever begining a review by saying, "This would be a dandy book for a graduate student of school administration to read, for it would train him in value judgments." Yet I believe that many contemporary novels can provide such training.

There is, for instance, Saul Bellow's *Herzog*, a novel about an intelligent man, a man who is reasonably familiar with the best that has been thought and said. He is also a man who has made a mess of his life and is trying valiantly to discover what his life or any life can mean. He has to make a series of difficult value judgments, and it is in terms of such judgments that the story is told. What makes the novel important, of course, is the intensity with which Herzog's experiences are rendered. This is no placid textbook with neatly arranged questions and answers; Herzog's problems are presented in terms of his anguish, his despair, and his transient but immensely important moments of hope.

An even more obvious choice for school administrators is Louis Auchincloss's *The Rector of Justin*, which presents a man who administered a school, though in an unusual and perhaps anachronistic way. What the novel is about is a succession of value judgments. Because of the way in which the novel is fashioned, the reader sees these crises from various points of view, and is compelled to plunge more and more deeply into the complexities of Dr. Prescott's character. His particular problems may not arise in the career of the average administrator, but anyone can learn from the story something about the facing of problems, whatever they may be.

Herzog deals indirectly with educational problems—the hero has been a teacher—but *The Rector of Justin* deals with them directly. So does Bernard Malamud's *A Good Life*, which is set in a state college on the West Coast and has a teacher for its hero. Malamud has some uncomplimentary things to say about state colleges, and a prospective school administrator might meditate on the picture he presents. But the subject of the novel is not the shortcomings of Cascadia; what it is concerned with is the struggle of Si Levin to become a good man—in other words, with his value judgments.

Still another novel of merit, John Updike's *The Centaur*, has something to say about education. The story, which is unfolded by way of complicated parallels with Greek mythology, centers in a father and son, the father being a high-school teacher. We see the father not only in his relationship with his son, which is on the whole a happy one, but also in his classroom and in his home. He is the centaur of the title, the good Chiron who trained the young Greek heroes. Among other things, the book asks what a teacher can and should be, an important question for school administrators.

It is just chance that four of the novels I have chosen to talk about are concerned in one degree or another with formal education. Subjects far removed from academic groves may

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also serve our purpose. Although Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man* had some effective scenes laid at a Negro college, most of the action takes place in New York City. The story carries the hero, a young Negro, through a series of adventures in revolt, and leads him to certain conclusions. What one realizes is that this is not merely a novel about Negro life, but a novel about isolation and alienation, experiences by no means restricted to a particular race.

Both Ellison and James Baldwin have insights that derive from their being in some degree outsiders; members of a minority see and understand the importance of much that members of the majority take for granted. Baldwin's *Another Country* is a furious outburst, a deliberate act of violence, distressing to many readers, white and black. Yet it is written out of hatred of violence and a full awareness of the need for love. To a school administrator, or to any member of the white middle class, it should come as a salutary shock.

Five or six years ago J. D. Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye* would have belonged on our list, because it was the one novel that every college freshman and most high-school seniors had read. We don't hear so much now about Holden Caulfield, who, in view of the ephemerality of teen-age enthusiasms, has probably become old hat. But if the book has lost the extraordinary timeliness that it had when it was published in 1951, it still says something important about the conflict of generations. Whatever else he may be, Holden is a confirmed maker of value judgments, and it is interesting to see where they lead him.

There are dozens of other novels I might discuss. Indeed, I think any novel of literary merit would be relevant. I repeat that I don't believe that a novel should be judged in terms of its subject-matter, but, after all, the subject-matter is there. The important thing, as we all know, is what the author's imagination has made of the subject. Perhaps this is the greatest gift that literature can give us—an awareness of the part imagination plays and can play in our lives.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

Thinking Big in Sixty-Five

FOR a nation that has a reputation for not reading books, the forecast by Stanley B. Hunt & Associates (which keeps track of these matters for the industry) that approximately 1,250,000,000 copies will appear in 1965 makes good reading itself, even though the figure includes school texts, paperbacks, and an noncomputable number of nonbooks. This is about 8 per cent more than last year, and works out to almost seven books for every man, woman, and child in the country.

Largely because of the "education explosion," there are more readers today; and an encouraging number of the fifty-five million persons who are involved in formal education in this country are learning to stray from the textbook, buying books they aren't supposed to be reading as well as the "groove" books that everyone else is reading. In this respect schools and colleges are compelling publishers to raise their sights all along the line by rewarding them with a substantial new market. This is especially true in the case of the paperback originals, "which may be psychologically more appealing to children than a hardcover text," as Dr. Joseph O. Loretan, deputy superintendent of the New York City schools, has put it. He adds: "There is satisfaction in completing a slim text."

Macmillan Editor Lee Deighton sees as another advantage of paperback texts the fact that they can be thrown away, something a good many students would like to do with all schoolbooks. Speaking seriously, he notes that paperbacks permit information in a given field to be updated more often, and he foresees a day, not far off, when a single hardbound text (non-expendable) will hold in its gravitational pull a whole ring of "satellite" paperbacks which can be spun off and replaced as the need arises.

A good many non-textbook houses are breaking into the school field by launching just this type of "satellite" book, notably in the social sciences, where both texts and supplementary materials have frequently been out of focus *vis-à-vis* the dynamics of cultural change. A good example is the outmoded bias of many schoolbooks in favor of the WASP (white Anglo-Saxon Protestant) influence on American history. "New York City will not list social studies books unless they are clear and unequivocal regarding contributions of minorities," Dr. Loretan told the American Book Manufacturers Institute last summer. "The great cities are united in their resolve that textbooks truly represent the pluralistic nature of urban society."

But only in the last few years have publishers gotten around to improving the minority "image," and 1965 will be the year in which this effort will begin to bear fruit. Doubleday's new line, Zenith Books, is exclusively "minority-oriented," the product of a four-year period of preparation during which editors of the series studied existing instructional materials, attended educational meetings, and visited schools in all of the major metropolitan areas. Zenith makes its debut this month with two titles on the Negro, in both hard- and soft-cover editions (one to keep, one to throw away?); studies of the Puerto Rican, Mexican-American, American Indian, and Chinese-American will follow. Classroom-directed, the series is one of several from different publishers that are designed to back up into bookstores and enjoy a second life.

"MORE than in previous years, publishing will be concerned with its own uses of technology." This statement by Harcourt, Brace & World's president, William Jovanovich, suggests that 1965 may be the year of the Great Leap Forward into automation. James Gould Cozzens's *Children and Others*, brought out last year, is the first commercially published book to be set by computer, but it will not be the last: the new computer-controlled punched-tape keyboards can set 700 lines of type an hour, and the IBM 1620 can print 100 lines a minute, using a self-policing device to avoid errors. Books so produced will have a more standardized look than the traditionally manufactured product (computer printing lacks the variety of type faces we are accustomed to); but they will also be easier to keep in print, since copy is stored in the computer's memory or on tape rather than in costly and bulky plates.

In this respect book publishing is gradually being absorbed into what is now faddishly referred to in the universities as the Communications Arts, but which in practice may mean nothing more than (at best) a merger of techniques or (at worst) simple cannibalism, with big firms taking over little firms and corporations outside publishing moving in on the big, merged houses. The Columbia Broadcasting System cast about for a ready-made publishing set-up last

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year before deciding that the immediate future was somewhat more promising in baseball.

Radio Corporation of America, however, is presently dickering to take over Prentice-Hall in what would be publishing's first outright absorption into an electronic industry. Such developments will be stepped up as big publishing moves further away from the "creative" function into the more profitable business of compiling and transmitting sheer "information." (It is no accident that the new dean of the University of Chicago Library School is a physicist, and an expert on data processing, storage, and retrieval.) "Retrieval is a term that somehow implies that human expression is lost until electronic and optical machines call it into being," Mr. Jovanovich has remarked; and he adds that although books are no longer the "respectable" means of communication, "they remain today, as before, the primary sources of *what is worth communicating.*"

THESE sentiments are expressed from a different viewpoint by Lovell Thompson, executive vice president of Houghton Mifflin, who reminds us that "the publisher is dependent on the original and creative work. There is a wide range of formats and techniques for the first presenting of the written word on its dizzying way to the heavisidal layer and thence to the screen, the tape, and the film, but the only real innovation and the only real development is next year's book."

True. But this does not change the fact that the trend in big publishing is toward technological integration with other media. Moreover, this is happening at a time when another revolution is taking place, unnoticed because it is intangible and unorganized. To borrow a phrase from economics, this is the revolution of rising expectations. Books cost more than ever and, quite simply, we expect more out of them. (The mass reprinters especially have discovered this: when there were no longer enough "bad" books to go around, they began to publish "good" books—and found it paid.)

That there will be more readers this year is not as important as the fact that there will be better readers. The point to be made is that these people to a great extent are the product of the new technology: what Mr. Jovanovich calls "educational artifacts" (microfilms, cartridge-packed films, laboratory devices, and materials kits) that transcend the printed page, and reach not only the student (in the schools) but the public (in the market place) in a way that traditional publishing cannot. Thus, the industry is developing not only a new look but a new view of its own function.

—DAVID DEMPSEY.

Born with No Place to Go

Children for Adoption, *by Pearl S. Buck (Random House. 243 pp. $4.95), appeals to Americans to take community action in providing homes for unloved, uncared-for youngsters. Celia C. Risen is a former case worker for the Philadelphia Department of Welfare, the American Red Cross.*

By CELIA C. RISEN

IN *Children for Adoption* Pearl S. Buck cries out for help for the lost children —but even more insistent is her cry for love in a world of loveless people. "Without a home," she writes, "any child is a lost child," and in the United States there are at least 300,000 of them. To Mrs. Buck, who has adopted and reared, in addition to her own children, five boys and girls of racially mixed parentage, the lack of love displayed by this abandonment of youngsters is appalling.

"At present," she writes, "we are in the stage of discontent, of restlessness, of breaking the rules and casting aside traditions. The result of this disturbance is the change of sex mores, the destruction of family life, and the neglected child." Mrs. Buck reports that approximately 250,000 children are born out of wedlock every year. Of them some 107,000 were adopted last year. The balance are in foster homes, hospitals, and orphanages. "This does not take into account other unwanted children — orphans whose parents are dead or divorced, or who cannot or will not care for them for personal or economic reasons."

Who then is to care for these children? "The large family and its responsibility for each member, a situation essential to the agricultural society, seems impossible for the industrial society. There can be and there must be a solution," says Mrs. Buck. "I believe it is to be found in some other organization that can and will take the place of the large family unit. This organization is the local community where the child is born." Last year, Mrs. Buck notes, "there were hundreds of babies living in cribs in New York hospitals because there was no place for them to go. Most of them had been there nearly a year; some had been there for almost two years. They were deserted by the women who bore them, their natural mothers. But they were also deserted by the community."

Mrs. Buck points with shame to the enormous number of children we in the United States have in institutions. "No

—Reginald Davis (Pix).

Pearl S. Buck with granddaughter Susan (on lap) and (l. to r.) adopted daughters Mary Chieko and Joanna: "No institution is good enough for a child."

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institution is good enough for a child, nor can it possibly replace the normal home he should have." One reason for so many being in orphanages and foster homes is the refusal of parents or other relatives to sign the necessary permission for the youngsters' adoption, even though they cannot provide for them.

Unfortunately, remarks Mrs. Buck, there are also those "who benefit by the *status quo* and so are reluctant to move to a new situation."

> The immense amount of money now petrified in huge buildings is in itself an inducement to continue to fill these buildings with children who have nowhere to go. Administrators from high to low are comfortable in their jobs, and unless they are unusually conscientious they will oppose change which may throw them out of work even temporarily. The very fact that there is a place where children without homes can be sheltered and fed is a temptation to maintain such refuges for the lost and the displaced. . . . Nor am I satisfied to be told that [the orphanage] is gradually disappearing. It should disappear altogether and speedily.

Now, for the first time in memory, there are more infants available for adoption than there are would-be adoptive parents; nevertheless, various obstacles hamper their placement, as well as that of less wanted children—the older ones, the handicapped, and those with Negro or mixed blood, whose supply has always exceeded the demand. For one thing, it has been traditional that adoption agencies choose a family with the same religion as the child's mother. In recent years, save for Catholic and Lutheran agencies, there has been a modification of this requirement, but all groups have the greatest difficulty placing children with Negro ancestry. Negro parents look for a child of their own or lighter coloring, and few whites will take Negro children.

Agencies are further hamstrung by state laws, by their own rules with respect to the age, economic status, and fertility of prospective parents, by prejudice on the part of the latter as well as of the workers, by insufficient funds and other factors, but they suffer most from the lack of coordination of community resources. Mrs. Buck is impatient with social workers who wait for the community to recognize need; she wants them to take the lead in calling for necessary legislation, in educating the public to accept children of any ethnic heritage, in providing both long-range care and emergency help.

For those who would adopt but do not know how to begin, this book may point the way. Mrs. Buck does not believe that the agency method is necessarily the best, but, although she has suggestions for its improvement, she realizes that it works better for some couples than private sources, which she also discusses. Welcome House, Inc., cofounded by Mrs. Buck for babies born of American fathers to Asian women and brought to this country, is briefly but poignantly described. In a footnote the author also mentions the Pearl S. Buck Foundation for similar children who must be cared for in the land of their birth. She is frank about her reservations and conclusions concerning the controversial Harry Holt, an American businessman who was able to place thousands of Korean-American orphans by proxy-adoption but insisted that the potential parents be Fundamentalists.

The immense humanity of Pearl Buck is evident in her reassurances to couples seeking children, both childless and fecund, her acceptance of children of all races, her understanding of the questions raised by the adopted as well as by child-seeking couples, and in her appeal for family life for variously handicapped children the world over. She sees no need for loveless lives. ". . . we must consider the nature of love, how to give it, how to receive it. It is the loveless man and woman who threaten our national life and culture."

He Lived the Death of His People

The Holocaust Kingdom: A Memoir, *by Alexander Donat (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 361 pp. $5.95), recounts the ordeal of a Jewish couple who survived the Warsaw Ghetto uprising and the Nazi death camps. Louis L. Snyder, professor of history at The City College of New York, is author of "The War: A Concise History, 1939-1945."*

By LOUIS L. SNYDER

THIS is a sickening book. On page after page the reader is assaulted by the smell of corpses, the odor of human bestiality, the overpowering stench of Nazi detritus and ordure. Far more frightening than Dante's imagined Inferno, this twentieth-century hell was the product of man-made cruelty, refined to perfection by every art of modern psychology and technology and designed to destroy human beings physically and spiritually.

It has all been documented before, especially at the Nuremberg trials. (To this day there are Germans who actually believe that the atrocities shown on film at Nuremberg were manufactured in Hollywood as part of a devilish American scheme to render the name of Germany obnoxious before the bar of humanity.) The present book is additional evidence, clearly not manufactured, on what happened inside and outside the berserk Third Reich.

It is the story of a Jewish family—man, wife, and son—who, by a combination of ingenuity, cunning, and plain luck, managed to survive the Nazi terror. Michal Berg (the author's original name) and his wife, Lena, turned over their five-year-old son, Wlodek (William), to Mrs. Maria Maginski, a Polish Christian, who hid the boy, at first in her home and then in a Catholic orphanage, until the end of the war. After the collapse of the Jewish resistance in Warsaw the parents lived through one horror after another in various concentration camps in Poland and Germany.

For six desperate years the Donat couple struggled to escape what seemed to be a certain fate. Theirs is a classic story of the indestructible will to survive. Their account of the Warsaw Ghetto revolt, "that explosion of despair, martyrdom, and heroism which marked the death of a people," is intensely moving. Here at least the argument that the Nazis had the cooperation of their victims falls down. The Warsaw Jews fought with courage, and when all was lost went to their deaths with mangled bodies but magnificent dignity. And from the Warsaw Ghetto comes the most searing tale of all: At one of the refugee centers an eight-year-old child went out of his mind and began to scream, "I want to rob and steal. I want to eat. I want to be a German!"

In April 1946 the three Donats were able to emigrate to the United States. Author Donat now owns a printing plant in New York City. "Of course," he writes, "I suffer from sleeplessness and bitter nightmares, and I cannot forget the experiences of the Hitler years, let alone forgive."

I may be wrong, but I seem to detect in his book the fine Madison Avenue hand of the professional ghost-writer or editor. In almost rhythmic procession passages appear that suggest a practiced eye trained on the box office. This is too bad, for the simple narrative could stand alone, unembellished by fancy tongue-clucking. Nevertheless, I predict that in 1984, just two decades from now, doctoral candidates will be using *The Holocaust Kingdom* as basic source material for dissertations on the Nazi era.

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An Exhortation and a Prophecy

The Negro Mood, *by Lerone Bennett, Jr. (Johnson. 104 pp. $3.95), and* ***My Face Is Black,*** *by C. Eric Lincoln (Beacon. 137 pp. $3.50), warn that the power of decision will pass from the Negro élite to the "great black mass," if indeed it has not already. Saunders Redding is the author of "On Being a Negro in America", among other books.*

By SAUNDERS REDDING

AFTER such a plethora of them it is probably inevitable that books on the race problem in the United States should become repetitious. Within the last twelve months there have been at least a hundred books on this subject—new ones and reprints—but no more than three or four have broadened the scope of the discussion, presented new aspects of the argument or clarified any facets that have not been elucidated before. And these two collections of essays are not among that select few. Whatever their virtues, their faults are prevalent, notably their penchant for passionate volubility. In *My Face Is Black* it is truculently pedantic, in *The Negro Mood*, high-flown and polyphonic, with insufficient regard for logic and precision of expression. Both exhort, but neither persuades. Both assert, but neither convinces. Both surmise, but neither meditates. And both, somehow, are a bit too shrill to mediate.

Yet mediation is what is needed—between Negroes and Negroes, between whites and whites, and between Negroes and whites. Whether mediation would solve all the problems is another question entirely; but if, as Lerone Bennett argues, "race relations in America are relations between ruling élites," and if, as he argues further, "Negroes and whites deal with each other through the medium of competing power structures," and if this *modus operandi* is sterile and ineffective, then it would seem that mediation might result in suggestions for a new way of operating. It would also seem that if the re-emergence of Black Nationalism, under such leaders as Elijah Muhammad and Malcolm X, calls up, as C. Eric Lincoln says, the "tragic prospect of armed revolution," then one can only point out that Malcolm X has recently pictured himself as having been converted to reason by the religion of Islam and is now "a reasonable man" ready, presumably, to confer with other reasonable men.

Bennett and Lincoln pursue the same arguments and from almost the same biases. The former warns Negro leaders —"the Black Establishment"—to stop "using protest [as] a mask for inaction," else the power of decision will devolve on the "great black mass." Lincoln believes that the troubles of last summer indicate that the power of decision has already passed from the "well-bred, educated" Negroes, who "are too busy trying to maintain precisely that image to be found where the action is." Lincoln speaks of the "retreat of the white liberals of the North," and Bennett refers to "the deep and very real hostility between Negroes and white liberals." Bennett occasionally goes in for dithyrambics, as in the essay "Ethos: Voices from the Cave." Lincoln is not averse to jeremiads, as in the essay on black chauvinism. And so it goes.

If neither *The Negro Mood* nor *My Face Is Black* had been written, neither would be missed. Figuratively speaking, both have been written before, and doubtless will be written again.

The Garden Wall Between Worlds

The Cat and Shakespeare: A Tale of Modern India, *by Raja Rao (Macmillan. 117 pp. $3.95), is "a metaphysical comedy" on the Hindu theme that the soul must rely upon God as the kitten relies upon its mother. Edward C. Dimock, Jr., who teaches Bengali literature at the University of Chicago, is the author of "The Thief of Love: Bengali Tales from Court and Village."*

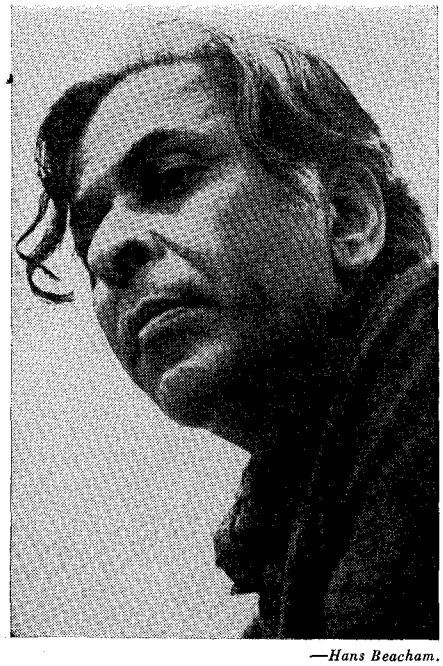
By EDWARD C. DIMOCK, JR.

TO SOME schools of Indian religion the cat has a metaphorical significance. There are two theories of Grace: In the first, man's responsibility is to cling to God as a baby monkey clings to its mother in flight. In the second, man depends wholly upon God for his protection and progress, as a kitten depends upon its mother to carry it about by the scruff of its neck.

Raja Rao has used this latter metaphor as a point of departure for his third novel (the first two were *Kanthapura* and *The Serpent and the Rope*). *The Cat and Shakespeare* is a tender and deceptively humorous story of a South Indian ration-office clerk called Govindan Nair, narrated by his friend Ramakrishna Pai. Raja Rao calls his book "a metaphysical comedy," and indeed his pungent and thoroughly delightful observations of South Indian middle-class life provide a counterpoint to a sometimes difficult allegory.

Govindan Nair, in some ways the essence of a tobacco-stained clerk, talking "like a mixture of *The Vicar of Wakefield* and Shakespeare," comes and goes, like the great cat he is, across the garden wall that separates his house from Ramakrishna Pai's, bringing humor and tenderness and understanding from a world of reality and truth. The wall is just higher than Ramakrishna's window. Ramakrishna's dream is to build a three-storied house, a dream that is realized when he at last accepts the cat-and-kitten philosophy and allows goodness to carry him toward good.

Raja Rao's book is itself a little like a cat. It has grace and beauty, dignity and a sense of humor, a certain mystery, and even a quality of insubstantiality. Its meaning comes to you of its own accord, and cannot be coaxed or wheedled. You reach out toward it, and it turns its



—*Hans Beacham.*

Raja Rao—"a truth-containing spell."

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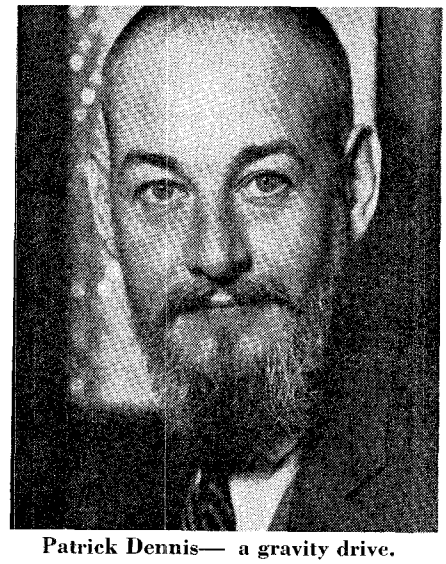
back and stalks unconcernedly away, or even, with a Cheshire grin, fades into nothingness. Sometimes, too, for no apparent reason, it leaps stiff-legged into the air and charges up the draperies.

The kitten's world is grave and self-created, and somewhat precipitous. Raja Rao guides us around it, taking a devious and sometimes overcrowded path, visiting human foibles and human dignity, beauty and—always considerately—pain, as when Nair's son has died. In this world "all gestures, all words, have absolute meaning"; all states and conditions, if one lets truth assert itself—if one lets one's self be carried along by the Mother cat—are self-justifying and perpetual. Usha is not Ramakrishna's daughter; she is Child. Shantha, Ramakrishna Pai's beautiful, dark, and beloved mistress who bears his child, is not a woman, she is Woman; she is truth because she knows herself as Woman. Because she knows herself as Woman, she is not dependent. And because she is not dependent, she is real: for if things are dependent they do not exist. She is truth because she is Mother. In her way, like Govindan Nair in his, she is both the cat and the kitten carried by the cat.

The book requires multiple readings; one is not enough to follow the thought and at the same time to obtain a sufficient reward from Raja Rao's graceful and austere English and his striking and witty imagery. Only after one is able to relax a little can he give in to the charm of the picture of Ramakrishna Pai "sitting and listening to himself like a lizard," or be caught up by the image, rather than the meaning, of kittens walking sure-footedly along a garden wall between reality and unreality. Only then does one have time to reflect on the sub-themes, guilt and responsibility, causation and existence, which crowd in almost unobtrusively.

Raja Rao has given us a beautiful book. The "Shakespeare" of the title (though Shakespeare was a "natural man") may be somewhat gratuitous; it does however add the quality of a *mantra*, a truth-containing spell that has the power, in its sound perhaps more than in its lexical meaning, to reach beyond the mind to understanding.



Patrick Dennis— a gravity drive.

Bright at Six, Bored by Ten

***The Joyous Season,** by Patrick Dennis (Harcourt, Brace & World. 230 pp. $4.75), reports in the precociously cool journal of a ten-year-old Boswell the battles and break-up of Mom and Daddy. Nicholas Samstag wrote "The Uses of Ineptitude," "Persuasion for Profit," and "Kay-Kay Comes Home." He has just finished his first novel, "Come and See My Shining Palace."*

By NICHOLAS SAMSTAG

SOME DAY Patrick Dennis may confront, head on, one of the great causes of the human predicament that his books tease so entertainingly. He will remove his beard and, with his bare face hanging out, he may well haul off and write a great dramatic novel. And this will be a major loss to comedy albeit a gain for literature.

For the man is wonderfully funny, although these are the central, diseased nerves of our society that he twists into snares with which to catch the dancing feet of folly. One is the emotional brinkmanship that men and women practice so casually today (and so largely out of boredom), risking and often wrecking their most precious relationships. Another is the reification of modern man who, himself manipulated like a thing, drowns in the things he owns. Then there is man's failure as a parent to find any area between criminal neglect and murderous overattention in which to raise his children—and his failure as a son to avoid forcing his parents toward opposite poles: either out into a silly pursuit of eternal youth or back into a sullen retreat among the old ways.

Not that Patrick Dennis ever rubs your nose in these grim matters; his sole purpose seems to be to amuse, and he accomplishes it exquisitely. But he has a sort of inaudible gravity drive that you feel in your bones like the whine of one of those high-frequency dog whistles.

The best of P. G. Wodehouse comes to mind as you read some of Kerry's lines. Kerry is ten years old and the "author" of this memoir. He is described by his school psychiatrist as having "a marked tendency toward oververbalization and a vocabulary incompatible with one of his years," and by the head of St. Barnaby's as "alert, intelligent, precocious but distressingly blasé and totally lacking in the beautiful illusions of youth."

"Ooba-dooba," as Kerry might have put it. "I should hope to kiss a pig."

But if Kerry is lacking in all that stuff, just consider his incredible little sister, Missy, aged six. (Come now, P. D.: eight is the youngest at which we can suspend disbelief for a kid like that.)

When Missy's intended stepmother admires her dress with glossy insincerity ("I'll bet it came from Dimanche Soeurs on Madison Avenue, didn't it, darling?"), Missy answers, "Nope. Stern Frères on rue Quarante-deux."

These two are something like the children in *High Wind in Jamaica* but not so violent, more *dégoûté* than savage. Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye* and his Glass *ménage* also come to mind, and these are closer parallels. But unlike Holden Caulfield, Kerry isn't in adolescent or any other kind of rebellion. And Kerry's family is solid Social Register, so he and his relatives take everything much more lightly than Salinger's hybrid mystics take anything.

The Joyous Season presents its risible profundities through Kerry's account of his parents' pointless separation, near divorce, and reconciliation. Kerry writes good like no ten-year-old, not matter how oververbalized, could—but he uses a questionable device when he isn't sure of a word. Some of his prose looks like this: " 'It's a very common failing,' Mr. Reynolds said, 'for fathers who are extranged (?) to overwhelm their children in an attempt to buy infection (?) . . . in competition with the former souse (?)'." And Mom's best friend describes her first husband as "a laden homo sapiens (?) who is 'impudent' in the hay."

The cast of characters includes Mom and Daddy (such nice people but so easily influenced), two grandmothers: one filthy rich and grimly dedicated to the past, the other filthy rich and pathetically faithful to *le dernier cri*. There is a no-good, bachelor uncle who is a cad and a clubman, and Lulu, "a born social leader—the Pullman porters' Elsa Maxwell," who takes care of the kids and has their and everyone else's respect.

It says on the dust jacket that Patrick Dennis is the only author in history ever to have had three books simultaneously on best-seller lists (*Auntie Mame, Guestward Ho!,* and *The Loving Couple*) and that his books have sold over ten million copies.

Not enough.

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In Time to Save Her Soul

—Jerry Bauer.

Angus Wilson—naturalistic detail.

Late Call, *by Angus Wilson (Viking. 316 pp. $4.95), explores the inner life of a woman who discovers at sixty-five who and what she is. Jonathan Baumbach is the author of the novel "A Man to Conjure With" and of a critical study of the contemporary American novel, both scheduled for publication during 1965.*

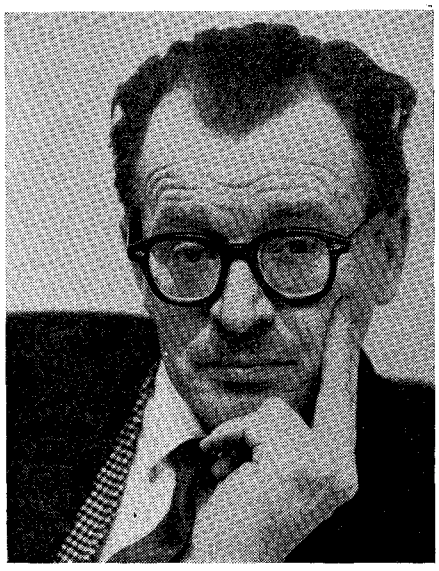
By JONATHAN BAUMBACH

ANGUS WILSON's fifth novel is a modest and intelligent work marred by long stretches of tedious social satire. A remarkable departure from the acid irony of *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes*, it is about the belated coming-to-life of an elderly, unassuming woman, a retired hotel manager, living (on tolerance) with her widowed son's family in the sterile suburbia of Carshall, one of the English New Towns. Optimistic without being sentimental, *Late Call* is a nineteenth-century kind of novel about self and society, commitment and blindness, textured with the barren stuff of contemporary English life. Yet for all its absorption with the surface of things, this is a book seriously concerned with the grace and mystery of the self.

Blunted by the hardship and impersonality of her existence, an entire life given over to the service of others, Sylvia Calvert at the start of the novel has no real sense of herself outside the functions of her usefulness; being of use is her motive for survival. With little for her to do in her son's house, Sylvia worries "that she would never be made use of again," and gradually withdraws into fantasy and eccentricity, retiring not only from work but from her present world. When her son, Harold, breaks down after a series of misfortunes—the death of his wife finally touching the nerve of his feeling—Sylvia finds in herself the strength of love necessary to save her family from total dissolution. In the uses of love Sylvia discovers for the first time, at sixty-five, who and what she is, the uncharted country of her life.

Wilson is at his best when he explores the inner life of his heroine—her self-doubts, her fantasies, the terror of her loneliness, her anxious struggle to comprehend the "adjusted" but alien world of Carshall. Much of the book, however, deals with what it is like to live in a modern house with a push-button kitchen, with Harold's banal commitments, with the sterility of a "useful" outer life divorced from the deeper commitments of feeling and awareness. An old-fashioned preacher, filling in at St. Saviour's Church for the modern non-theological vicar Harold admires, articulates the thesis of the novel: "No, not all the charity, the social work, as they call it now, can save your soul alive if there's no soul left to save." *Late Call* as an idea is admirable, even noble; yet in performance, for all the skill of its naturalistically rendered detail (and because of it), as a novel it fails to live up to the demand of its theme.

A Fine and Useless Rage



—Betty Lane.

H.E.F. Donohue—"a few rough scrawls."

The Higher Animals: A Romance, *by H. E. F. Donohue (Viking. 273 pp. $4.95), a rousing tale of an ex-GI, ex-student bookseller, confronts a mixed bag of campus characters and hillbillies with a climactic fire. Robert Cromie is book editor of the Chicago Tribune and host of the television program "Book Beat."*

By ROBERT CROMIE

THE SCENE opens on an autumn evening near the University of Chicago campus just before the carillon sounds, "the tender bells put up to summon the football team that was no longer there, had not been there for more than ten years. At this hour each night the sweet bells still called the ghostly squad to sup alone in their small special large-red-rose-wallpapered dining room—padded puzzled monks shuffling to their feed."

Listening is Daniel Conn (the Connman, his friends call him), bookseller, ex-GI, ex-law student, who has tried not to get involved with anything or anyone since he came to the Midway five years before from the war in Korea, filled, as all agreed, with "a fine and useless infantry rage." Conn is the center of the action, and around him gather Wolf Tone Larsen, student and newspaperman; Philip Hanley, writer and English professor, whose twenty-three-year-old wife, Helen, is eight years younger than he; and a bag of assorted characters ranging from Timothy White, sixty-seven and a failure, to Naomi Norris, sixteen, wealthy, and round-heeled.

Adding to these ingredients a trio of murderous hillbillies who slash their way through the story killing indiscriminately, and a fire that burns to death three aged occupants of a house, H. E. F. Donohue, University of Chicago graduate and former bookseller, has fashioned a first novel of surprising quality.

While the book is longer on conversation and description than on character development, I suspect this is the way Donohue intended it to be. He is content to outline his people in a few rough scrawls and let the reader carry on from

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there, picking up a clue here and a clue there until Conn comes into focus, or Hanley becomes as blurred as he is in actuality.

Conn's twenty-fifth birthday, temporarily forgotten, occurs on the day we meet him and see him giving travel directions to the hillbillies, dropping past the bookstore he is tending for its absent owner, musing on life, sunsets, and other matters, and finally racing to the fire with Hanley shortly after the carillon rings. It is the fire, beautifully described in a longish but absorbing sequence, that draws the characters, including two "beautiful people" from a North Shore affair, to Lou's Place, where there is a holdup, a birthday party, a fistfight, and a flashback which reveals that Conn, despite his efforts to remain aloof, did spend one passionate night with Helen Hanley.

Donohue has humor and great sensitivity, and a fine and flexible style. He handles language with the careless precision of a craftsman who knows his tools. Sometimes he crams a tangle of words (123 once, 265 another time) into a single sentence; again, describing a car whose motor "idles tensely," he says: "The car roared away. Suddenly. Whining. Smoking. Thrusting itself off."

Unlike many of the novels being turned out these days, this one concerns people you are willing to identify with and certain to care about. There is no tendencey to yawn, no need to drag back your drifting thoughts, no inclination to read a few pages and toss the book aside. If several of the characters talk like each other (or like Donohue) one must forgive them, since the talk is fun, the company good, the action brisk, the over-all effect highly impressive.

You may remember Donohue for his *Conversations with Nelson Algren*. Now you will remember him for *The Higher Animals*, and look forward to whatever is coming next. His is a considerable talent, wisely handled.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1119

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1119 will be found in the next issue.

ZYG LBPX XQAGL SC EABQFQVW

TYEZ QZ FQGL SC ENNGRZQVW.

LEQVZ EPWPLZQVG

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1118

The true teacher defends his pupils against his own personal influence.

—ALCOTT.

What the Wobblies Wanted

***Rebel Voices: An I.W.W. Anthology,** edited by Joyce L. Kornbluh (University of Michigan Press. 419 pp. $12.50), garners from newspapers, handbills, pamphlets, and books the spit and image of the Wobblies. Milton R. Konvitz, of Cornell University, works in the fields of constitutional law and labor relations.*

By MILTON R. KONVITZ

FOUNDED in 1905, the Industrial Workers of the World (I.W.W., commonly known as "Wobblies") were a motley crowd of philosophical and violent anarchists, philosophical and violent socialists, syndicalists, believers in the general strike, and all sorts of stray and dissident outcasts from the respectable labor and political groups. They probably never numbered more than 60,000. But some thirty years before the CIO the Wobblies were smart enough to see that the craft unions were insufficient and that the workers needed an industrial union to look after the interests of the unskilled and migrant workers and labor drifters. The Wobblies appealed especially to miners, lumberjacks, and harvest workers.

Since they openly attacked the capitalist system, had no kind words for the labor establishment, and added injury to insult by engaging in anti-war propaganda, their movement had built into itself all the ingredients that invited disaster. It was only simple and natural justice that the Wobblies should be among the chief victims of the Red scare and the Palmer raids after World War I. Their leaders, including "Big Bill" Haywood, were convicted under the Espionage Act, some of the men were sentenced by Judge "Kenesaw Mountain" Landis to twenty years' imprisonment, and the total fines imposed added up to $2,300,000. In comparison, the treatment given the Communist Party leaders under the Smith Act was gentle and tame. Haywood made his escape to Moscow; the other I.W.W. leaders who did not go to prison or were not murdered joined the Communist Labor Party or the CPUSA, and by 1924 the organization, bravely anti-capitalist *and* anti-Communist, practically ceased to exist. Nevertheless after the rest of the I.W.W. was gone, its grin remained in a biweekly newspaper that still gets published—and in having its name perpetuated on the Attorney General's list.

But ideas have children; the progeny are found in remote corners of the earth and keep very strange company. For example, while he was "resting" in the Birmingham jail in 1963, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., wrote what has become a famous letter to Birmingham clergymen, in which he explained his philosophy and strategy of "direct action." He said that he and others in the Alabama Christian Movement for Human Rights had decided to set their "direct action program" around the Easter season, one of the two most important shopping periods of the year. "Knowing that a strong economic withdrawal program [a wonderful euphemism] would be a by-product of direct action, we felt that this was the best time to bring pressure on the merchants for the needed changes." Was this philosophy of direct action by Negroes, led by ministers, essentially different from the direct action strikes and the "social general strike" for which the Wobblies had agitated some sixty years before?

Of course, Dr. King learned about passive resistance from Gandhi, who in turn had learned about it from Thoreau and Tolstoy—a movement of ideas from the United States and Russia to South Africa to India and back to the United States. I suspect that in some mysterious, circuitous, subterranean fashion the idea of "direct action" radiated from Big Bill Haywood, Joe Hill, and the workers in the Lawrence and Paterson textile strikes of 1912 and 1913 to the Negroes in Montgomery, Alabama, and Greensboro, North Carolina. The Wobblies sang *What We Want*, and a half-century later the Negroes sang *We Shall Overcome*.

The original I.W.W. documents—garnered from newspapers, handbills, pamphlets, and books, including the songs, cartoons, and pictures—are all in *Rebel Voices*. A magnificent treasury of fact and lore, excellently edited by Joyce L. Kornbluh, and beautifully produced by the University of Michigan Press, it is obviously a labor of love for everyone concerned in the making of the book. The I.W.W. never achieved the "One Big Union," but they have gained One Big Book, produced, however, not by a workers' republic but by the university press of a capitalist state. Maybe there *is* a pre-established harmony, and somehow things work out for the best—who knows?

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When the Saints Came Marching In

—From the book.

Where the Sweetwater had cut Devil's Gate through the Rattlesnake Range.

The Gathering of Zion: The Story of the Mormon Trail, *by Wallace Stegner (McGraw-Hill. 331 pp. $6.95), chronicles the exodus of the Latter-Day Saints to Utah in the mid-nineteenth century. Dale L. Morgan, curator of the Bancroft Library, University of California, wrote "Jedediah Smith and the Opening of the West."*

By DALE L. MORGAN

ALTHOUGH not a native of Utah, Wallace Stegner did so much of his growing up there that despite many years in New England and California he acknowledges that if he has a home town, "a place where a part of my heart is," it is Salt Lake City, and "the part of western history that seems most personal and real to me is Mormon history." He showed more than twenty years ago in *Mormon Country* that he understands the Saints in the marrow of his bones; and in writing a book about the Mormon Trail he was certain to be concerned above all with the people who gave that trail its name.

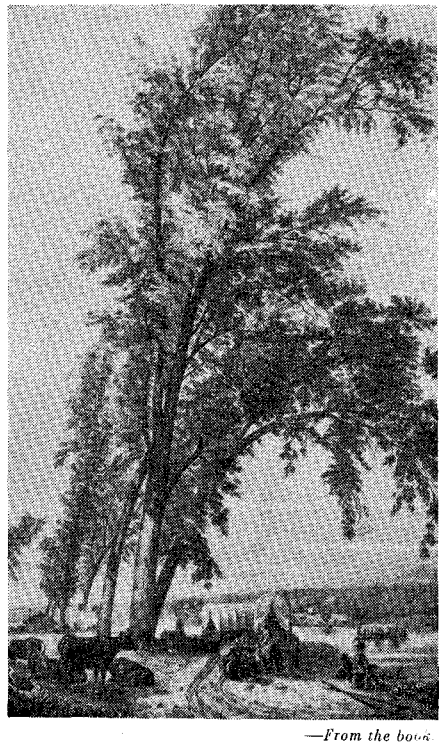
First a word as to geography. Mr. Stegner makes it clear that the Mormon Trail began on the Illinois shore of the Mississippi at Nauvoo, crossed southern Iowa to Council Bluffs, traversed the length of Nebraska up the north bank of the Platte, crossed to the south bank at Fort Laramie after reaching what is now Wyoming, ran coextensive with the Oregon Trail to Fort Bridger, then humped across the Bear River Divide and the Wasatch Mountains to the valley of the Great Salt Lake. The trailmaking began in 1846, with the Mormon exodus from Nauvoo, and travel on it (at least by the organized trains of white-topped wagons) ended with the completion of the Pacific Railroad in the spring of 1869.

Practically every yard of this trail had been traveled by others before Brigham Young took the Mormons into the West, but history rightfully describes it as theirs. As Mr. Stegner says, the exodus was "the permanent hegira of a whole people—grandparents, parents, children, flocks and herds, household goods and gods. In the composition of its wagon trains, the motives that drove them, the organization and discipline of the companies, it differed profoundly from the Oregon and California migrations. . . . They were literally villages on the march, villages of a sobriety, solidarity, and discipline unheard of anywhere else on the western trails, and not too frequent in the settled United States." Those who traveled other trails, or even the same trail to different destinations, lived in the present. But the Mormons had a dimension in time, conscious of brethren who would come after; they alone were willing to expend upon trailmaking the extra effort permanent improvements required, and all their decisions had an eye to remote consequences.

Mr. Stegner devotes almost two-thirds of his book to the evacuation of Nauvoo under mob pressure and the advance of the Mormons to Utah in 1847, recreated from the original trail journals with an astringent but ultimately sympathetic understanding of the eminently human pioneers. Single chapters more briefly describe the "gathering-up of Zion" consisting until 1852 of the Saints left behind in Iowa, and after that of the disinherited whom the ardent Mormon missionaries were converting in the British and Scandinavian missions. The accomplished English artist Frederick Piercy made the long journey across the Atlantic and out to Utah in 1853, sketching "the principal and most interesting places on the Route." The handcart disaster of 1856, the handcart relief, and some events of the later Fifties and early Sixties are reported at first-hand. A concluding chapter, "Pilgrimage Road," shows the significance the trail retains for Mormons today. The book has excellent maps and a bountiful collection of steel engravings made from Piercy's trail sketches.

Mr. Stegner, known primarily as a novelist and writer of short stories, has now published four works of nonfiction concerned with the West which, individually and collectively, are *tours de force,* sharply observed, deeply felt, richly learned, with a never-failing appreciation of the cross-grained human race. Even those who have a minimal interest in trails, covered wagons, and the West will find *The Gathering of Zion* abundantly worth their while; and the Mormons too might profit by meditating upon Mr. Stegner's thoughtful comments on their faith, their society and their history.

Across South Pass, Zionward—The "Witches Rocks" in Echo Canyon.



—From the book.

Mormon Ferry linking Kanesville and the Indian lands.

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How Green Was Our Valley

The Machine in the Garden: Technology and the Pastoral Ideal in America, *by Leo Marx (Oxford. 392 pp. $6.75), examines the tensions in a society tied at once to the land and to the "locomotive." Hennig Cohen is editor of American Quarterly.*

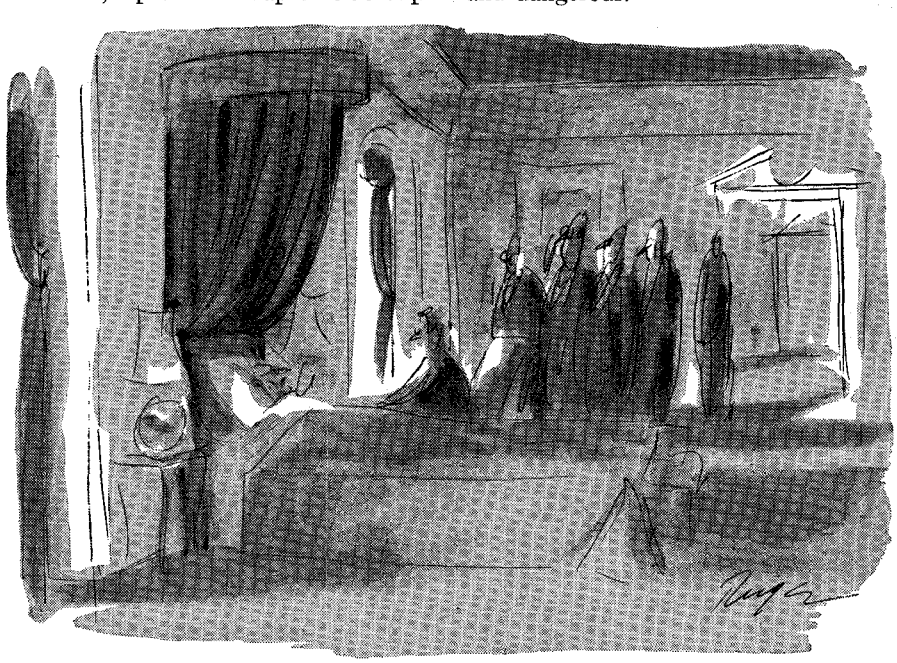
By HENNIG COHEN

IN RECENT years two rewarding techniques have evolved from attempts to comprehend cultures as complex and fluid as that in the U.S. The first is to analyze the figurative language of the culture—language being defined as the means, not merely verbal and at all levels of sophistication, of communicating ideas and emotions. The second is to study the tensions, contradictions, and conflicts that appear on and beneath the surface of the culture. Leo Marx combines these techniques to advantage in his subtle, delicately poised book.

The opposing forces are agriculture and technology. Their figurative language is derived from the pastoral tradition of classical literature (duly modified by the American situation) and from the steam engine, mainly in the form of the railroad locomotive. The context is historical, and the implications are political.

From the beginning America was viewed ambiguously. A green and bountiful land, it provoked rhapsodic description and encouraged fanciful dreams. In pastoral terms America was associated with Arcadia and the Golden Age, in political and religious terms with Utopia and the Garden of Eden. Yet in New England the words "howling wilderness" were often applied to the terrain, and the savages were more likely to be considered satanic than noble; even in Virginia, with a different view of life and a milder climate, there was uneasiness because the promise of the lush landscape was not always kept. Though named to compliment the Virgin Queen, Virginia was also a virgin land and required painfully assiduous cultivation.

The ambiguities of the landscape, however, were capable of resolution. If he were realistic and energetic, the American farmer whom Crevecoeur idealized could clear, improve, and impose order on his primeval domain, creating a middle ground somewhere between Eden and the chartless wilds while establishing for himself a position between the uncouth Indians and the excessively cultivated—and hence corrupt and undemocratic—Europeans. The resolution was demonstrable enough in the homesteads of sturdy yeomen; and it was utterly captivating. Thomas Jefferson made it the basis of his political thinking, though he constantly redefined this pastoral ideal and avoided locating it in any permanently fixed place. For, like the Bower of Bliss, the pastoral ideal is attractive and dangerous.



"Promise me you won't ask Walt Disney to do the story of my life."

Therefore Mr. Marx distinguishes between two visions of the pastoral. One he calls "sentimental." It is a never-never land outside of history and summoned up by nostaglia and wishful thinking. The other he describes as "imaginative and complex" because it faces the realities of history. Examples of the former are TV Westerns, Norman Rockwell magazine covers, and advertising layouts that picture Americans smoking their cigarettes and guzzling their beer in bucolic settings. Mr. Marx might have also cited simplistic political notions founded on vague memories of rural felicity.

For a brief and vital period, then, the pastoral ideal had historical validity. In London, however, Jefferson saw a mill powered by Boulton and Watt steam engines. He hoped they could be used to turn the American wilderness into farm land. In fact they made possible the factory system that destroyed the pastoral society he had envisioned.

Thereafter the positive value of the pastoral ideal has been in the imaginative realm. It is a way in which complex ideas may be expressed and artistic structures shaped. Appropriately Mr. Marx uses a Latin poem, Virgil's first eclogue, for his point of departure and rounds out his discussion by showing that the pastoral convention, a literary device for contrasting the ideal and the real world, retains its usefulness only as an act of the imagination. Virgil's dispossessed shepherd in Arcadia is the equivalent of the locomotive in the idyllic American landscape.

By 1844 the locomotive had become a symbol of progress. But Hawthorne confided in his notebook that "its startling shriek . . . brings the noisy world into the midst of our slumbrous peace," and Thoreau characteristically observed, "We do not ride upon the railroad; it rides upon us." The railroad, like the American pastoral landscape, was ambiguously viewed.

In his account of the development of these two complex symbols and their relationship to each other, Mr. Marx uses a variety of evidence ranging from Shakespeare's *The Tempest* to a painting by George Inness demonstrating that railroads and machine shops could be assimilated into the pastoral landscape. The study of the efforts of major writers to understand nature—Thoreau, who raised beans because he wanted "to know beans," Twain, who sought "to know the river" as a Mississippi pilot; Melville, who tried to know whales and learned that he never could—is crucial to Mr. Marx's primary concerns and incidentally provides important literary insights.

In short, Mr. Marx has written an exciting book, exemplifying studies in American culture at their best.

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How the Government Grows

Our Changing Constitution, *by Charles Leedham (Dodd, Mead. 304 pp. $5), tells "the story behind the amendments" to our basic law. Irving Dilliard contributed the chapter on the historic Flag-Salute Cases to "Quarrels That Have Shaped the Constitution," edited by J. A. Garraty.*

By IRVING DILLIARD

CHARLES LEEDHAM's valuable book is intended for those who have fallen behind on the formal changes that have been made in our federal Constitution during the century and three quarters of its existence. Although the author recounts the story of the Woman Suffrage Amendment about halfway through his chronologically arranged narrative, this relatively recent amendment is a good one for sampling purposes here. One of the shortest, it says simply:

> 1. The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of sex.
>
> 2. Congress shall have the power to enforce this Article by appropriate legislation.

But it took a long time to get these few words into the Constitution—just about seventy-five years, in fact, and that meant, since the Nineteenth Amendment was ratified in 1920, a good part of the life of the Constitution itself up to that time.

As Mr. Leedham correctly shows, the Woman Suffrage Amendment is one of the few whose beginnings can be traced to a definite person, place, and date. The person was Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton; the place, Seneca Falls, New York, a hamlet west of Syracuse; the date, July 19, 1848. As a small girl, listening in a corner of her father's law office, Elizabeth Cady heard over and over again stories that demonstrated the inequity of the legal status of women—with respect to property, custody of children, earnings, contracts, and just about everything else.

Later, as the bride of abolitionist leader Henry B. Stanton, she went to the World Anti-Slavery Convention in London, only to find that the women in the American delegation were refused seats. Fuming in the gallery, she resolved to hold a meeting devoted to rights for women. Out of that determination came the Women's Rights Convention in midsummer, 1848. Mr. Leedham calls it a "tremendous success," and that it was. Five hundred men and women assembled to hear and debate Elizabeth Cady Stanton's Women's Declaration of Independence.

These deliberations produced a sheaf of resolutions, all but one of which carried unanimously. The exception was a call for "a universal vote for women"; it passed, too, but by a narrow margin. Three years later the grim-faced, unsmiling Quakeress Susan B. Anthony met Mrs. Stanton, and the movement was really under way. Mr. Leedham unfolds the developments with a full appreciation of the drama and human interest involved at almost every turn.

The long fight against the women's cause rang all the changes. In the South, white men were busy making sure that Negro men did not get to the polls; they certainly were not going to allow the vote to be extended to several million Negro women. A New Jersey Senator put the opposition case this way: "... the God of our race has stamped upon [women] a milder, gentler nature, which not only makes them shrink from, but disqualifies them for, the turmoil and battle of public life. They have a higher and holier mission . . . Their mission is at home, by their blandishments and their love to assuage the passions of men as they come in from the battle of life, and not themselves by joining in the contest to add fuel to the very flames . . . It will be a sorry day for this country when those vestal fires of love and piety are put out."

The first break came in 1890 when Wyoming, which as a territory had given women the vote, was admitted to the Union. By conferring statehood on Wyoming, Congress in effect indirectly blessed woman suffrage. But it took three more decades of agitation, demonstrations, lobbying, and marching suffragettes (including the first female pickets at the White House) before suffrage was granted to women across the country.

Mr. Leedham details the efforts behind all the amendments, from the first ten that comprise the historic Bill of Rights to those that eliminated the "lame duck" Congress, put in and took out prohibition of intoxicating liquors, forbade third Presidential terms, gave electoral votes to Washington, D. C., and abolished the poll tax. A final chapter rounds up a raft of proposed amendments, including those dealing with prayers in public schools, the electoral college, and continuity of government in time of disaster.

If there is another book like this one, I do not know of it. Mr. Leedham has filled a gap in our literature on the United States Government and he has done it exceedingly well.

"Admit it. You're scared to death of me!"

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Cool, Dry Meditations: The newspaper column (or "colyum") has developed fantastically since Artemus Ward helped Lincoln endure the Civil War. We may now laugh with Buchwald, worry hopefully with Lippmann, or ponder profitably with Reston. Sydney Harris is on the serious but not the solemn side, keeps clear of politics, is humane and liberal but, as he himself says, the "cool, dry" rather than the "warm, moist" type.

Mr. Harris, who gets his mail at the office of the Chicago *Daily News*, has for some years been writing a syndicated column called "Strictly Personal." *On the Contrary* (Houghton Mifflin, $4.95) is the fourth collection of these pieces that he has published during the past twelve years.

So, as they say, he has something. What is this something? He does not give an emotional release, for he arrives by reason where others skid in by impulse. He can be humorous, but he usually doesn't care to. He can do "human interest," but the technique is alien to him. His wit is pungent, with an edge.

Harris meditates on some fairly familiar questions: If Christ returned to earth next Christmas Day, who would crucify Him? The Christians, he fears. He laments that we now know how to blow up the world, but not how to live in it together. Like the U.S. Supreme Court, he thinks the Negro is a human being entitled to every right; he is annoyed by those white people who hide their prejudice behind the "separate-but-equal" fence.

He figures that fascists are more numerous in this country than Communists. He is not too scornful of beatniks. He is not enthusiastic about putting a man on the moon when the price of the trip can better be spent at home. He finds some persons' "determined cheerfulness . . . offensive." He observes that we are a violent species, but that few of us are born "dull" or "bad"; these qualities have to be taught. The father of five children, he is intelligently fascinated by inter-age relationships.

Most of this material consists of separate columns of 400 words or more each. The final seventy pages or so are paragraphic—each paragraph with an intended bite. For instance: "Nothing we do is half as bad as what we do not do."

A book like this takes a year or more to write; it seems unfair to read it in odd moments over a few days. But one concludes that Mr. Harris would have been welcome in the best circles in Concord, Massachusetts, about a century ago.

Even Thoreau might have been willing to have a gam with him.

—R. L. Duffus.

SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Business, Economics

City and Suburb: The Economics of Metropolitan Growth. Edited by Benjamin Chinitz. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

Great Sales by Today's Great Salesmen. By Lassor Blumenthal. Macmillan. $5.95.

Perspectives on Antitrust Policy. By Almarin Phillips. Princeton Univ. Press. $9.

Classics

Hellenistic Poetry and Art. By T. B. L Webster. Barnes & Noble. $8.50.

Crime, Suspense

Canary Yellow. By Elizabeth Cadell. Morrow. $3.95.

Funeral in Berlin. By Len Deighton. Putnam. $4.95.

Safe Secret. By Harry Carmichael. Macmillan. $3.95.

Essays

American Aspects. By D. W. Brogan. Harper & Row. $4.

Fiction

The Brinkmanship of Galahad Threepwood. By P. G. Wodehouse. Simon & Schuster. $4.50.

Bumble. By Elma Williams. John Day. $4.50.

Count Behemond. By Alfred Duggan. Pantheon. $4.95.

Day of Judgment. By Wayne D. Overholser. Macmillan. $3.95.

I Resign You, Stallion. By Vinnie Williams. Viking. $4.95.

Kate and Emma. By Monica Dickens. Coward-McCann. $4.95.

Many Thousand Gone. By Ronald L. Fair. Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.50.

The Possessors. By John Christopher. Simon & Schuster. $4.50.

The Purple Quest. By Frank Slaughter. Doubleday. $4.95.

The Sterile Cuckoo. By John Nichols. McKay. $4.50.

Tale of a Hero. By Stella Wilchek. Harper & Row. $4.95.

The Fortunate Pilgrim. By Mario Puzo. Atheneum. $5.75.

Government, Politics

The Eagle and the Bear. (Revised edition.) By Pennington Haile. Ives Washburn. $3.75.

Urban Transportation: The Federal Role. By George M. Smerk. Indiana Univ. Press. $7.50.

History

The Awakening of American Nationalism, 1815-1828. By George Dangerfield. Harper & Row. $6.

Brave Ship, Brave Men. By Arnold S. Lott. Bobbs-Merrill. $4.

Crisis: The Inside Story of the Suez Conspiracy. By Terence Robertson. Atheneum. $6.95.

From the Morgenthau Diaries: Years of Urgency, 1938-1941. By John Morton Blum. Houghton Mifflin. $8.50.

The Growth of Athenian Economy. By A. French. Barnes & Noble. $6.

Miscellany

Eternal Egypt. By P. Montet. NAL-World. $7.50.

Listen to Leaders in Engineering. Edited by Albert Love and James Saxon Childers. Tupper & Love/McKay. $5.95.

Locomotives in Retirement. By E. W. Fenton. Stephen Greene. $12.50.

Story of the World Series. By Frederick Lieb. Putnam. $5.95.

A Wolf in the Family. By Jerome Hellmuth. NAL-World. $4.95.

Music, Theater

Ballet Retrospect. By Arnold L. Haskell. Viking. $10.

Incident at Vichy. By Arthur Miller. Viking. $3.50.

The Oxford Chekhov. Vol. III: *Uncle Vanya, Three Sisters, The Cherry Orchard,* and *The Wood-Demon.* Translated and edited by Ronald Hingley. Oxford Univ. Press. $10.

R. V. W.: A Biography of Ralph Vaughan Williams. By Ursula Vaughan Williams. Oxford Univ. Press. $11.50.

Shakespeare's Blackfriars Playhouse: Its History and Its Design. By Irwin Smith. New York Univ. Press. $15.

Personal History

Dylan Thomas: His Life and Work. By John Ackerman. Oxford Univ. Press. $5.75.

The Days of Dylan Thomas. By Bill Read. McGraw-Hill. Hardbound, $5.95. Paperback, $1.95.

Queen Victoria: Born to Succeed. By Elizabeth Longford. Harper & Row. $7.50.

Psychology

The Ability to Love. By Allan Fromme. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $5.95.

Religion, Philosophy

After the Stranger: Imaginary Dialogues with Camus. By Hayden Carruth. Macmillan. $4.95.

Archaeology in Biblical Research. By Walter G. Williams. Abingdon. $4.75.

Crisis and Response. By Roy L. Honeycutt. Abingdon. $3.50.

The Ecumenical Scandal on Main Street. By William B. Cate. Association Press. $3.50.

The Holy Spirit and You. By Donald M. Joy. Abingdon. $2.75.

The Life and Thought of Albert Schweitzer. By Werner Picht. Harper & Row. $6.50.

One Sovereign Life. By Edwin Prince Booth. Abingdon. $2.50.

Poverty on a Small Planet: A Christian Looks at Living Standards. By Edward Rogers. Macmillan. $2.95.

The Pulpit Speaks on Race. Edited by Alfred T. Davies. Abingdon. $3.95.

The Way of the Master. By Emerson S. Colaw. Abingdon. $2.50.

Science

Journey to Alpha Centauri. By John W. Macvey. Macmillan. $5.95.

Listen to Leaders in Science. Edited by Albert Love and James Saxon Childers. Tupper & Love/McKay. $5.50.

—Compiled by Ruth Brown.

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On the Side of Life

THE FILM YEAR just ended was given a last burst of vitality by the arrival of *Zorba the Greek*, a triple achievement for Michael Cacoyannis, who was the director, producer, and screen adaptor of the excellent Kazantzakis novel. Since so large and sprawling a production canvas would have been beyond the resources of the Greek film industry, a full dose of gratitude is owed to 20th Century-Fox for furnishing the financial assistance that made this fine motion picture possible. Of late, Fox has not been particularly fortunate in its co-production arrangements. We cite the ill-fated *The Visit* as a case in point. (Apropos of this, it should be mentioned that SR inadvertently credited as producer of that film Darryl F. Zanuck, who is the president of the company, but who has not functioned as a producer since *The Longest Day*.)

Cacoyannis is as fluent in English as in Greek, and *Zorba the Greek* is not at all handicapped by its being, by and large, an English-language film. For one thing, the principal character of the story is a young Englishman of Greek ancestry who has been reared in England and who comes to the island of Crete in the hope of developing some mine holdings he has inherited. The adventures that befall him are mainly the result of his meeting up with and hiring Alexis Zorba, a knockabout Greek of indeterminate years whose zesty exuberance and wholehearted acceptance of both troubles and joys eventually succeed in liberating the Englishman's imprisoned emotions. Basil is a writer, given to intellectualizing, and his friendship with Zorba is actually a conflict, of wills, of attitudes, of ways of adapting to life.

While Cacoyannis has not emphasized the period in which the events unfold, the time, it is clear, is before World War II. Basil's abandoned mine is near a village that lives in profound poverty, its people resigned to a harsh existence and tied to customs that lie hidden in the past. Zorba, a man of no intellect at all, is possessed of an immediate, instinctive understanding not only of the folkways of the villagers, but of Basil as well. He also knows that the old retired prostitute who runs the sagging village hotel is fair game for him and that Basil is the only one who could unleash the passions of a handsome young widow who is eyed with covert lust by her neighbors. But Zorba can spring immediately into action, while Basil must wait, and perspire, and tremble before gathering up the courage to approach the widow.

As Madame Hortense, the old prostitute living on her nostalgic memories of four admirals of different nationalities who sought her favors, Lila Kedrova, a noted actress of the French stage, gives a performance of extraordinary flavor and subtlety. She is both hilarious (as when she describes a champagne bath, the gift of the admirals) and profoundly touching (as when she clutches Zorba in her final hour, knowing that the old, black-garbed harridans of the village are about to carry off her cherished accumulation of possessions). As Zorba, Anthony Quinn is at his extravagant best, and a perfect foil for Alan Bates, whose restrained, modulated portrait of Basil is quite marvelously done. And Irene Papas, a Greek actress who gains stature with each of her roles, suggests her brooding, tragic fate without the use of dialogue at all, for her communication with Basil is wordless.

Mingling humor, the sharpest of human observation, tragedy, and touches of eerie horror, Cacoyannis patiently, and with superb detail, moves Basil toward his acceptance of the richness of being alive, until at the end he can dance with Zorba—a dance that is not one of joy and of high spirits, but that tells of their willingness to go on despite defeat and loss.

Oddly, *Zorba the Greek* ends on a note that is the very opposite of that struck by another fine young director at the beginning of the year. When summing up the best of the year's film achievements, both Arthur Knight and the undersigned placed Stanley Kubrick's *Dr. Strangelove* and *Zorba the Greek* highest on their list. Kubrick carried his mordant satire to the blackest of conclusions, the extinction of all life on earth, while Cacoyannis found it necessary to restate his feeling for life and his compassionate understanding of humans, regardless of their flaws.

Between these two poles the year produced such a generous amount of screen entertainment and art that it was necessary to expand the usual list of ten to one of twelve. From several examples of tongue-in-cheek suspense films, *Topkapi* and *The Pink Panther* were judged superior. *My Fair Lady* and *Mary Poppins* emerged as the year's top musicals. Well liked indeed were *The Girl with Green Eyes* and *The Luck of Ginger Coffey*. The biggest surprise of the year were the Beatles in *A Hard Day's Night*. And we liked the soundly acted, splen-

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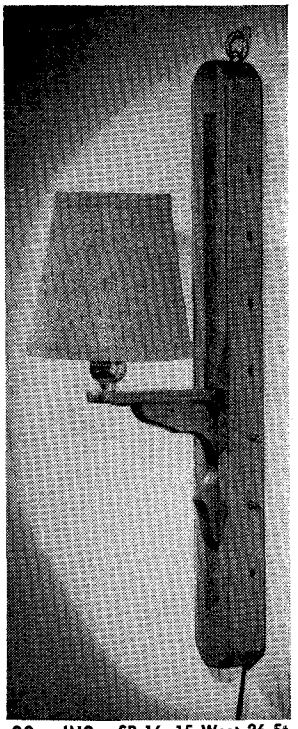

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didly produced *Becket*, the haunting Japanese *Woman of the Dunes*, and a fine film from Italy, *The Organizer*. There were several other good films that came along during 1964, but we felt that a ten-best list should not really be stretched much beyond twelve.

—Hollis Alpert.

New Look at the Old West

"IN MOST Westerns," John Ford said recently, "you never really get to see the Indians. They're off on a cliff somewhere, they come riding down on the stagecoach, they bite the dust, and that's it. I wanted to make a picture in which the audience not only met the Indian face to face, but got to know and admire him." The picture he was talking about was *Cheyenne Autumn*, based as much on fact as on the best-selling novel by Mari Sandoz; and in it Ford shows that his long-standing love affair with the old West, its ways and its people, has not waned. The only difference is that this time it is the Cavalry, not the Indians, who supply the menace.

Cheyenne Autumn recounts with admiration the exploits of a small band of Indians, survivors of our government's reckless and pitiless reservation policy, in their determined trek of over 1,500 miles to their former hunting grounds and way of life. Tracked by Army troops, dogged by hunger and cold, fighting desperately and heroically whenever forced to make a stand, betrayed and massacred by the whites when a group voluntarily surrendered, eventually wresting official permission from a reluctant government to complete their journey—these are the Cheyenne, and never have Indians appeared more noble on the screen. Through them, Ford seems to celebrate the victory of all victims of injustice who win out through bravery, honesty, and an unswerving belief in the rightness of their cause.

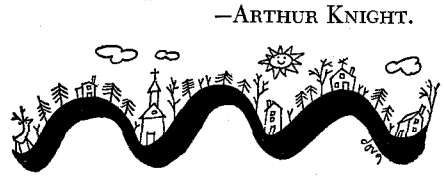
Diminishing this epic theme, however, is a script that abounds in one-dimensional characters and movie-conventional situations. Perhaps a Quaker schoolmarm (Carol Baker) did accompany the Indians in their perilous flight to the north, but to make her the beloved of the pursuing Cavalry Captain (Richard Widmark) is a bit too much of a good thing. Perhaps Wyatt Earp was, as John Ford maintains, an unruffled, humorous man who preferred poker to pistols, but the protracted comic interlude provided for him (and James Stewart) might well have come from another picture entirely. An excessive amount of on-the-trail footage seems to have been devoted to Sal Mineo, a young brave in surly, hot-eyed pursuit of the youngest wife of Chief Ricardo Montalban. Time seems badly, though expeditiously, scrambled as Widmark rushes to Washington to intercede with Carl Schurz (Edward G. Robinson) on behalf of the Indians, who, presumably, were to have been sent back to their reservation on the day he left. More seriously, from a dramatic point of view, rarely do the subtler conflicts implicit in scene after scene rise to open statement, while the film's climax is so anticlimactic that the end titles come on before one quite realizes what has happened.

But much as these may detract from the stature of *Cheyenne Autumn*, they cannot impair the pure sensual satisfactions derived from strongly composed shots of men and horses moving through the ruggedly beautiful terrain of the Southwest, or from an intimate scene that is deftly and cleanly played, or from a wide-flung battle that is staged with such precision that never once must the audience ask where it is, or what is happening, and to whom. These are John Ford's greatest strengths as a director, and happily, despite its shortcomings, his latest film affords him ample opportunity to exercise them to the full.

In *World Without Sun*, the veteran oceanographer Jacques-Yves Cousteau introduces adventure of another sort. It is a paradox of our age that while we can fly through the air with the greatest of ease six miles up, the ocean floor just a few hundred feet down is a hazardous and virtually uncharted territory. Cousteau, of course, has devoted himself not only to filling in some of the gaps in scientific knowledge but also, on a more popular level, to revealing to the world at large some of the enchantment of the deep. No longer, it seems, need man gain entry to the bottom of the sea by plunging down from the surface; now divers lead cramped but normal lives in quarters anchored forty or more feet down. *World Without Sun*, with incredibly skilful deployment of color cameras, provides glimpses of this life beneath the sea and of the strange new forms of fish and plants uncovered by their ever more daring explorations.

Image of Love is, in a sense, also a form of camera exploration—an exploration through graphics, sculpture, film clips, and the voice of Anthony Newley, of the changing forms of love in art and society. Visually, the film is both handsome and ingenious, with adroit use of juxtaposition to make points tellingly. The commentary, on the other hand, is insistently smarty-pants and manages to make even the most trenchant observation seem superficial.

—Arthur Knight.



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How to Wax Eloquently in California

"LOOK behind that curtain," said the Chinese to the tall, tanned American, "and you will see an old friend." Allen Parkinson, now forty-five and once of Rexburg, Idaho, crossed the tiny studio in Hong Kong and looked. There stood Humphrey Bogart, or a reasonably exact facsimile. "He looked as if he were about to say hello to me," Parkinson recalls now. He knew he had a new figure to add to his Movieland Wax Museum, the most successful collection of beeswax effigies since Tussaud's opened in London in 1802.

The wax museum, which is now playing to some 800,000 spectators a year, culminates a childhood reverie for Parkinson, a former able-bodied seaman and patent medicine man who used to scrape together ten hard-earned cents to sit in the balcony of theaters in Utah, where he later moved, and dream about life as it was depicted by Hollywood.

Later, disabused by reality but a shining and early success in business, Parkinson took a trip to Europe with his daughter and stopped by for a look at Tussaud's in London. Wouldn't it be wonderful, he recalls thinking during that 1959 excursion, if he could recreate his daydreams as a child? Back home, he wrote to boards of trade all over the world, seeking out sculptors of wax figures. He found them in Hong Kong, Mexico, and Spain, and began boarding jets to place orders. The first two figures he ordered were Laurel and Hardy. "I went where the heart was," he says.

Back home in California, he bought a plot of land at Buena Park, only fifteen minutes from Disneyland, and the Movieland Wax Museum, in a modern, white-columned building hung with crystal chandeliers, opened early in May 1962. It was dedicated by no less a luminary of the early flicks than Mary Pickford. "I just wrote her," said the boy from the Western wheat fields, "and asked her to be hostess on opening night. We agreed to give our first three days' box office to a movie charity. Mary Pickford countered by sending a telegram to every luminary in the movies urging their attendance at the premiere. She came in our gold Rolls-Royce, which I had bought in London. Then came the long black limousines carrying the executives from MGM, Paramount, and Universal and all the other studios. Then came star after star. I couldn't believe my eyes. I was still the kid with the popcorn up in the balcony."

What the opening-night audience saw was a marvelous collection of sculptured likenesses of nearly 100 idols of the silver screen. Glamour queens, great lovers, slapstick comedians, international stars, and Academy Award winners were poised and positioned in famous scenes from memorable films. On hand, for example, were the Marx Brothers, shown at the height of their fame in a zany scene. There was the young Chevalier taking a sandal from the petite foot of Jeanette MacDonald in the Ernst Lubitsch 1934 production of *The Merry Widow*. A romanticized shrine is dedicated to Jimmy Dean playing the dream sequence in the 1955 picture *Rebel Without a Cause*.

Laughton is resplendent in $2,500 worth of robes he wore as Henry VIII, about to be helped to bed by four nightmaids. The image of Gary Cooper in a tense moment of *High Noon* with Grace Kelly in 1952 is so lifelike it has drawn his mother for three or four visits.

Some of the best customers at Movieland are the stars themselves. Myrna Loy, looking at her scene with William Powell in the 1934 production of *The Thin Man*, thought her hair more reddish in those days. It was changed. Buster Keaton came, gave his wax dummy an authentic flat skimmer of the type that made him famous. Sophia Loren was so moved by a scene with her screen daughter in a bombed-out cathedral for *Two Women* that she gave the museum the torn dress she wore in the film.

A big billboard announces the premiere of *Sunset Boulevard*, the film that depicted Gloria Swanson as a fading star. In the wax scene she emerges from a gold Rolls-Royce paved with leopard-skin interiors. As in true life, Miss Swanson holds a carnation, in this case a real one, replaced daily (sometimes by Swanson herself, who comes for frequent visits). The tresses of her wax self were washed and set under her direction and her figure now wears a $10,000 chinchilla wrap that she donated.

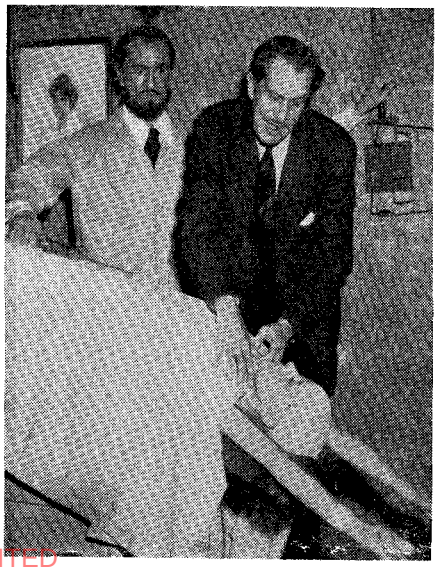
Valentino and Pola Negri, great and good friends in the real world, are side by side again, he in *The Son of the Sheik* and she in *Bella Donna*. Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor play *Seventh Heaven* in wax, and Garbo and Gilbert are in equal beeswax bliss for 1933's *Queen Christina*. But later arrivals on the screen are here, too, lest the younger generation be disappointed if not perplexed by the unknown names of the old-timers. Lollo-

De Havilland and de Havilland

Swanson and Swanson

Lollobrigida and Lollobrigida

Price and Price



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brigida thought her wax dummy showed "too much Gina," reached onto the set to pull down her skirt. And Bardot's topless bikini scene is the only dummy in the museum bearing a sign that says, "Please Do Not Touch the Figure."

Parkinson, who has even grander dreams for future sideshows, is almost awed by his success in this field, and by his sudden association with the arts, for which he feels now he had a predestined affinity. It certainly never showed until relatively recently, for his early life and early career took him about as far from creative effort as man is likely to find himself. In Rexburg, Idaho ("I wish to hell they had named it something else"), his father was a "dry farmer," trying to raise wheat without irrigation. It got so dry that he had to go out of business, and the family moved to Salt Lake City where father renewed his farming efforts just outside town. Parkinson went to Utah State Agricultural College in Logan, still pretty far from the main stem.

After college Parkinson headed not to the farm but to the sea, looking for some of the adventures he had seen on the screen. "I wanted to see what was on the other side of the valley," he says now. He sailed on tankers out of San Francisco, stayed in the merchant marine during the war, and shipped as an able seaman to the South Seas, the West Indies, Alaska, and South America.

After the war he started with a small company called Mercury Records as a salesman covering Dallas. His personality seemed to fit the West and South. In ninety days he was district sales manager and in six months he took over as general sales manager for the whole company, covering all of North America and Mexico. He found he was in flight most of the time, and even though he was now invading New York and living in upholstered suites in the Savoy Plaza, just the way people did in *Lullaby of Broadway*, the traveling was getting on his nerves. While he was with the company Mercury Records paid Artie Auerbach $1,000 to do the song called "Pickle in the Middle" (and the mustard on top) and for a flip-side filler paid Frankie Laine $10 to fill with a song called "That's My Desire." The record made Laine famous, sold nearly 1,000,000 copies, and didn't exactly hurt Parkinson either. With enough to take it easy for a while, he resigned in California to think.

Later, starting as a salesman, he began to work for the Puma Wine Company, becoming sales manager in six or seven weeks. As a curious hobby, and perhaps to see what was happening on the other side of the valley, Parkinson subscribed to newspapers in all parts of the world. One day in the Montreal *Star* he saw an ad that said, "Can't Sleep? Try Persomnia!" He thought the idea of a sleep aid was dandy, but the name was awful. While he was selling wine he began to think of better names. One Thanksgiving Day, with his mouth full of turkey, he suddenly blurted out, "Sleep-Eze."

Next day he approached a company that develops products, and engaged chemists to come up with a formula for a non-habit-forming, non-barbiturate sleep aid. He called Brunswick Drugs and asked them what discount Alka-Seltzer—he considered that a pretty good going product—gave druggists and wholesalers. When he got his answer he simply applied the same structure. His wine salary was enough to keep him going while he quietly moonlighted the sleep medicine. After some preliminary newspaper ads that evoked little interest, his agency suggested a well-loved local California radio quizmaster named Mel Ventner. Parkinson paid Ventner $1,500 to tell his housewives nice things about Sleep-Eze, and suddenly the orders started pouring in. Parkinson stayed with Ventner even after the audience was worn out, almost ten years. But he quickly moved into bigger time, paying $5,000 a week for Jack Bailey's *Queen for a Day*, a coast-to-coast radio show. The nation snored peacefully on Sleep-Eze for ten years while Parkinson went about hitting it rich.

IN 1959, after about ten years and many competitors, he sold Sleep-Eze to American Home Products, famous for Dristan and dozens of other drugs. It was then that he took American Home Products stock in exchange for the assets of Sleep-Eze and sailed for London for his rendezvous with Tussaud's. Although he confesses a slight swell of nostalgia whenever he passes a drugstore, his new ideas are unbounded. He wanted to expand Movieland, but the price for adjoining property went up to $80,000 an acre, cash on the barrelhead. He was so irritated by his neighboring landowners that he bought twenty acres on the nearby Santa Ana Freeway. Here he will build a great museum featuring replicas of the world's most famous works of art. Alongside it he will construct "Shangri-la," a make-believe dell where no one ever grows old. For the museum he has already ordered life-sized replicas of the *Pietà* and *David*, now being made in Italy of the best Carrara marble, probably better marble, he thinks, than was used in the originals. He returns to Italy in April to order *Moses*. In Japan he bought a gilded Buddhist temple and a golden standing Buddha for Shangri-la. He has bought peacocks from Burma, black swans from India. Here, he says, all the finest dreams and accomplishments of man will reside. Here, in workable wax, spectators will see great moments of history—Napoleon in battle-front consultation with Bertrand, Queen Elizabeth in her court, Caesar conferring with Brutus. "We will bring in cobblestones from Nazareth to rest the *Pietà* on. We will have golden carp and flamingos, lighted waterfalls and lotus blossoms. We may even have an outdoor theater where artists like Heifetz and Rubinstein will come to give concerts amid the beauty." Shangri-la will open in two years at an estimated cost of $2,500,000, providing yet another attraction to the cornfields of the Disneyland neighborhoods south of Smogville. Says Parkinson: "This is the ultimate, with no limits to its expansion." Even for the dream-filled little boy from Rexburg, it's quite a dreamful. —HORACE SUTTON.

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Warm Scrooge, Cold Grudge

THE MOST IMPORTANT thing about *Carol for Another Christmas,* the ninety-minute film that the Xerox Corporation recently presented on the ABC Television Network in prime time, is that it happened. A big sponsor committed big money to a show designed to create popular understanding and support of the United Nations. Top show-business talent contributed professional services at fees that made the whole thing possible. A major network shook loose an hour and a half of evening time for a controversial subject. And, not least important, the sponsor offered this unconventional show without any commercial messages.

This Christmas gift will long be remembered in broadcasting. At stages along the journey from idea to air time, there were cynics (and even a few well-wishers) who predicted that Xerox's Operation U.N. would never leave the launching pad. The static produced by the John Birch Society's organized letter-writing campaign to dissuade the sponsor was but one of many obstacles. That *Carol for Another Christmas* finally made it—as a prototype for five other U.N. specials to come during 1965—is cause for honor to all involved.

The second most important thing about Rod Serling's play (produced and directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz for Telsun Foundation) is that it probably made few converts to the U.N. idea among viewers already hostile to the world organization. *Carol for Another Christmas* was in effect a morality play, an eloquent statement about the changes in thinking that its liberal author deems necessary for the fail-safe, Strangelove age. But because rhetoric and sermon are dubious instruments for producing permanent alterations in behavior, Mr. Serling's play may perhaps best be considered an experiment. That is was less than completely satisfying is the third and least important thing about *Carol for Another Christmas.*

The author deliberately modeled his tract after Charles Dickens's *Christmas Carol.* Serling's "Grudge" (Sterling Hayden) was a wealthy, bitter recluse who fiercely shunned involvement with man or mankind. Visited by three ghosts of Christmas—past, present, and future—he is confronted by the dead of all past wars, the horrors of Hiroshima, the injustice of starving, sick millions unreached by Western abundance, and by the vision of a depraved community of survivors after the future hydrogen war. This twentieth-century misanthrope, like Scrooge before him, sees the light of reason and humanity, and we leave him willing, presumably, to cultivate rapport with "the enemy"—at least on a forum basis in the United Nations. The problem in both stories, Dickens and Serling, is the plausibility of the conversion. Dickens managed his largely because a) it is all a question of personal character and b) the context is warm with human qualities of joy, affection, tenderness, and courage. Above all, there are the Cratchits, cheerful and affirmative; we rejoice with them at the rescue of Scrooge from ignorance. Serling's script had a Marley—the modern recluse's son—killed in World War II. It provided a kinship touch, but the son's scene with his father was cut from the final version, probably for lack of time.

Grudge also had a nephew (Ben Gazzara), but he was a college professor, operating at an intellectual level in his relations with his uncle. The rest was unrelieved grimness in which the dead of past wars, the pitiful devastation of Hiroshima, the displaced persons hungry around their campfires in barbed-wire enclosures were abstractions. Only Peter Sellers gave some delight, in the final sequences, with his skilful nuances as the "leader" preaching the apotheosis of the self in the post-holocaust civilization of the "I." Even Grudge's conversion was a cold affair; he is a stubborn man not quick to thaw, whereas Scrooge awoke to the light with gratitude, joy, and generosity. The great communications problem of the U.N. rests in its vast, imponderable abstractions of danger and hope. Audiences might more easily identify with it if it were related to images of creativity and affirmation. Mr. Serling has not lost his flair for the racy, perceptive line; nor has he lost his bold imagination. Let him put a little more love in his work; the world has had enough of hell-fire and brimstone.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and Yetta Arenstein

NEW MOONS FOR OLD

The moon has been an inspiration to poets for centuries. Lysander Kemp of Guadalajara, Mexico, gives proof below that the poets of our century are not immune to its spell, and asks that you match each quotation to its poet in Column Two. To dispel any remaining shadows, the full moon reveals all on page 75.

1. But see the roses on your trellis dying
   And hear the spectral singing of the moon. ( ) Wallace Stevens

2. All the moon long I heard, blessed among
   stables, the nightjars
   Flying with the ricks, and the horses
   Flashing into the dark. ( ) T. S. Eliot

3. Under the frenzy of the fourteenth moon
   The soul begins to tremble into stillness,
   To die into the labyrinth of itself! ( ) Edward Thomas

4. Part of a moon was falling down the west,
   Dragging the whole sky with it to the hills. ( ) John Crowe Ransom

5. The moon has lost her memory.
   A washed-out smallpox cracks her face,
   Her hand twists a paper rose. ( ) Dylan Thomas

6. The new moon hangs like an ivory bugle
   In the naked frosty blue. ( ) Vachel Lindsay

7. The book of moonlight is not written yet
   Nor half begun, but, when it is, leave room
   For Crispin, fagot in the lunar fire. ( ) William Butler Yeats

8. The moon's a brass-hooped water-keg,
   A wondrous water-feast. ( ) Robert Frost

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Through the Looking Glass, Darkly

EDWARD ALBEE has written the most controversial play of the season. It is titled *Tiny Alice* (after the girl on the unreachable side of the looking glass?), and its controversy is increased by the frequent ambiguities that make it difficult even to state the controversy. While we plan to wrestle with the play more fully in the January 30 issue of *SR*, a quick first reaction might define *Tiny Alice* as being about a would-be martyr named Julian who is pushed to a strange destiny by several terrestrial agents of God. These include a greedy Cardinal who rationalizes selling a man's soul for the benefit of the Church, and whose hypocrisy serves to push Julian away from the unreality of sham religion. There is the lawyer, a Satanic provocateur who surehandedly and cruelly masterminds the whole transaction. There is Butler, a Mephistophelean super-servant who gives friendly and practical assistance. And there is Miss Alice, a compassionate temptress who leads Julian through what are to him the unpleasant realities of physical sex to a divine and pure marriage with "Tiny Alice," whom she represents.

The action and badinage take place in an enormous house inside which there may be many mansions. Designed with massive impressiveness by William Ritman, it includes a big sealed dollhouse that is an exact replica of the larger house. And we are told that inside the replica is at least one more miniature model of the model, and, of course, "the mouse" who is the play's title character. At one point in the play it is implied that Julian is a Christ figure torn between the protection of an insane asylum where he can live without faith but with hallucinations in the real world whose corruptions and chaos are unbearable, or the better-organized but less fathomable abstraction of the universe represented by the model. They ask Julian in absentia, "Who's God? Soft God? The Servant? Gingerbread God with raisin eyes? . . . There is a true God, there's an abstraction . . . It cannot be understood, you cannot worship it . . . There's Alice, Julian. *That* can be understood. Only the mouse in the model. Just that. The mouse, Julian, believe it. Don't personify the abstraction. Don't limit it. Don't demean it. Only the mouse, the toy. And that does not exist, but is all that can be worshipped." On a psychological level, one might also interpret Tiny Alice as the subconscious secondary self within ourselves. If this is intended, Mr. Albee may be suggesting that a reunion with this self, whether accomplished by sex, psychiatry, or death, is perhaps the only Heaven possible for man.

Whatever meaning may emerge for each of us from Mr. Albee's triple crostic—and we would suppose that Mr. Albee would like it to have many meanings—the bizarre and symbolic nature of its characters make it a most difficult play to perform. Alan Schneider seems to have decided to direct the proceedings in such a way that they will appear credible as "natural behavior," and he has most dextrously seen to it that the play's elusively witty insults and quips are fully realized. Sir John Gielgud offers us a Julian who, unlike the great actor himself, is naïve and afraid of passion.

While this puts him somewhat at a disadvantage, Sir John's magnificent vocal instrument is most helpful to the play's highly literate long speeches. Irene Worth is unevasive in her attempts to underline the lusty wretchedness of a by-now corrupted Virgin Mary and/or Eve figure, who is both mother and seducer of Julian. William Hutt is convincingly nasty as the impersonally lecherous lawyer. John Heffernan gives us a fine mixture of sad compassion and a servant's get-on-with-it impatience as Butler. And Eric Berry makes a poisonous Cardinal, who will, if curses work, die of stomach cancer or a coronary.

Indeed, this parting curse, delivered by the play's most vicious character, underlines the play's mistrust and anger with religion as we know and practice it. As in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* the playwright is here making a both playful and shocking exploration of truth-seeking man's need to vomit up his illusions, only to arrive at an emptiness that is equally unsatisfactory. In contrast with the former play, *Tiny Alice* seems to care less about entertaining us than about expressing the playwright's personal terror. But if one has the patience to bear with it, this strange and overreaching fable can leave us with an unforgettable vision and a new perplexity.

TO dismiss the late Eugene O'Neill's short 1940 play, *Hughie*, as a minor work is as misleading as it would be to complain that because *Oedipus Rex* runs only ninety minutes it lacks the stature of a two-and-a-half-hour drama. *Hughie* is a complete theater experience, the death and resurrection of one anguished man who has fallen out of favor with the modern gods in charge of horseplayers' luck. The man is a Times Square third-rater named Erie Smith. But because he has had the decent impulse to put himself in hock in order to buy an offering, a horseshoe funeral wreath, for Hughie, the insignificant night clerk who used to bring him luck and confidence, the gods are ready to raise Erie from his 4 A.M. despair to a rosier-fingered dawn. Before Erie can grasp his new luck by recognizing the new night clerk as another Hughie, however, he is forced to look into the wretched failure of his own life. Furthermore, his emotional descent and rise are paralleled by the ebb tide of activity in the city streets. An empty elevated train clatters by, trailing off in the distance as if life itself had meaninglessly erupted and faded hollowly out. The trash cans clank and scrape on the sidewalk as they empty the wasted remnants of the previous day into a garbage truck. And the wail of fire engines reminds us that even the excitement of violent destruction always seems to be at an inaccessible distance.

Unfortunately, the Broadway production realizes too little of this play's potential. Indeed, the moment the curtain goes up to reveal an enormous, pale green hotel lobby, one realizes that Jason Robards, who plays Erie, will either have to ignore the challenge and distraction of so much space or somehow try to fill it with action. He chooses the latter course and finds himself extroverting his role, almost as if he were demonstrating for the benefit of an audience whose presence he acknowledged. There is therefore the immediate establishment of a comic mood, and the audience laughs readily every time Erie points out the meek stupidity of the new night clerk. In the latter role Jack Dodson obliges with a puppetlike portrayal that the audience can comfortably laugh at.

Thus it is that José Quintero, whose direction of *Long Day's Journey Into Night* and *The Iceman Cometh* constituted masterful examples of the right way to underplay O'Neill's dialogue, here permits too much stress, too much pushing of the obvious, as if he didn't quite trust the play. Worse still, he has violated the author's designs by having the night clerk *speak* the inner dialogue O'Neill so carefully placed within the stage directions as ideas to be *thought* by the clerk during the time Erie was delivering his long monologues. The result was a compounded series of wrong choices by artists all capable of making the right ones. As with *The Iceman Cometh*, we shall have to wait for an Off-Broadway revival to fulfil this O'Neill masterpiece. —HENRY HEWES.

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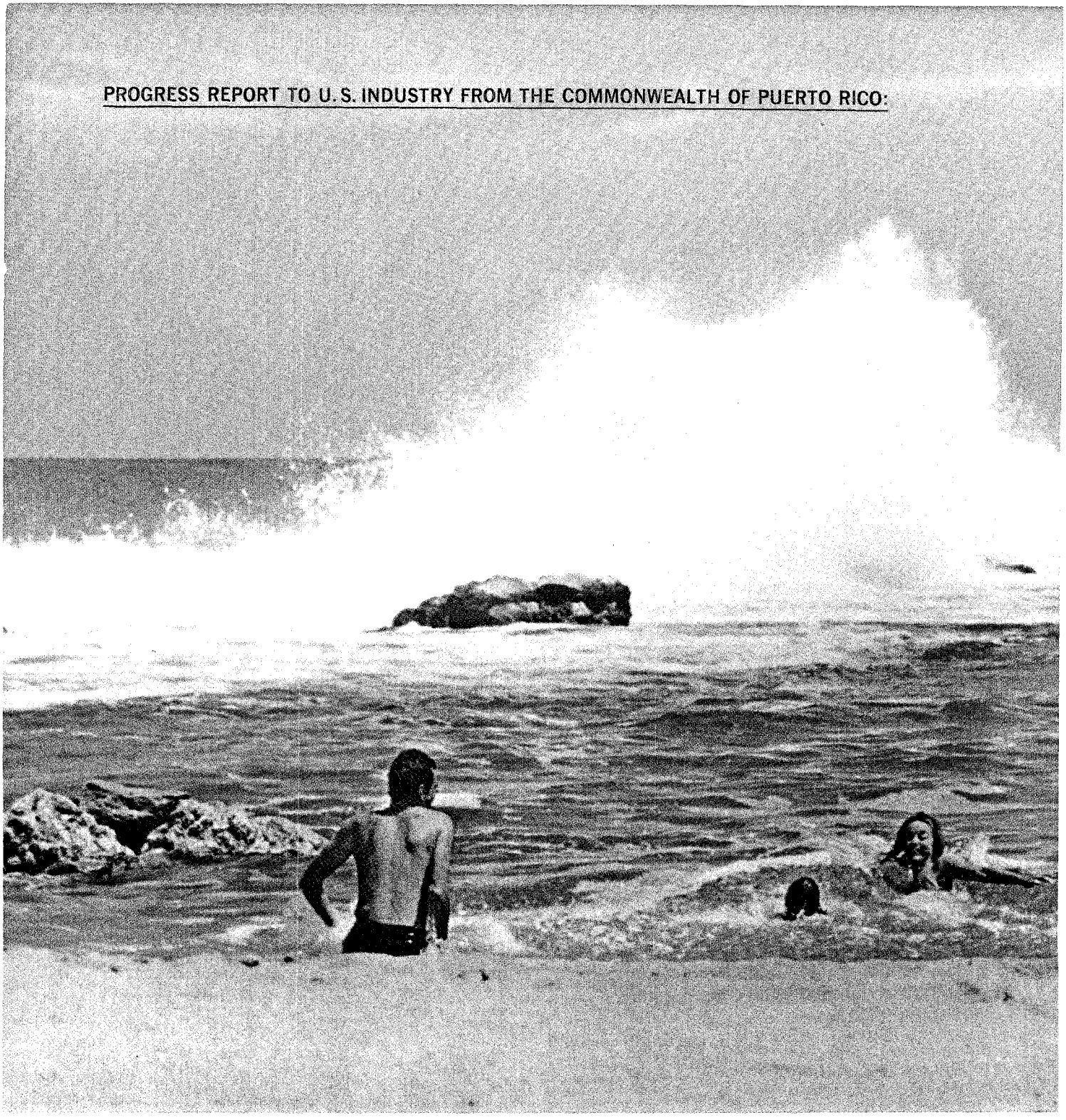

Puerto Rico—now the biggest tourist attraction in the Caribbean

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Sandcastle addicts find plenty of beach to build with in sunny Puerto Rico. Tom Hollyman photograph.

LAST YEAR, Puerto Rico welcomed more visitors than Jamaica, Haiti, Curaçao, Antigua, Grenada, Dominica, Guadeloupe and Barbados *combined*.

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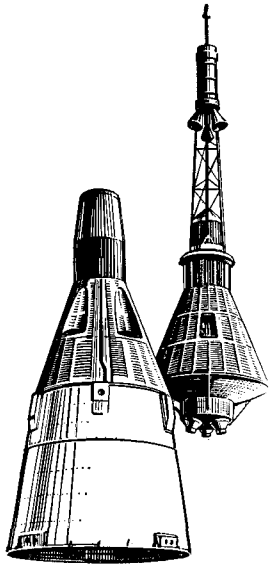


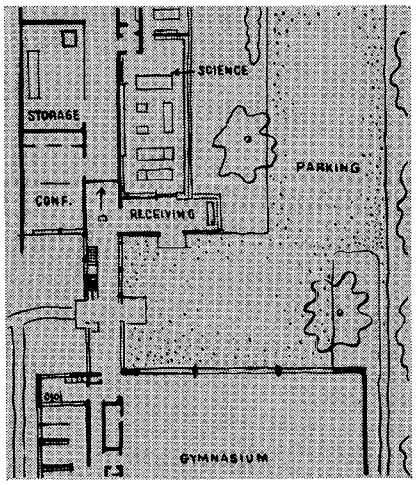
How a Space Industry Contributes to School Planning

The same computers and data specialists that simulate space flights for the designers of NASA's two-man GEMINI spacecraft have planned a campus for the St. Louis Junior College District.

A California survey revealed that a typical junior college for 4,500 students requires 142 classrooms. For the same enrollment, the St. Louis campus will need only 80.

Acting on the computer's analysis, college officials were able to cut 100,000 square feet from building plans. They reported this would reduce their anticipated $13.5 million construction budget by $3 million.

The campus simulation was done by the McDonnell Automation Center, a division of McDonnell Aircraft Corporation, designers and builders of America's Mercury and Gemini manned orbital spacecraft. McDonnell automation specialists used data that included projected curriculum, courses, faculty number, class time patterns, and seating capacity of classrooms, laboratories, lecture halls, and shops. The computer then analyzed many possible alternatives and wrote a complete schedule that would keep proposed instructional areas in use 80 per cent of a 45-hour week (8:00 A.M.—5:00 P.M.) with seat utilization rates greater than 90 per cent. Prevailing room utilization for existing campuses is less than 50 per cent.



Undertaken by the District with backing from Ford Foundation's Educational Facilities Laboratories and with a program developed at MIT, this project points the way to increased efficiency in planning public and private educational plants, expenditures for which hit $1.2 billion nationally in 1963.

The McDonnell Automation Center has also developed and applied school programs which are freeing educators from classroom scheduling, grade card reporting, and a variety of school administration functions.

For information about the St. Louis Junior College simulation and other McDonnell consulting, system design, programming, data processing and computing services, write for the reports, "Flying a College", and "Automation, Catalyst for Growth".

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All correspondence intended for the Education Supplement should be addressed to: Education Editor, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

Does the Small Private College Have a Future?

TO MANY older Americans the word "college" calls up visions of an elm-shaded campus in a rural environment, a faculty devoted to the liberal arts, and a student body so small that each student knows all his classmates. Throughout the nineteenth century and the early years of the twentieth, such colleges—usually private or church-related—dominated the American scene. Today, however, they are giving way to institutions that deviate greatly from the tradition.

Of the 4,800,000 students now enrolled in college, about 65 per cent attend rapidly growing state or municipal institutions. Of the remaining 35 per cent, about 40 per cent are enrolled in large private universities, most of which have an urban setting. While total college enrollments continue to rise rapidly, the percentage of students enrolled in small, private, liberal-arts colleges continues to decline.

The trend has been obscured by the vast amount of publicity given to a few small colleges of superior reputation. The names of Swarthmore, Carleton, Reed, Antioch, Haverford, Bennington, and the Claremont group have been nationally known for many years. More recently other colleges that have long had good regional reputations—Kalamazoo, Lawrence, Wooster, Grinnell, and Ripon are examples—have come to national attention. These are colleges that have chosen to remain small and have resisted the demands for undergraduate vocational courses and graduate professional programs. They have assured themselves of talented graduates by admitting only talented freshmen. Their rising prestige has enabled them to raise tuition fees and to attract funds from foundations and private donors. This, in turn, has enabled them to attract superior faculties.

Though the future of such colleges is secure, it would be difficult to name another hundred of comparable quality. But more than 600 small private colleges dot the nation's landscape. What of the others—the colleges whose names never appear on anyone's list of "prestige colleges"?

While some belong in the "obscure-but-good" category, and others are adequate though undistinguished, the sad fact is that many others are less than adequate by today's standards. Some are struggling to stay alive and for perhaps 200 of them the prospects for survival as effective institutions of higher learning are not at all bright.

Much of the trouble is financial. The sources of income and endowment on which their stronger and more prestigious rivals depend are not available to these weaker institutions. Foundation money most often goes to colleges that already have strong faculties and highly selected student bodies. Colleges that have made their contribution by educating ministers, teachers, and housewives have few rich alumni.

A large part of the federal money for higher education goes for research and consequently is not readily available to small undergraduate colleges. Campaigns urging everyone to "Give to the college of your choice" do not produce much revenue for obscure colleges that few have chosen. The total effect of the combined efforts of foundations, government, industry, and

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fund drives is to make rich colleges richer while the poor ones remain poor. And the poverty of many private colleges—at least 200 to 300—is appalling.

The tragic state of their finances is revealed in faculty salaries. Last year the *median* salary paid to faculty members of all ranks in private colleges with enrollments under 500 was only $6,264 and in those with enrollments of 500 to 1,000 the median was only $6,808. Some of these in the lowest quartile paid salaries in the $3,000 to $5,000 range. Yet most of these are "fully accredited" colleges that grant liberal arts degrees. Some of them bear famous names and some have a long history.

Such colleges are losing their better professors to industry, and to more fortunate colleges, both public and private. A few of the older, dedicated professors will stay on regardless of salary but younger faculty members are discovering that it is just as easy to become dedicated to a professorship that pays $12,000 or $18,000 as to one that pays $5,000. They are moving on.

The deterioration of the faculty is not the only problem faced by a poorly financed college. Prospective students who visit the campus find the decaying plant, the library, and the laboratories inferior to those of the high schools they have attended. As a result the weakest of the nation's private colleges find it difficult to attract students even in this period of bulging enrollments elsewhere.

In their efforts to survive, the weaker colleges have made questionable claims and have resorted to futile tactics. Some have insisted that educational quality is unrelated to faculty salaries. Many have claimed too much for the hallowed tradition, the intimate environment, and the low student-teacher ratio. Some, while boasting of their freedom from political control, have abjectly accepted the equally stultifying controls of provincialism and parochialism—while condemning state colleges as "Godless", they have themselves substituted piety for learning. Some, while retaining the name of liberal arts colleges, have transformed themselves into low-grade vocational schools. In an effort to attract students, some have expanded their lists of course offerings without expanding their faculties or facilities.

Such tactics are futile. The best chance for the survival of the small private college lies in doing what it can do best—offering a first-rate undergraduate education of a truly liberal but not highly specialized nature. A college with little endowment and no outside support cannot hope to provide first-rate professional training of any kind. Without expensive laboratories and shops it cannot train technicians and specialized scientists. But it can teach well the

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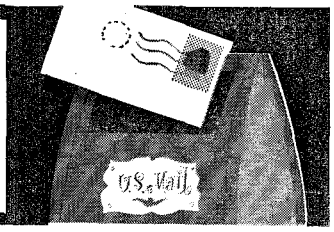
Letters to the Editor



Status Seeking

JUST A BRIEF WORD to thank you for David Boroff's article "Status Seeking in Academe" [*SR*, Dec. 19]. Although in doubt as to the value of my opinions, I do feel justified in saying that Mr. Boroff's views were, as a welcome departure from the stilted reams of literature so far published, most meaningful and well stated. A little tongue-in-cheek, perhaps, but, as an undergraduate at a small college, I can see the meaningfulness of many of his observations.

DAVID E. HANAWALT.

Medford, Ore.

KUDOS to David Boroff and his fine article, "Status Seeking in Academe" [*SR*, Dec. 19]. He knows his onions. As proof of the pudding, a friend of mine who teaches at a small, lower-middle-class state teachers' college in Pennsylvania revealed to me recently some of the criteria that institution uses to determine the worth of students seeking entrance to their hallowed halls.

Among the many items of concern were, of all things, overweight and "a look of femininity in male applicants." I suppose with the horde of students trying to get into colleges these days the admissions people have to use *some* criteria to weed out the misfits! Yet this particular school prides itself in having the best facility for the training of artists in the state.

CHARLES P. SILOS.

Jackson, Mich.

Loyalty Oath—Amended

TOM KASER'S article "The Loyalty Oath: 1964-65" [*SR*, Nov. 21], for all its valuable information, was quite incomplete and misleading on two important matters.

Kaser failed to point out that the original NDEA disclaimer oath which "Senator John F. Kennedy fruitlessly tried to abolish" in 1959 was abolished in October 1962 under the NDEA as amended. However, the affirmative oath of allegiance was retained in the amended act. (By quoting both oaths from the original act, in the box accompanying Kaser's article, *SR* reinforced Kaser's misleading omissions.) Nevertheless, the criminal penalties of the original act were retained. The result is that today, if a student is a knowing member of a "Communist organization," and has been notified that the organization has been given a "final order" to register under the Subversive Activities Control Act, he is liable to a $10,000 fine or five years, imprisonment, or both, if he even *applies* for NDEA funds.

Having omitted all this, it is understandable that Kaser did not go on to mention that most of the "thirty-two U.S. colleges and universities" which did not participate under NDEA as originally enacted did so with alacrity once the disclaimer oath was dropped in 1962. The only exceptions are some half-dozen colleges (including Bennington, Haverford, and Reed) which, though eligible, have not applied for NDEA monies through the Student Loan Fund provisions of the act.

The objection to NDEA as amended is that despite repeal of the obnoxious disclaimer oath a) the act still violates the academic freedom of students by imposing penalties for political nonconformity, and b) the student's own college is directly implicated in this because it both administers the student's application for NDEA funds and (in the case of the Loan Fund) contributes some of its own monies to these funds, thereby placing them beyond the reach of otherwise qualified students.

Surely these developments are as significant as any of those noted by Mr. Kaser during the past two years, and they warrant more notice and discussion than they have so far received. For they indicate both the persistence and toleration of loyalty oaths in our institutions of higher learning.

HUGO ADAM BEDAU,
Associate Professor,
and Chairman,
Educational Policies Committee,
Reed College.

Portland, Ore.

Sir Eric: Too English?

SIR ERIC ASHBY'S views on the university presidency [*SR*, Nov. 21] are engaging and engagingly put, partly because he is an extraordinary man and partly because he is in an extraordinary situation. For these very reasons he does those interested in higher education in America a disservice because, in effect, he deflects attention from all the issues that are cogent here.

The questions that do matter here are—some of them: What, if anything legitimizes—not legalizes—a university president's power? To whom is he actually responsible? Responsive? How? To whom ought he to be? How is a university to be governed in order and freedom—in that spirit that infuses the Constitution and that is America's breath, being, and gift to the world? Why are election and a four-year term and a limit on succession good enough for the government of this great nation, and not good enough for the universities that are to nourish and nurture that prickly independence that is this nation's treasure? How is constitutional amendment within a university to be pursued? How are scholars—junior and senior—"professors," and "students" to be given those guarantees and immunities within the university that, outside the university, distinguish the free world from the slave states? How is it that almost nowhere is any university president fighting in alliance with his students and faculty for these things?

The last person who cared enough about

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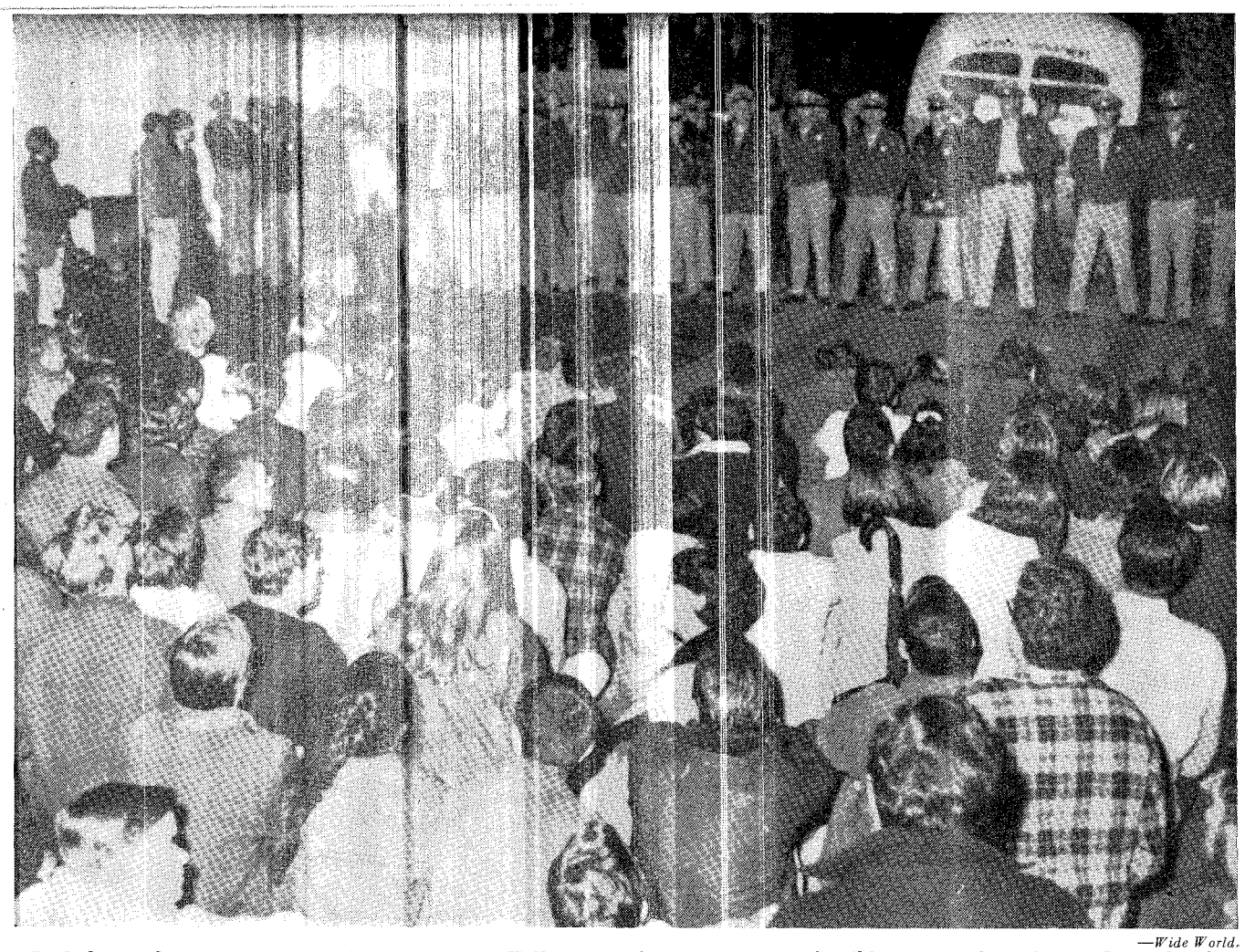

—*Wide World.*

Berkeley students maintain a vigil outside Sproul Hall as sit-in demonstrators are forcibly removed by police on December 3.

WHAT HAPPENED AT BERKELEY

By JAMES CASS

BERKELEY, CALIF.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA at Berkeley, where a series of student demonstrations erupted last fall, is, paradoxically, reaping the fruits of success. For many years Berkeley, most prestigious of the university's eight campuses, has sought to build a faculty whose eminence would be second to none, and to attract a student body that would rival the nation's best. To a very large degree it has succeeded—but it has not yet learned to cope effectively with its success.

For reasons of size, circumstance, and personality, pressures within the student body have long been building. In a year when the issue of human equality and its twin supports—freedom of speech and of political action—have been posed so dramatically for the whole nation by the civil rights movement, it is not surprising that Berkeley's politically aware students should be especially sensitive. When, therefore, the administration abruptly closed a campus safety valve shortly before the fall term opened, the result, predictably, was an explosion of massive proportions that has rocked this great institution to its foundations. And the end is not yet in sight. Given the most sensitive administration handling of the situation—which it certainly has not received to date—it will be many months before the scars of recent events are healed. Meanwhile, it remains to be seen whether the university can survive without serious, permanent damage.

There is general agreement on the chronology of events; there is far less agreement on why they occurred and what they mean for higher education generally. Briefly, these are the facts:

The university has for many years had regulations "prohibiting the collection of funds and the use of university facilities for the planning and implementing of off-campus political and social action." However, a small, brick-paved area about twenty-six by sixty feet immediately outside Sather Gate on the south side of the campus—the main entrance for pedestrians—provided an outlet for the social and political conscience of the campus community. Here students with a "cause" have, for many years, set up their card tables, easels, and placards, passed out handbills and flyers, solicited funds and recruited converts.

It was in this area, at the corner of Telegraph and Bancroft, that student volunteers for William Scranton were recruited during the Republican National Convention. It was here that students were recruited by the Ad Hoc Committee to End Discrimination to picket the Oakland *Tribune* on September 4, for alleged discrimination in hiring—a charge that has been strongly

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denied by former Senator William F. Knowland, editor of the paper and a leading supporter of Senator Goldwater in California. It was here, too, that students were sought for picketing and sit-ins at other business establishments in neighboring San Francisco.

This was the situation when, on September 14, Dean of Students Katherine A. Towle pulled the string. In a letter to all student organizations and their advisors, she reminded them of university regulations and announced that beginning September 21 solicitation of funds and recruitment of members for social and political causes were henceforth banned from the formerly exempt area outside Sather Gate as well as from the campus proper. The safety valve was closed.

WITHIN a matter of days after September 14 some twenty student organizations had formed a United Front coalition to oppose the university's action. These groups were notable primarily for the remarkable diversity of viewpoints they represented. They included Slate (a vociferously liberal student political organization), Campus CORE, California Council of Republicans, University Society of Individualists, W.E.B. DuBois Club, Young Peoples Socialist League, University Young Democrats, University Young Republicans, Young Socialist Alliance, Campus Women for Peace, Youth for Goldwater, Student Committee for Travel to Cuba, Student Committee for "No on Proposition 14", University Friends of SNCC, Students for a Democratic Society, College Young Republicans, Students for Independent Political Action, Youth Committee Against Proposition 14, Independent Socialist Club, and the Inter-Faith Council.

The administration responded to formation of the United Front by liberalizing the rules to permit distribution of information, but denied the right to advocate or organize social or political action. The students rejected the proposal and, on September 21, the United Front held its first rally on the steps of Sproul Hall, the university administration building, hard by Sather Gate.

A week later, on September 28, the administration reinterpreted its rules to allow distribution of campaign literature and similar materials, and designated eight "Hyde Park" areas on campus where discussion and debate of social and political issues could take place, but it announced also that those engaging in "illegal politics" might be expelled. Since there had for many years been serious questions about the constitutionality of the university's restrictions on student activity, a number of United Front organizations, in an effort to make a test case, deliberately defied the university regulations by manning tables to organize political and social action. On September 30 the university "indefinitely suspended" eight students involved in the test case, and 400 other students promptly signed statements that they were equally guilty and demanded disciplinary hearings. The stage was set for the fantastic events that followed.

The next day a protest rally was held on the steps of Sproul Hall. A former graduate student in mathematics, Jack Weinberg, who was manning a CORE table on Sproul steps, was arrested for trespassing and placed in a police car that had been driven onto the campus sidewalk. A crowd of some 3,000 students promptly enveloped the police car and held it captive, with Weinberg inside, for more than thirty hours—from approximately noon of October 1 to early evening of the following day. Meanwhile, students had entered Sproul Hall and initiated a sit-in to demand discussion of the eight students who had been suspended, but they left voluntarily after a brief clash with the police.

On October 2, university officials, members of the faculty, and student leaders met to discuss their differences. In the course of the meeting, students agreed to a moratorium on illegal protests, the administration agreed to submit the cases of the eight suspended students to the Academic Senate, powerful official organization of the whole Berkeley faculty, and a ten-man committee of faculty, administration representatives, and students was appointed to investigate campus problems and recommend solutions. As a result, the 450 police who had assembled to force removal of the police car departed, the demonstrators dispersed, and Weinberg was booked, but released, since the university had agreed not to press charges.

At about this same time, the United Front coalition was reorganized as the Free Speech Movement (FSM) under the leadership of Mario Savio, a senior philosophy major, a frequent speaker at student rallies, and one of the eight students who had been suspended. The new organization proved to be a highly organized but loosely structured organization that attracted and used effectively a wide range of student talent, and that displayed a sure sense of political strategy in dealing with the administration.

The new name of the organization was psychologically effective, but hardly accurate since the question at issue was whether students had the right on campus to solicit funds, seek recruits, and make plans for off-campus political and social action, mainly in the field of civil rights, aimed at the surrounding community. The Hyde Park areas on campus offered ample opportunity for traditional freedom of speech.

In the days that followed, the Academic Senate passed a resolution favoring "maximum freedom for student political activity," and President Clark Kerr (chief administrative officer of the state-wide university—each campus is administered by its own chancellor) asked the Academic Senate to set up an *ad hoc* committee to advise on disciplining the eight suspended students. On October 21 the committee requested that the chancellor reinstate the suspended students temporarily, pending their hearing and a report, but the request was denied.

ON November 5, impatient with a deadlock within the faculty-student-administration committee, FSM resumed picketing of Sproul Hall. This action was followed four days later by a rally, and tables were again manned on Sproul steps in defiance of university regulations. Some sixty to seventy students were ordered to appear before the dean and 800 other students promptly signed statements declaring that they were equally guilty. The administration then disbanded the faculty-student-administration committee, charging that FSM had violated the truce agreement.

On November 12 the *ad hoc* committee of the Academic Senate considering disciplinary action against the eight suspended students criticized the administration as "harsh and arbitrary" in its handling of these cases and recommended censure for six of the students and suspension for six weeks for the other two, Savio and Art Goldberg.

When the Regents, governing body of the university, on November 20 held their regular monthly meeting on the Berkeley campus, they accepted the recommendation of President Kerr and Chancellor Strong for suspension of all eight students for the period from September 30 to November 20, and for placing Savio and Goldberg on probation. At the same time, the Regents took a long step toward meeting student demands by modifying previous policy to allow, in certain designated areas, "planning, implementing, raising funds or recruiting participants for lawful off-campus action." Advocacy of action that might prove unlawful, however, remained subject to university discipline.

Students reacted to this modification of the regulations by holding another rally on Sproul steps and marching to University Hall where the Regents were meeting. Two days later they again demonstrated their displeasure over the university's insistence on re-

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NEWTON: PIPELINE FROM HARVARD

By PETER SHRAG, *Assistant Secretary of Amherst College, Amherst, Massachusetts.*

THE CITY OF NEWTON, a Boston suburb of 92,000 people, is a loose amalgam of ten postal addresses held together by prestige and an outstanding school system. Education is Newton's central topic of conversation, its basic industry, and its most compelling reason for existence. In Newton, the superintendent of schools earns half again as much as the mayor and even the Taxpayers Association is reluctant to attack the educational budget.

Depending on the list consulted—and assuming such lists mean something—the Newton school system is either the best, the second best, or one of the top ten in the country. If you ask the seventeen-year-old bellboy at the Charterhouse Motel about the schools, he will quote you the most recent educational survey or the latest think-piece in *Time*. If you sit at the soda fountain of the drug store at Newton Corner, you will be told, without having asked, that the kid who served your Coke has had a bad day in school, and that he will get the results of his College Board tests tomorrow. If you read James B. Conant, you will learn that Newton's schools "are said by many to be representative of the lighthouse schools that point the way to excellence in education."

There are about 19,000 children in the Newton system, which includes twenty-five elementary schools, five junior high schools, two comprehensive senior high schools, a technical high school, and a junior college. What the junior college lacks in prestige, the rest of the system makes up in spades. Although Newton has a significant working-class minority, it ranks second among Massachusetts cities in the level of education attained by its adult population; it is wealthy, and is willing to commit some of its wealth to the great local enterprise. Newton is one of the "have" communities in education; here education is a religion, and almost everyone is a true believer.

The circuits of ideas, of attitudes, and of techniques that characterize the Newton system are more likely to originate at Harvard or MIT than they are in the community, or even in the school committee. College professors work with teachers to develop curricula in history and the social sciences; materials such as those produced by the university-oriented Physical Science Study Committee and the School Mathematics Study Group are being used in Newton classes; the high schools are divided into "houses," "research papers" begin in the seventh grade, paperback books are on sale in the high school libraries, and academic consultants are brought in by the score to discuss special problems. The marriage between Newton and the nearby graduate schools of education is of such long standing that no one even bothers to mention it: Newton's first "joint" appointment with Harvard dates back some forty years.

The Harvard atmosphere is not restricted to the formal activities of the

This description of the school system of Newton, Massachusetts, is drawn from a chapter in a forthcoming book by Mr. Shrag on the nature of education in contrasting American communities, to be published next fall by Beacon Press.

A high school student works with pre-school youngsters in a nursery program as part of her home economics course.

—Newton Public Schools.

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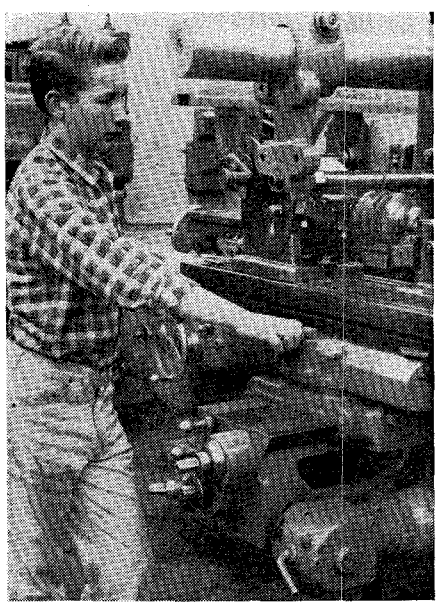
As part of the Tufts-Newton Summer Seminar in Public Affairs, students help residents of the Roxbury Section of Boston to improve their neighborhood.



Newton is re-examining its entire technical-vocational education program.

faculty. Even Newton's football teams and bands are collegiate in the Ivy style. "The Wellesley band comes on in bright uniforms with epaulets and spangles and drum majorettes," said a Newton teacher. "Our kids wear blazers and grey flannels . . ."

Yet there is no mania for modernity in the glass-wall, electronic-circuit sense (though Newton has some of that, too); the word "experiment" is rarely used, and decentralization of responsibility curbs the passion of any innovator who wants to reform the school program overnight. But decentralization also makes it possible for individual teachers, principals, or groups of teachers to try new ideas and to function with a minimum of direction from headquarters. Its teachers are faculty members, not "staff." Superintendent Charles E. Brown, who began his Newton career as a teacher in 1954, says he tries "to create a climate to make improvement possible. We want to be open for ideas from anyplace, and to create a sense of dissatisfaction about what we're doing." The desire to be "open for ideas" illustrates Newton's passion to be relevant, to be "with it." The school committee does its homework, not only in studying the problems of the Newton system, but in keeping up with the latest critiques of American education and society. Committee members will quote you Conant or Riesman, or sections from *The American Melting Pot*, by Daniel Moynahan and Nathan Glazer. A school principal talks about *The Child Centered Society* and *Education and the New America*, and middle-aged librarians explain that Tom Swift and the Bobbsey Twins have been removed from the shelves because "nowadays there are better things to read."

Yet experiments and innovations, by whatever name, are still experiments and innovations, and Newton has them. Irving Schwartz, a young social studies teacher, is one of a team of five who are trying out a new tenth-grade course in a subject officially called "World History." The course was drawn with part-time help from Richard M. Douglas, a historian who is chairman of the Humanities Department at MIT and who is, coincidentally, a neighbor of Charles Brown. The course is divided into four units. The first consists of modern literary accounts of father-son relationships: Herbert Gold's story, "The Heart of the Artichoke," James Baldwin's narrative of his father in *Notes of a Native Son*, George Orwell's essay about his days in boarding school, "Such, Such Were the Joys . . ." and several others. From this unit the students move on to a study of primitive cultures—the Navajos and the people of New Guinea—then to early cities of Mesopotamia, and finally to Western civilization through the Middle Ages. Their main concern is with tradition and change, with the things that hold a society together, and with the developments which accumulate to become history.

The materials are mimeographed, often by teachers' wives, but they also include paperback books, reprints from journals, and newspaper articles. There is no text. The key to the course is a mimeographed introduction issued to each student in September. It states in part:

> For all the great historians, history is more than a record of the thoughts and deeds of the dead. It is a form of understanding, a way of seeing and knowing which goes beyond the isolation and narrow vision of those who live only in one corner of their own moment in time, like a child in his sandbox. . . .
>
> One index of historical change is the degree of difference between the old and the young in a given society. Literature can often be read as a measure of such differences. It will be up to you to determine how much history you can find in the literature of your assignments for the opening weeks of this course. . . .
>
> In the second unit you will turn to the description of adolescence and early adulthood in so-called pre-literate societies among peoples with the least experience of historical change. The purpose of this change of direction, for one thing, is to provide the advantage of contrast and comparison between your own culture, where the pace of change and innovation is intense and rapid, and cultures in which roughly the same technology, values, and customs have prevailed almost undisturbed for generations. . . . How are we to account for simplicity and small scale in the so-called "backward" or pre-literate societies? There has been no significant physiological change in the human species for 100,000 years. Why then the immense variety of cultures and societies maintained by members of the same species? Why can we casually say that Spaniards and Scots are "different"?

The young teachers of the course, and of the courses that will follow, are academic cliff-hangers; in the middle of the first year of trial they were still not exactly sure what they would be doing with the same students in the eleventh grade. Often they sit up until after midnight at someone's home discussing what they'll do next, facing the vast collection of horrors that confront the conscientious in their field. The old certainties by which Western man glorified his own culture are gone and the textbook has been scrapped, physically and philosophically. The conviction that every day we get better has vanished into an atomic cloud; yet neither is there breast-beating about the fix man has got himself into, or despair about the relativity of everything in the universe. "Why study history anyway?" said one as the fatigue set in about 1 A.M. "To control the myths," someone replied, "to keep from being Goldwater." The intent is to help the students understand where they are, and who they are, knowing "that the historian must often face himself as the rankest of amateurs and the least professional member of the academy . . . What we hope to get is a sense of the complexity of the City of Man, together with a growing sense of confidence that it can be known, understood, and admired." The City of Man—the heaven of a secular Augustine—and the hope that perhaps it can be understood, echoing, not McGuffey or Parson Weems or even John Dewey, but Einstein, Heisenberg, and Camus."

If there is a hero in this course and in the social studies programs now being introduced in the elementary schools, it is Culture. The current manual for grade-

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Schools Make News

Education of the underprivileged is suddenly one of the most vital topics of the day. Accordingly, it has been buried under an avalanche of reports, studies, and documents. To help research scholars and students classify and organize this scramble of information, Yeshiva University's Graduate School of Education has set up an "information retrieval and resource center" to act as a clearing house.

The center is assembling as complete a collection as possible of books, reports, articles, newspaper clippings, curriculum bulletins, and descriptions of compensatory programs and practices. Other materials that cannot be collected are abstracted and filed. All persons with professional interest will be able to obtain copies of available abstracts and reports and selected bibliographies upon request. The collection of books, reports and newspaper clippings will be available for use at the center.

In addition, a bimonthly newsletter will be published regularly for persons and institutions who want it, at a nominal charge.

Directing the center is Dr. Edmund Gordon, chairman of Yeshiva's Department of Educational Psychology.

Computer programing should be learned in high school, according to Dr. Charles F. Wrigley of Michigan State University. "Learning computer language is like learning a foreign language," he says. "It requires no prerequisites, it is on about the same level of difficulty, and it is easier to learn early in life."

Dr. Wrigley, director of the MSU Computer Institute for Social Studies Research, is now teaching a class of thirty Lansing-area high school students in a special evening college course on computer programing. The course was offered to high school students after a number of them showed up for a course open to the general public last summer.

"The high school students who have taken the course have learned a powerful skill very early," said Dr. Wrigley. "It would be a good thing if high schools could teach computer programing, but unfortunately they cannot afford the computer. This is why universities should offer the opportunity."

A sharp increase in federal aid to the nation's public schools was called for last month by the National Education Association. Robert E. McKay, chairman of NEA's Legislative Committee, announced plans for a drive for a $1.5 billion-a-year increase. The drive will have two major objectives:

► Allocation of substantial federal funds to the states through the establishment of a National Educational Trust Fund. Under this plan, the states would receive the funds according to population and need and would use them without federal control.

► Expansion of the federal impact program under which funds are given to school districts where there are military and defense installations and a heavy concentration of children and government workers. This calls for a change of eligibility standards so that districts which do not now qualify would be included. In addition, the definition of "impact" would be broadened to include school districts where there are children of low-income families. This part of the program is estimated at $250,000,000.

A world college committed to a "transnational" concept of education will open at Brookville, Long Island, next September. The Quaker-sponsored institution will be a four-year coeducational liberal arts college. It plans eventually to operate through seven study centers in representative parts of the world.

The faculty and student body will represent many of the world's religions and cultures. When the college opens it will have a starting class of about forty students and four faculty members.

Dr. George L. Nicklin, chairman of a Committee on a Friends College, said that the college is seeking "a small group of dedicated students who are concerned about the more menacing problems of the time—racialism, nationalism, economic justice and war—and many of whom are prepared to spend a considerable portion of their college years in study and experience abroad."

Study centers are being planned for Western and Eastern Europe, South Asia, East Asia, Latin America, and North America. Eventually, the Soviet Union and China are expected to be included. The college intends to move a portion of the student body to a different center of study every six months. The annual charge of $2,625 will include transportation costs as well as the usual cost of tuition, room, and board.

A graduate division planned for the Friends World College will be a Center for Peace Study and Research, which will be available for graduate students who wish to prepare professionally for work in international agencies and in areas requiring experts in conflict resolution and conciliation.

Business careers are losing prestige among college graduates, who increasingly favor careers in teaching, scientific research, law, and public service, according to a recent report in the *Wall Street Journal*. The decline of interest in business appears most marked at well-known private institutions noted in the past for contributing more than their share to top executive suites.

At Harvard, for example, only 14 per cent of last spring's graduates plan business careers, as opposed to 39 per cent five years ago. Teaching was the leading career choice, drawing 20 per cent of the graduating class.

Partly responsible for the few seniors entering business is the rising number who go on to graduate school. Many of these will pursue business careers at a later date, but many also will wind up with the government and nonprofit organizations.

Students tend to look upon the business world as a high-pressure, conformist place where superficial values prevail, the *Journal* report states. Increasing numbers are seeking jobs in public service, a trend indicated particularly by the widespread interest in the Peace Corps.

Because of the intellectual bent and social concern among students, some businesses are striving to gear their recruiting pitch to these trends, stressing the social value or intellectual challenge of careers in their industry.

"Culture on the Campus," Chapter 6 of the new book *The Culture Consumers*, presents a quick, neat survey of the university's new role as "impresario" of the arts.

Author Alvin Toffler discusses how campus theaters, art galleries, and cultural programs have helped bring fine artists to all parts of the country. In return, artists get the opportunity to perform or produce works that otherwise might not find a receptive audience.

Mr. Toffler regards the new relationship of the university and the arts as "an experiment in patronage." He recounts the great sums of money and the personnel devoted to the enterprise, and describes its considerable successes. However, he all but ignores other questions—such as the problems of the artist-in-residence, the standards maintained in campus fine arts curricula, and the effect of the new cultural contacts on campus life in general.

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NEW HOPE FOR WEAK COLLEGES

By GEORGE H. HANFORD, *Executive Vice President, College Entrance Examination Board.*

DESPITE the seller's market in college admissions, some small liberal arts colleges opened again last fall with empty classroom seats and unassigned dormitory beds. These are the institutions whose names are absent each spring from the news stories of oversubscribed colleges and disappointed applicants. But each summer, long after most college rolls are filled, they appear in reports of institutions that are continuing to accept students who have found no other academic home. And each June a simple count of graduating seniors will show that less than a fifth of those who entered four years earlier have stuck it out.

These are the nation's small, academically weak, poverty-stricken colleges. It is possible that as the numbers of college-bound students rise dramatically in the years ahead, they will be able to fill both their classrooms and their dormitories. But the solution of one problem will only bring others, more difficult, in its wake.

The reasons are as various as the current freshmen themselves. A large proportion of contemporary students approach college better prepared than any of their predecessors. The new high school curricula, advanced placement programs, innovations such as the ungraded high school and team teaching, have advanced them far beyond the level of the traditional freshman year.

At the same time, as our industrial society demands more sophisticated skills and training, the percentage of the age group going to college has increased, and necessarily has included a greater number of less able students. And this trend will continue as efforts to upgrade the educational opportunities of the under-privileged gather momentum in the years immediately ahead.

The weaker liberal arts college has been unable to meet the multiple demands of such a heterogeneous student body and finds itself outside the main current of higher education. One possibility for bringing it into full partnership in the nation's educational enterprise might be the establishment of what I have chosen to call college consortia.

A college consortium would be a cooperative association of colleges having three characteristics: interchangeable freshman and sophomore offerings at all participating institutions, specialized upper-division programs on each campus which would, in combination within a single consortium, comprehend the full range of the liberal arts, and automatic transfer of credits within the association.

Partial models for a consortium exist today in the variety of cooperative ventures on which institutions of higher learning are already embarked. The complete model for the college consortium requires only one additional concession to complete local autonomy—freedom of transfer.

COLLEGES today cooperate in diverse ways. Many have banded together in groups large and small for the conduct of joint fund-raising efforts. Others such as the Associated Colleges of the Midwest have joined together in cooperative efforts at the faculty level to increase the educational effectiveness of their institutions. Another group of colleges from the Midwest supports a cooperative field admission office in New York City. Through the College Research Center a number of women's colleges are today conducting studies which would be difficult for any one of the group to do on its own.

Colleges also work together in providing education *per se*. Facilities are shared by the Claremont Colleges of California. The same faculty members teach classes at coordinate colleges such as Radcliffe and Harvard. Students at Amherst, Mount Holyoke, Smith, and the University of Massachusetts may take, for local credit, regular courses at any one of the other institutions. And, in another instance, joint credit is awarded in cooperative engineering programs wherein students finish up their undergraduate studies with two years at an institute of technology such as Case after three years in a liberal arts college. In each instance, some measure of institutional control has been sacrificed in the cooperative interests of greater total benefits.

The college consortium would carry this spirit and practice of cooperation two simple steps further. The first would be for each member to forego its attempt to offer a complete liberal arts program. Instead, it would specialize in that limited number of upper division courses which would, in combination with those of the other members of the group, be part of a stronger and more comprehensive liberal arts program than any one member could alone provide. By such an action the weakness of distension of effort that follows from the full exercise of autonomy would be sacrificed for the strength of cooperative effort that would follow from concentration on limited objectives. The second step would be for the members of the consortium to permit students to have complete freedom of transfer within the complex and to carry with them full credit for all courses satisfactorily completed. The promise of greatly strengthened and more effectively diversified opportunity for higher education that would result from these two steps could go far in helping each college attract and each consortium retain those students who today are going elsewhere.

This promise would be better fulfilled and further enhanced by taking advantage of the possibilities that upper division specialization would give for restructuring freshman and sophomore offerings in response to the curricular revolution that is taking place in the American secondary school.

The traditionally limited number of freshman courses available at the typical small college restrict its ability to accommodate the variety of types of preparation and levels of achievement that students bring with them from high school. This restriction could be removed by applying the savings that would accrue from upper division specialization to small classes, seminars, and individual instruction in the freshman and sophomore years. Designed to equalize the readiness of students for entry into the last two years of undergraduate study, such a program could save the overprepared student from the boredom of repetition, the underprepared from the threat of failure, and both from the fate of the drop-out.

For example, enrichment could be the keystone of instruction for those freshmen who had followed honors tracks in high school; acceleration, for those who had trod the slower paths. In mathematics and the physical sciences, those trained in the modern and traditional modes could start from different points toward a common objective. In English and the foreign languages, differences in college preparatory emphasis on language, lit-

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erature, and composition could be reconciled and brought into focus over two years. In the social sciences, individualized programs of reading could be developed to assure that no student would have to reread in college what he had studied in high school. And meanwhile, the humanities could provide the common core of freshman instruction.

As outlined above the idea of a consortium represents a logical extension of the current models for college cooperation in practical response to the enrollment problems of the colleges and to the curricular changes in the secondary schools. Logic aside, it calls for a complete reversal of traditional policies with respect to both the number and the size of upper- and lower-division courses, for abandonment of institutional opportunity to offer all the liberal arts, and for the sacrifice of still other elements of local autonomy. Whether the gains are worth the sacrifices is a question which only the small liberal arts college can answer for itself.

The cost of such a program of small classes, seminars, and individual tutorial instruction in the freshman and sophomore years on top of a similar program in the junior and senior years would present an almost impossible financial burden to the autonomous college. But the member of a consortium would have the answer in its acceptance of upper division specialization. The high instruction costs of small classes in the first two years would be offset by the relatively lower costs of larger classes in the last two, and subject matter concentration in the last two years would permit economies with respect to classroom, laboratory, and library needs.

The objectives of the college consortium, however, would be educational and not financial. In the achievement of an optimum balance among individual college and combined consortium strengths, specialization could take many forms. One member could, for instance, choose to concentrate in the social sciences or in the humanities or in the physical sciences. Or it could put its emphasis on specific areas within one, some, or all of these broader fields.

Under such a two-part program the successful sophomore at a consortium college would find himself prepared to go on in that institution, if he wished to pursue one of its specialties. Or, if he decided to major in another area, he could transfer to another member of his college's consortium, to a large university, or even to a college in another consortium. Each member, in turn, could replace its lost juniors with transfers desiring to study in its areas of specialization—transfers from fellow members, from other four-year institutions, and from the growing number of junior colleges.

The budget and the students would not be the only beneficiaries of such a plan. The faculty members, too, would stand to gain. Occasional interinstitutional departmental meetings and cross-campus visits within the consortium could provide a regular and stimulating breadth of experience and interchange of ideas that could overcome the stultifying inbreeding that affects the faculties in many isolated college communities. And the more adventurous consortium colleges could experiment with faculty, as well as student, exchange to give the lower division professor a chance to teach a semester now and then of upper-division work.

Some will argue, I am sure, that such a program is unrealistic on three grounds: one, that a liberal arts college, in order to fulfil its destiny, must offer a wide diversity of programs in a variety of fields; two, that no faculty member worth his salt would surrender the stimulation of regularly teaching some upper-division courses or settle for a total load of freshmen and sophomores; and three, that encouraging such a program of transfer would be detrimental to the students involved.

On the matter of diversity, I would suggest that many small colleges suffer or benefit, depending on how one looks at the situation, from differential department strength. In the admissions marketplace, they play up their strengths and play down weaknesses. On the campus, the colleges find themselves more likely to keep students who wish to major in the areas of strength than those who find their interests poorly served. In brief, the program I propose would simply take advantage of existing conditions, play to strength, and eliminate weakness.

On the matter of negative faculty reaction, I would make four comments. First, if a college were successful in attracting even a few able students with advanced preparation, the stimulation to the faculty member privileged to deal with them on a seminar or an individual basis in the first two years would, I suspect, equal or surpass that which he now enjoys with less able intellects in the upper division. Second, as one can infer from the public press these days, there are some college professors who prefer teaching to research. The colleges that adopt the program here proposed might find themselves welcome havens to such men and women. Third, the benefits to the professor whose field is one of strength and upper-division specialization are obvious, for he would receive more eager and better prepared students. Fourth, as already noted, the regular opportunity for broader professional contact within the consortium would, I believe, constitute a welcome prospect for most faculty members.

On the matter of detriment to the student forced to transfer, I would offer the opinion that the nation's colleges generally are coming to the end of the "rah-rah" era of four years in the old frat house and that many small liberal arts colleges in particular are acting as junior colleges for a majority of their students. Mobility of students, in the sense of interinstitutional transfer, is becoming the rule rather than the exception as the junior college movement

(*Continued on page* 62)

—*Four College Cooperation.*

Smith College: "Students at Amherst, Mount Holyoke, Smith, and the University of Massachusetts may take regular courses at any one of the other institutions."

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When a Community Votes "No"

The Lakeland School District, a forty-square-mile consolidated district about fifty miles north of New York City, is typical of many contemporary, semi-suburban communities where the school population continues to grow faster than the schools can absorb it. In 1951 Lakeland had 875 pupils comfortably situated in three school buildings; today 5,664 pupils are squeezed into nine buildings, including a two-room "little red schoolhouse," like college boys in a telephone booth. When the children begin to outnumber the desks, more teachers, books, and buildings are needed, and bond issues are floated to finance the new facilities. Often the bond issue fails, or is approved belatedly. The following article examines in text and pictures why taxpayers vote "no," and what happens when they vote "yes" too late.

By ELAINE ZIMBEL, *a substitute teacher and mother of four who lives in Lakeland School District.*

IN JUNE 1961, 1,400 voters of the Lakeland School District, New York, were asked to vote "yes" for the construction of a new elementary school that was to be used temporarily as a junior high school. Because this bond issue lost by more than 600 votes, the district was plunged in 1963-64 and 1964-65 into double and overlapping sessions. The junior high school, which was built in 1959, was already so overcrowded that as early as 1961-62, all seventh graders had to be bussed *en masse* to an elementary school in the easternmost part of the district. For those twelve-year-olds who lived in the western part this meant as much as two hours and forty minutes of traveling each day.

A year later, in June 1962, the voters were asked to vote on a package proposition which would have permitted the construction of a new high school, a four-room addition to an elementary school, and a bus garage. This also failed. But a few months later when the $4,122,000 proposition was trimmed down to $4,082,000 by eliminating the garage, and the high school and elementary school addition were presented as separate proposals rather than as a package, the issue was approved. Ironically, bids for the high school came in considerably higher than expected, and the voters had to go for another bond issue of over $1,000,000 in order for the high school to have its auditorium and all of the classrooms originally planned for. At the same time, though, and included in that extra million, the fifteen-room addition to another elementary school, which is now nearing completion, was also approved. This month, because of these two buildings, double sessions will end—for a time.

But a recent study of the growth potential of the district by a team of educational consultants indicates that in eight years the total enrollment will be almost double what it is now, and to accommodate the 10,494 pupils that are expected to report in September 1972, four new schools and an addition to the new high school will be needed.

In order simply to provide the required space, the people of the district will go to the polls to vote on bond issues frequently during the next five years. Chances are that many will vote "no," just as they have in the past. Why they will do so and what the consequences will be are already on record.

WHATEVER the hue and cry in any given bond fight, people who vote "no" do so for one reason—every bond issue means increased taxes. However, although it is most difficult to convince the nay-sayers of this, even if the bond issue is rejected their taxes will still go up. For the fact is that the cost of new buildings is only about 10 per cent of the cost of educating a child. Whether the 600 new pupils who swell the Lakeland enrollment annually are taught in new buildings, old buildings, or on the lawn of a public park, additional teachers must be hired to instruct them. Salaries comprise two-thirds of the district's budget, and the increased enrollment also demands more textbooks and higher transportation expenditures.

The question arises, are not these "normal" increases that the larger local tax roll resulting from new housing in the area automatically absorbs? The answer for Lakeland, and for many school districts throughout the country, is flatly "no." Here where the average homeowner pays about $550 to $600 per year in school taxes, it costs almost $800 to educate each pupil. Clearly, if the new house on the corner registers three children in school, that house is a liability to the district. And here, approximately fifty miles from New York City, just as in other areas so situated near large urban and suburban centers, is where the young families are settling. Property values are lower at this distance from the center while employment opportunities and transportation possibilities are not much different. So it is a fact that not only does the new house on the corner shelter three children, but the one next to it four, and the one up the street two, and the one on the next block five!

The Lakeland School District, along with its counterparts all over the United States, is perhaps in the most unenviable position. Because of its geographical situation, it must compete with more affluent school districts for quality teachers to provide quality education. Parents clamor for language labs and teaching aids and everything "they" get twenty miles away. Yet they protest, and accurately, that they cannot afford the constantly rising tax load. Older members of the community, whose children are through with their school days and whose prospects are limited or fixed on retirement incomes, in desperation complain that modern education is too full of extravagant frills. But, while it is true that Lakeland taxpayers have the third highest tax rate of the thirty-six school districts in Westchester County, a rate that is eight dollars higher than the average rate for the entire state, the Lakeland School District manages to provide a more than satisfactory level of education, competing with some of the best schools in the whole country, and yet maintains almost the lowest per pupil expenditure for any equivalent district in the state of New York.

Lakeland school administrators, who are faced with the problems of pressing school needs on the one hand and thoroughly pressed local taxpayers on the other, feel that financial aid must come from some other source—perhaps on the county level, perhaps from the federal government, which presently contributes a negligible $4,000 to a $5,000,000 budget, but most likely from the state. There seems little reason to expect that local taxpayers will be able financially to vote "yes" to new construction five or six times during the next six or seven years. Yet it is certain that if any of the bond issues to be presented within this period is rejected, even temporarily, the consequences will once again be double sessions in the Lakeland School District—half-day education—it costs thousands of dollars more to provide and offers thousands of pupils so much less.

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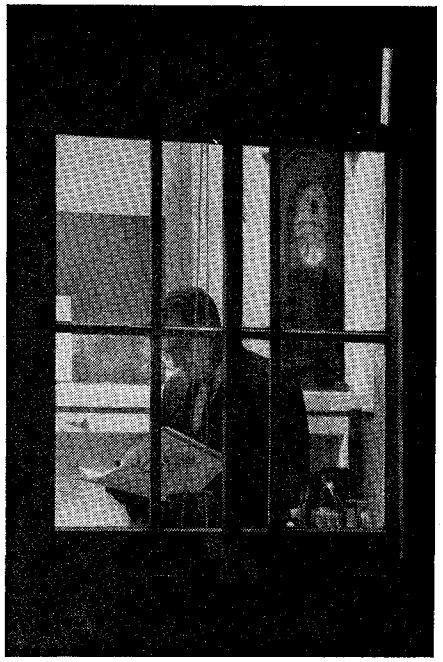
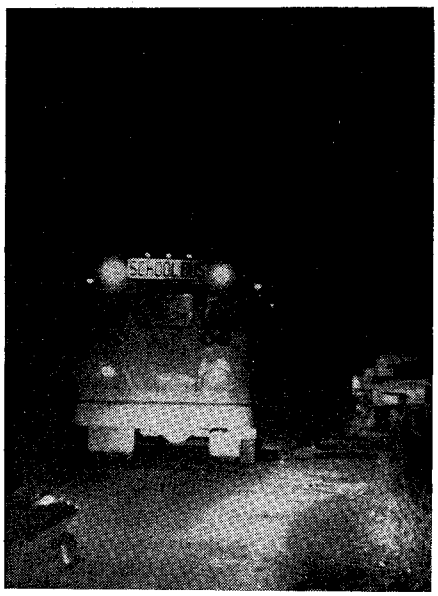


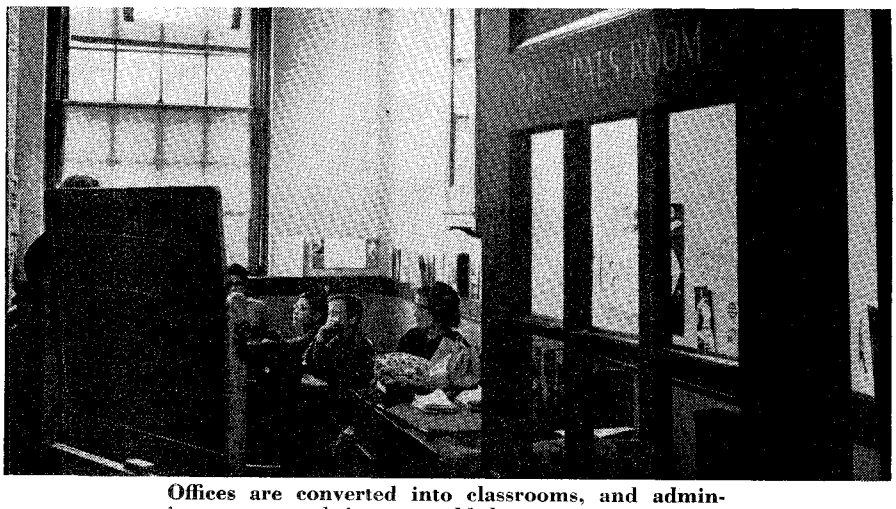
Since schools are in session for longer hours, administrators find little time during the day for "think" projects. This scene shows a principal in his office at night—a familiar sight in the district.

—Photographs by George Zimbel.

One in—one out. The seats never cool off, as the afternoon class of the second grade waits for the morning class to leave. Teachers and children must share desks, bulletin boards, storage space.

Senior high students get home as late as 5:30 in the afternoon. In winter it is dark by then.





Offices are converted into classrooms, and administrators crowd into an old house rented nearby.

Teachers lunch in the basement storeroom.

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How Sinister Is the Education Establishment?

In Britain, it is said, the Establishment rules. In Latin-America it is El Sistema ("the system"). In American public education, an interlocking directorate of educationists reputedly constitutes an in-group as powerful and as exclusionist as any, controlling legislatures, determining certification standards and above all maintaining the grip of "progressive" doctrines in the face of growing opposition both within and without the profession.

How real is this alleged educational Establishment? Who constitutes this power structure? How does it exercise its influence? What trends in its operations are discernible?

Since the existence of any informal power structure and the nature of its operations are largely a matter of opinion, there can be no authoritative answers. Perhaps the most useful assessment of the Establishment can be derived from the views of persons close to the scene, leaders in education and educational writers, critics, and editors. Two dozen key observers, some of them educationists, some not, were asked for comments on the nature of the nation's educational leadership. On the following pages the associate editor of the education journal "Phi Delta Kappan" reports their views and adds some perspective of his own.

By DONALD W. ROBINSON

MUCH of the current interest in the Establishment stems from the extended attention given it by James Conant in his *Education of American Teachers*. In this book Conant asserts, "There is in every state capital a well-organized education lobby, usually centering on the teachers' association and the state department of education. To some extent the state education establishments share the beliefs of their national organizations, though when they translate these beliefs into state action highly significant differences —both in the ways of operating and the policies they adopt—emerge among them."

In general the twenty-four respondents concur with Conant that there is no one authority center, but a welter of them, sometimes acting in concert, sometimes in conflict and confusion. Harold Spears, San Francisco superintendent, says, "The national organizations give leadership in educational matters, but in no way do they act as an education Establishment in the sense of being looked up to as the Delphic oracle. American education seems to advance through local leadership, which seldom radiates beyond the state boundaries. However, if you do locate the power structure, please take me to my leader."

An outstanding principal adds, "The Establishment is pluralistic. The leaders see each other often—at conferences and meetings, on surveys and studies, on research projects and panels—but they travel in different orbits and their diverse views are apparent when aid for education is debated."

An education professor in Idaho spells out the reasons why no group of educators in this country could wield the authority generally associated with the term *establishment*. "In addition to state control and the absence of a long-standing aristocratic tradition (as in England), there is genuine educational and philosophical pluralism in the U.S., and has been, as one of my students told me recently, 'from time immoral'."

EVEN the most untiring critics of educationism, the spokesmen for the Council for Basic Education, concede that some sort of in-group must exist. Former president James Koerner, says, "Whether or not one settles on the word *establishment* to characterize the apparatus by which public education is controlled, it must be obvious that such an organized apparatus exists and must exist in some form if anarchy is to be avoided." Executive director Mortimer Smith agrees that "An establishment in education is inevitable and necessary and there is nothing intrinsically 'bad' about its existence." These critics are far from happy, however, about the performance of the current establishment, as we shall see.

When Illinois biologist Harry Fuller and his historian colleague Arthur Bestor lashed out at the educators' lobby a dozen years ago, they excoriated the hellish "interlocking directorate" as a fiendish and immoral plot to thwart the public will and strangle all dissent. Today soberer critics recognize the necessity for a power structure and offer more temperate dissent to some of the entrenched education patterns.

If the twenty-four respondents agree that some sort of establishment does and must exist, however, they are in total disagreement about who constitutes this (or these) nebulous authority center(s). Asked what organization is top-dog, they named outfits as disparate as the Ford Foundation, the American Federation of Teachers (AFT), and the Educational Testing Service, while a number said that the establishment is so diffuse that no top-dog exists.

Most frequently mentioned as top-dog was the 900,000-member National Education Association (which failed to reach its goal of "a million or more by '64"). This organizational behemoth with a 900-member staff, thirty-three departments and twenty-six commissions, and boasting sixty-four state and 8,079 local affiliated associations, was undoubtedly the inspiration for the term *interlocking directorate*. NEA is unquestionably a power, if only because of its numbers (nine times as many as its rival union organization, the AFT). Although NEA membership has shown a loss during five different years since World War I, the trend has been steadily upward—200,000 in 1940, 450,000 in 1950, over 700,000 in 1960. More than 11,000 schools have enrolled 100 per cent of their teachers as NEA members. Yet the danger of assuming consistent domination of school thinking by NEA is suggested by the wide variation in its membership strength in different parts of the country. This strength varies from a piddling 3 per cent in New York City and 8 per cent in Rhode Island to a crushing 95 per cent in Kansas and West Virginia and 94 per cent in Oregon.

While the national profile of the education Establishment is sometimes described as a "paper tiger," the state groups are generally treated with more seriousness, if not with more respect. Indicative, if not typical, is this vignette of a state phalanx submitted by an education professor at a state university:

"The gatekeeper for policy in our college of education the past ten years has been a Tennessee politician whose ruddy complexion results from exposure to the distilled elements and whose speech is a folksy ungrammatical, hill jargon which seems to promote his popularity. This gentleman is the chairman of school administration on our campus. He is on the board which picks county superintendents. Because he obtained a high salary for the big county superintendent, who became the highest paid public official in the state, he indirectly achieved pay increases for both the governor and the president of the university. He serves

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as executive secretary of the state school boards association, and until recently he handled all placement of teachers by the university.

"The majority of the school administrators in the state have completed the course work in his program. Being a native of the state has its advantages, as a type of inbreeding has occurred. Natives without master's degrees have been placed in responsible positions in the state department of education and in county superintendencies, while outsiders with equivalent training but lacking political support are considered not qualified. The thought that someone from outside the state might have the proper preparation seldom occurs."

Although the unidentified Establishment is frequently attacked on grounds of being monolithic and impervious to change, there is ample evidence that today everything about public education is in some degree of flux, including the power structure. Here are some of the replies the respondents offered when asked what trends they observed in the education Establishment:

"There is more sharing of power between school boards, educational administrators, and teachers," says Earl Hanson, a city superintendent.

"There is a greater concentration at the national level in Washington as more support comes from the federal government," says Harold Anderson, an education professor.

"Greater inter-association cooperation," says Harold Shane, education dean at Indiana University.

"The power of the Establishment is declining as more and more influence is wielded by Conant, by the Council for Basic Education and its adherents, by the Zacharias-Woodring-Bruner people," asserts Kenneth McIntyre, professor of education.

"Some slight shifting to a more democratic baseline as AFT grows and NEA recognizes 'professional negotiation'," says Theodore Brameld, educational philosopher.

"A lessening of whatever power exists, as other agencies take an increasingly active role in education," suggests Vincent Rogers, University of Minnesota educator.

Other observations include:

"Power structure being more diversified and decentralized."

"Gradually more intelligent and intrinsically powerful people will change it."

"Increased power is being exercised by foundations, the U.S. Office, and possibly the National School Boards Association."

"Definitely a power struggle is developing between the AFT and the NEA and between the NEA and the U.S. Office."

"I have little doubt that the U.S. Office will become an increasingly significant, if not the paramount force, in our profession in view of its central role in channeling congressional appropriations."

"I see a drifting apart of the various NEA organizations, particularly as the classroom teacher group takes on more and more the characteristics of a labor union. There is developing a rather wide gap between school administrators, including school principals, and classroom teachers."

An educational journalist, J. Wilson McKenney, editor of the *California Teachers Association Journal*, opines that if we distinguish trends, they will unmistakably result from our individual points of view or the acuity of our eyesight. "What we see as an Establishment," he says, "is really the shadows of tall men. And since all men come and go, the Establishment is an indefinable parade of shadows, changing shape and intensity even as we look."

One of the tall men McKenney most admires is Arthur Corey, executive secretary of the California Teachers Association, whom he sees as "a powerful spokesman for NEA and its programs of anti-unionism [for teachers] and federal aid."

Individuals do contribute importantly to the present power structure, and our respondents named about four dozen

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Anyone who believes that laymen, whether on school boards or not, have power to determine the really important questions has his head in the sand. The school board is severely restricted in all of the areas that vitally affect educational quality by the policies of the Establishment. It has freedom to hire administrators, for example, but can choose only from those who have been prepared in a manner approved by the Establishment; it can hire teachers from far and wide, but only those who have had certain courses alleged by the professionals to be indispensable (courses that if NCATE has its way, will be taken only at NCATE institutions!); it can tinker here and there with the curriculum, but if it decided a substantive question against the professional mode—to restrict vocational work, for example, or hire an accomplished musician to teach music who happens to lack education courses—it will find itself in trouble with accrediting authorities (mostly professional educators) or state licensing officials (mostly professional educators). Whatever prerogatives the local board enjoys, freedom is not one of them. —JAMES D. KOERNER, former President of the Council for Basic Education.

There are two aspects of the control of public schools by the present Establishment which are, in my opinion, detrimental to the healthy development of those schools: 1) An exclusionist policy which assumes that only the so-called professional educators are competent to set the tone and direction of public education; 2) an anti-intellectual bias which has done much to submerge the historic function of schooling as intellectual training in amorphous notions of schooling as social therapy.

One test of the worth of an establishment is whether or not it is flexible enough to take the lead in effecting needed changes. It is significant, I think, that whatever changes we are now seeing in educational philosophy or standards or purpose have come about not through the leadership of the Establishment but through the leadership of those outside it.

Beyond maintenance of the status quo, I discern at least two trends in the power structure: 1) there are increasing attempts on the part of the professional organizations to usurp the policy-making power of local school boards; 2) there is evidence that a big professional organization like the NEA, under the pressure of the rival AFL-CIO teachers union, is tending more and more to accept the union concept of teacher organization.

Needless to say, I am not happy with these trends. But looking beyond the Establishment, I am not altogether pessimistic. The Establishment, after all, is subject to public pressure—and that pressure during the last few years has been running strongly in a direction opposite to that taken by the Establishment. That part of the public which thinks about education is obviously disinclined to accept the notion that schools are the exclusive province of the educationists. —MORTIMER SMITH, Executive Director of the Council for Basic Education.

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A BOOK IS TO BUY

By ROBERT E. NEWMAN, *Assistant Professor of Education and Principal of the Lower School, The Laboratory Schools, University of Chicago.*

—*Photos by Archie Lieberman.*

WHAT BOOKS, if any, will a child buy in an elementary school paperback bookstore—and why? If our pilot project at the University of Chicago's Laboratory Schools elementary school is an indication, he might ask for Hemingway. But more likely he will reach for *The Little Prince, The Story of Helen Keller, Danny Dunn and the Homework Machine* or *How Big Is Big?* Paperbacks are an easy hit with the young for several reasons, the most obvious being that small attractive volumes seem less awesome than big heavy books. But paperbacks also apparently appeal to the seven-to-ten-year-old's penchant for collecting and trading, and the youngsters enjoy playing the role of client in a tiny bookshop for children.

Whatever the elementary child's motives may be, we learned, he does buy paperbacks. During the first year, the parents group which manages the store sold nearly 4,000 copies to an enrollment of 850 children. Well, almost: 1,000 of these books were sold to parents and teachers, presumably for children's use. Often crowded, the store, cramped in a former storage closet, sold 769 books in a two-day end-of-the-year sale alone. Top purchasers for the year were nine-year-old fourth graders with 20 per cent of all sales to children, and seven-year-old second graders with 19 per cent. Interestingly, our shop's total sales were similar to a shop patterned after it at a neighborhood elementary school, suggesting that the Laboratory School children's university-community background did not account for our shop's success.

We launched the Laboratory School shop for three main reasons. The first, of course, was to encourage the child to read more, and even to build his own home library; the second, to assist in the development of personal selection for enjoyment. It doesn't take long for a seven-year-old to learn to select with care if he pays his own money for the books which will then become his own special possessions. The third was to determine, initially at least, the variety and number of elementary-level paperbacks available and the children's favorites among them.

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"Whatever the elementary child's motivation may be, we learned, he does buy paperbacks."

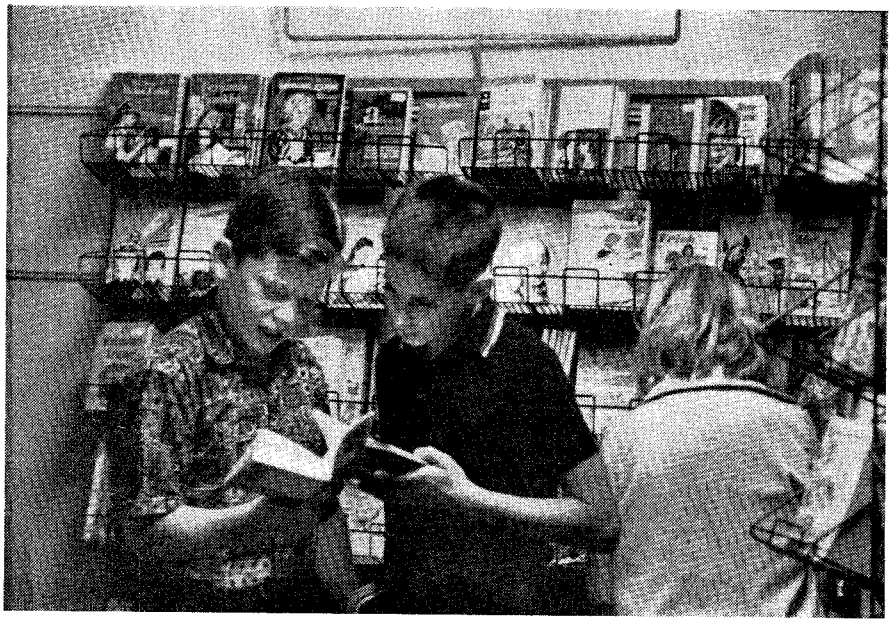
What role, we wondered, could the paperback bookstore play on the elementary level? Would children buy the books? If they collected and traded chewing gum cards, might they not be encouraged to buy and trade *Dinosaurs* for *Tom Sawyer,* or *Heidi* for *Charlotte's Web?*

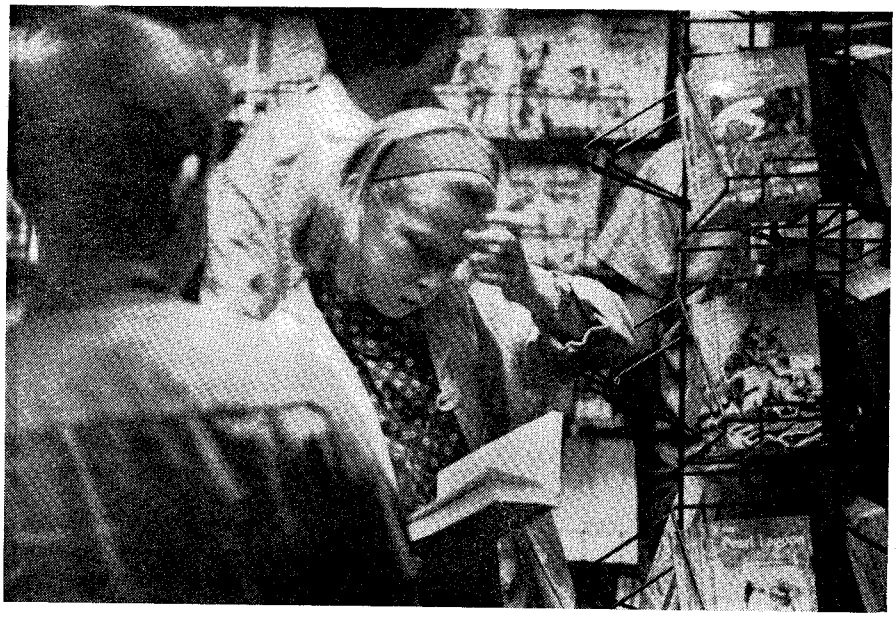
Our purposes, we think, have been well served and our questions reassuringly answered. The bookstore is impressively well patronized. Its abundantly stocked shelves (about 800 different titles) clearly demonstrate that already there are in print enough suitable paperbacks to stock an elementary school bookshop. Some dubious parents were pleasantly surprised at the quality of paperbound books available for elementary schoolers. Our school library's circulation has been increasing steadily since the shop has been in business. Even in the store's hectic first days, when hundreds of books were sold, the library's circulation did not dip.

Because 60 per cent of U.S. elementary schools do not have their own libraries, the possibility of paperback bookshops in elementary schools is particularly intriguing. For these schools especially, a paperback shop could be a first step, bringing hundreds of compelling titles to the children immediately and at no cost to the board of education. Then the school's next step should most certainly be a school library, extending and developing recreational reading tastes while providing the means for independent intellectual inquiry.

Who keeps the shop? Our store has been operated completely by unpaid parents with a fondness for books. I meet with the key parents and several school staff members who comprise the policy making "steering committee." Most of the books are ordered from the local paperback distributor who supplies racks at no cost, will accept payment for books as they are sold, and will grant a full refund on all unsold books. Also, children order some titles directly from a bookshop in England, with their parents' help. These are paperbacks such as *Mary Poppins* which "for copyright reasons" are not for sale in the U.S.

Our elementary children have voted "yes" for the paperback. There is a connotation of recreation in the well-designed volume. It's child-sized. And, like the folk singer's guitar, it's very "in."





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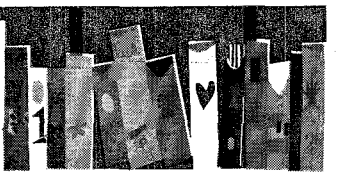
the Editor's Bookshelf



Secondary education in the United States has gone through three fairly distinct phases, each dominated by a different institution: the Latin grammar school of the colonial period, the private academy which reached its greatest development during the period between the Revolution and the Civil War, and the public high school, which got its start early in the nineteenth century but did not become the dominant secondary institution until late in the century.

By 1890, public high schools had been established in most of the larger cities and towns across the nation but among the schools there was great diversity in both curricula and standards. Speaking before the National Education Association that year, President Charles Eliot of Harvard spoke of the wide gap existing between the elementary schools and the colleges, a gap "very imperfectly bridged by a few public high schools, endowed academies, college preparatory departments, and private schools, which conform to no common standards and are under no unifying control."

This chaotic condition led, in 1892, to the appointment by the NEA of the "Committee of Ten," chaired by Dr. Eliot, to look into the situation and make recommendations. The Committee first met in November of that year in the home of a young Columbia University philosopher named Nicholas Murray Butler, who was himself to play a major role in American Education. A year later it issued its report which was to stabilize the pattern of secondary education for two decades and to influence it for a much longer time.

Secondary Schools at the Turn of the Century, by Theodore R. Sizer (*Yale University Press*, 304 *pp.* $6), is a scholarly, documented study of the work of the Committee of Ten, the problems that gave rise to it, and its influence on secondary education. Sizer reports that, in 1890, only 6.7 per cent of all American boys and girls of high school age were in school, but the number was growing so rapidly that, though high schools were being built in many cities, it was impossible to keep up with the flood of students desiring secondary education. Many high schools did not even have their own buildings but held classes in rooms provided in grammar schools. Teacher salaries, though they had risen steadily since the end of the Civil War, averaged only $16.41 per week. About half the high school teachers of that day were graduates of liberal arts colleges but few of them had any professional preparation for teaching and many taught subjects for which they were ill prepared—in the smaller schools a single teacher was sometimes expected to teach a half dozen unrelated subjects. Inevitably they relied heavily on textbooks.

The Committee faced two basic issues: How much freedom should each school have to develop its own curriculum? and: To what extent should the curriculum be based upon college entrance requirements? "The formation of the Committee of Ten," says Mr. Sizer, "was largely due to a movement within the NEA to make college entrance requirements uniform." Though the Committee was aware that only about one fourth of the students in high school would go on to college, some members were convinced that college entrance requirements offered the best approach to a stabilization of the high school curriculum and—because they were committed to the doctrine of mental discipline—they believed that the kind of courses that prepared for college were equally sound for other students.

The subjects most strongly recommended by the Committee of Ten included Latin, Greek, English, other modern languages, mathematics, physics, chemistry, astronomy, natural history, history, civil government, political economy, and geography. Sizer observes that in many ways the Report of the Committee of Ten now sounds like a Bible for the Council for Basic Education. It is an interesting commentary on the nature of social change that recommendations considered middle-of-the road in 1893 should be acceptable only to extreme conservatives seventy years later.

Theodore Sizer, who is the youthful dean of Harvard's Graduate School of Education, writes with a style that other scholars might well emulate and his subject is of potential interest to anyone who wishes to understand the problems of secondary education. His book deserves an audience that extends far beyond the professional group.

Pedaguese is "a derisive label for the jargon of the educationist, especially those among us who write textbooks and professional monographs." This definition is one of several hundred found in **Guide to Pedaguese: A Handbook for Parents Puzzled by Educational Jargon,** by James S. LeSure (*Harper & Row*, 172 *pp.* $3.95). LeSure, who is said to speak pedaguese like a native, is teacher certification officer for the state of Connecticut.

LeSure's selection of words and phrases includes many technical terms (I.Q., median, mode, percentile) as well as true jargon, i.e. language intended to obscure rather than to clarify. His definitions of the technical terms are carefully stated and informative. He deals lightly but effectively with jargon. Of "in a very real sense" he says, "This expression is not peculiar to education but seems to be a favorite with pedaguesians, especially when speaking in public. You need not be concerned with its meaning because, in a very real sense, it means nothing at all." LeSure defines "consultant" as "a person who is away from home with his briefcase but without his wife . . . . . consultants function most effectively and expensively in states other than their own."

Though this is an excellent and much needed book, there are some curious omissions. In his next edition we suggest that LeSure include "constructive criticism" (which he might define as criticism with which we agree) and "resource person" (a person who is allowed to be present but who must not take part in decision making).

—PAUL WOODRING.

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They Speak for Themselves

Soviet Educators on Soviet Education, *edited and translated by Helen B. Redl, with a foreword by Fritz Redl (The Free Press of Glencoe, 252 pp., $6.95), presents for the first time to the general American public a collection of Soviet educators' own writings on their nation's system of education. The reviewer is Associate Professor of Education at Brooklyn College, New York.*

By MAXINE GREENE

EVER SINCE the post-Sputnik trauma and the American public's discovery of the Soviet Union's schools, American travelers have been making pilgrimages to see whether they are really better than ours. The reports to the lay public have been journalistic most of the time, sometimes verging on Cassandra cries, sometimes on exposé. There have been, it is true, many field studies carried out by educators; and original source materials have been increasingly available. But these have been translated for the benefit of the educational profession and been published mainly in academic journals, too specialized or too small in circulation to reach the public at large.

Helen Redl has established a precedent, then, in permitting selected Soviet educators to speak for themselves to interested Americans in and out of the profession, particularly those who feel the need to allay what Fritz Redl calls "the pangs of our communicational consciences." Moreover—and this is one of the distinctive strengths of the book—the Redls have been able to confront and articulate "those blocks to communication which stem from the enormous complexity of the task of linguistic and conceptual translation. . . ." To identify such blocks is, in any field, to move a considerable distance toward removing them. In this case, the reader is engaged in the effort to understand and to exercise judgment even with respect to the translator's own choice of terms.

One reason for the Redls' peculiar sensitivity to what is involved in understanding is that both are transplanted Europeans who have themselves undergone the strains of acculturation and of comprehending an unfamiliar world. Another is that they are both educators, equipped with appropriate categories through which to observe the schools themselves and to make sense of Soviet educational talk. They visited the Soviet Union in 1962 on a Ford Foundation grant and observed a number of its school systems; and Fritz Redl writes that it was partially because of the barriers to communication they themselves experienced that they decided to put their unusual skills to work.

Helen Redl is an educator and a linguist, who grew up in Poland and did her doctoral work at Teachers College in New York. Fritz Redl is the celebrated psychiatrist and educator, long known for his work with disturbed and delinquent children. He grew up in Austria and was at one time a teacher in a Viennese *gymnasium*. This, for example, made it possible for him to perceive such phenomena as a Russian version of the "European Ritual of Child Meets Adult in Authority Role," which the "innocent" American is all too likely to interpret as impressive evidence of children's respect for their elders. Precisely this sort of perceptual sensitivity pervades the translations presented by Helen Redl. She knows, as Fritz Redl indicates, that a word like "pedagogical," repeatedly used by Russian educators, is frequently used to refer to situations Americans would call "psychological." But she also knows that if she translated the term as "psychological" each time it appeared, a false impression would be given: American readers would begin to believe that Russian educators have a concern for the psychology of children equivalent to that in American educational thinking, and this is obviously not so. The same is true about the word "conscious," whose referents are "sociopolitical or characterological" rather than specifically psychological.

Mrs. Redl includes a helpful set of definitions in her introduction to obviate as many of such confusions as possible. She then proceeds to present her translations without comment or additional explanation. Again, the reader is challenged to make his own sense of the way in which a selected group of Soviet educators develop their theories of schooling and discuss their implementation. There is nothing esoteric or particularly difficult in the selections chosen. The topics discussed include adolescent self-discipline, sex education, rewards and punishments, family relationships, and boarding schools, among others—all of unquestionable relevance for anyone interested in schooling. The names of the writers may be unfamiliar; but all have played significant roles in Soviet educational theory-making, curriculum development, determination of methods of teaching, or preparation of materials.

Most interesting, perhaps, is the selection by A. S. Makarenko, one of the pioneers of Marxist-Leninist education and still a potent influence on Soviet schools. A champion of intellectual challenge and self-discipline, he has written often about respect for the individuality of the child and about joy which "has to be organized, brought to life, and converted into a possibility." Mrs. Redl has translated one of his discussions of educational methods with special reference to work colonies for delinquent children; and many of the crucial themes in other selections in the book are summed up here—especially those dealing with the educational aspects of "upbringing," distinct from but related "organically" to formal education, and equally geared to "a clearly defined political end."

Makarenko, like Petchernikova and others, has much to say about the "socially moral demands" of the collective, the necessity for rules and limits, and the connection between trust, encouragement, and individual well-being—and the orderliness or the productivity of whatever collective is involved. Fundamentally, this is not new; but the opportunity to read first-hand sources makes it possible to reconceive what often seems to be a perplexing interplay of values like regard for the person, freedom, independence, conscientiousness, benevolence, creativity, and "the principles of socialistic life". One section is headed "How to Help the Child Become Idealistic, Highly Motivated, and Industrious"; another (in "Fathers and Children"), "Don't Lose Those Smiles"; and still another, "Be True to Yourself".

THE internal logic of this alien but wholly human Soviet invention begins to come clear for the general reader, whose understanding may well be greater because of the *lack* of appended conclusions by the translator. Near the end, there is a delightful section on children's literature, which includes Mrs. Redl's own translation of K. I. Chukovsky's poem, "The Magic Tree," which Chukovsky himself approved. But the section also includes a book review of the tale called "The Magic Tree" written by N. K. Krupskaya, the wife of Lenin and, with Makarenko, the most influential force in the early days of the Soviet schools. "Children do not need this nonsense," she wrote. "I find all these very silly fairy tales disturbing and irritating." There follows (in the third person) Chukovsky's defense of fairy tales as a mode of literature that "enriches, improves,

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and fosters the child's development."

Those who objected to fairy tales were disturbed by the "unnatural" quality in so many of them; those who supported them saw, with Chukovsky, that the aim of children's stories was to develop "humanness—the marvelous ability to empathize with other people in their fortunes and misfortunes." Oddly enough, this may be the prime justification for the Redls' presentation of Soviet educators to the American people. The National Writers' Guild once told Chukovsky that fairy tale writers often make mistakes and bestow "positive, heroic characteristics upon harmful and dangerous beasts, birds, and insects," and a letter he received commented upon the danger of promoting sympathy for "parasites."

Too many Americans have had this attitude toward Soviet people and Soviet schools. The Redls are to be thanked for offering readers a proper chance to evaluate and try to understand.

New Books

The Public Schools of Chicago. *By Robert J. Havighurst. Board of Education, Chicago.* 499 *pp.* Price not listed. An assessment of the present situation and recommendations for action "as soon as is reasonably possible . . . perhaps . . . the month of March, 1965."

The Making of Massive Resistance. *By Robert L. Gates. The University of North Carolina Press.* 222 *pp.* $6.50. A report and interpretation of legal actions regarding school desegregation in Virginia, 1954-64. Describes also the activities of the clergy and the Virginia Council on Human Relations as forces for moderation.

Battlefield and Classroom, Four Decades with the American Indian, 1867-1904. *By Richard Henry Pratt. Edited with an introduction by Robert M. Utley. Yale University Press.* 358 *pp.* $8.50. Memoirs of General Pratt, who first led army campaigns against the Indians. Later founding and running the Carlisle Indian School, he played a major role in federal Indian policy of the late nineteenth century.

Vittorino da Feltre and Other Humanist Educators. *By William Harrison Woodward. Foreword by Eugene F. Rice, Jr. Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, Columbia University.* 261 *pp. Paperback,* $1.95. A study of the Renaissance humanist idea of education. The first part of a trilogy on Renaissance education.

Desiderius Erasmus: Concerning the Aim and Method of Education. *By William Harrison Woodward. Foreword by Craig R. Thompson. Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, Columbia University.* 244 *pp. Paperback,* $1.95. A reprint of the 1904 volume, one of the best accounts of Erasmus's ideas on education. The second part of a trilogy on Renaissance education.

Education Automation: Freeing the Scholar to Return to His Studies. *By R. Buckminster Fuller. Southern Illinois University Press (Carbondale, Ill.)* 88 *pp.* $1.95. A speech to the Southern Illinois University planning committee by the inventor of the Geodesic dome. Presents, within a comprehensive view of the modern world, a strong case for technological aids in teaching and for comprehensive planning of campuses of the future.

Toward a Philosophy of Organized Student Activities. *By Herbert Stroup. The University of Minnesota Press.* 202 *pp.* $4.50. How student activities, given the proper objectives and means of realizing them, can contribute greatly to the educational process.

Barron's Profiles of American Colleges. *By Benjamin Fine. Barron's Educational Series, Inc. (343 Great Neck Rd., Great Neck, N.Y.)* 698 *pp. Cloth,* $8.75. *Paperback,* $3.95. A comprehensive source of facts on regionally accredited American four-year colleges.

You Can Win a Scholarship. *By Samuel C. Brownstein and Mitchel Weiner. Barron's Educational Series, Inc.* 570 *pp. Cloth,* $7.95. *Paperback,* $3.95. Third revised edition. A guide to the many types of scholarships available today.

College Entrance Guide. *By Bernice W. Einstein. Grosset and Dunlap.* 112 *pp. Paperback,* $1.95. Information on applications, examinations, scholarships and loans comprising the process of getting to college. Revised edition.

Schools Within Schools. *By Karl R. Plath. Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, Columbia University.* 83 *pp. Paperback,* $1.50. A study of the large high school and its internal organization. Secondary School Administration Series.

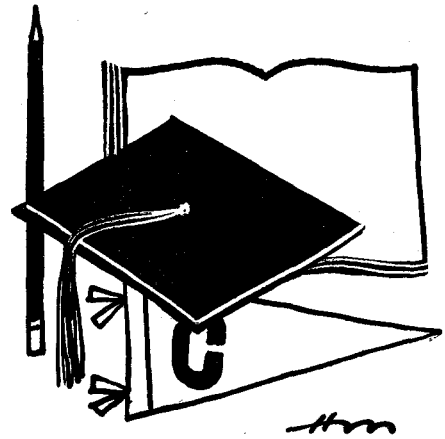
College Consortium

Continued from page 53

gains momentum. In the years ahead proportionately fewer and fewer college students will be completing their undergraduate work on a single campus. This is not to say that a continuous program in one spot is bad; simply that the opportunities for following one will become relatively less prevalent and so presumably less important to the college-going scheme of things.

At the same time, the drop-out and transfer rates at many small liberal arts colleges suggest that, like it or not, they are being used as junior colleges by a good many students. Adoption of the concept of the college consortium would recognize this fact and, more importantly, take advantage of it. Retention rates in a college's area of specialization would be improved. Today, the able student who becomes interested in an area of study in which a college is weak and who seeks to transfer is considered somehow to be a negative element. Under the proposed set-up, he would become an asset, a welcome and accepted member of the student body. Today, the student who finds himself inadequately or inappropriately prepared faces the probability of becoming an academic failure and a drop-out. Under the suggested arrangement, the opportunity for study in small classes and through individual instruction could compensate for poor preparation and turn lost freshman and sophomore talent into productive juniors and seniors.

Whether the rewards of federation under the consortium concept are worth the sacrifice is not for me to say. Also it would be improper for me to imply that the issues with which I have dealt represent today's only challenges to the small liberal arts college or that the consortium represents the only response to those few challenges among many. But if the suggestion draws attention to the problems with which it deals, my purpose will have been served.



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Pipeline from Harvard

Continued from page 50

school teachers is premised on "an increasing regard for teaching the basic concepts and structures of the learned disciplines other than history, cultural anthropology in particular." Manus and Eskimos and Navajos are as prominent in Newton classes as Federalists and Whigs.

Wayne Altree, the chairman of the Social Studies Department, is the presiding officer of change in his precinct. He teaches only one course, enjoys the confidence of Brown and of the department, and runs from school to school, and sometimes from college to college, hustling ideas and teachers, running meetings, and delivering the stacks of mimeographed readings, assignment sheets, and instructions for his teachers. "You know, this is all sort of shambling," Altree said. "Of course Red Wing shambles, too (Red Wing is Altree's name for the typical high school). The problem is how to get airborne so the teachers don't want to leave after every class and go down and smoke in the basement. The big difference here is that there is a vested interest in intellectual excellence. The department chairmen have enough power and independence to resist the administrators; the chairmen aren't transfixed with classroom work, and they have almost sole authority to hire teachers.

"People here love the schools and they let us do what we want . . . It's really a love-hate relationship. Education is the universal solvent. Sometimes I think it's a pathological occupation—but there is also a genuine regard for education." The hate side of the relationship is rarely expressed, but since the schools are powerful in influencing the careers of the children, many teachers assume that the hate exists. "Everybody is very nice to me," said one, "but I'm sure they feel that there's some kind of conspiracy here against their child."

As in most middle- and upper middle-class suburbs, the passion for education in Newton is fired by a good deal of parental ambition, especially, regarding admission to the Eastern colleges. But it is also tempered by other characteristics, characteristics that can be ascribed only to tradition, to a sense of something that does not exist in some of the newer neighborhoods. In Newton old-line Yankees have supported a sound system of public education for over a century. Horace Mann moved his normal school there in 1848, and even before World War I Newton had established its first formal relationship with Harvard. No one in Newton can remember when local residents made it a general practice to send their children to boarding school. The city's major achievement, however, has come in the collaboration on educational matters of old Yankees and the thousands of recent middle-class Jewish arrivals, most of them from the city or the other Boston suburbs. Many of Newton's private clubs are closed to Jews, but the partnership in running and supporting the school system is firm. Jews now represent a growing third of the city's population, and they dominate some of its neighborhoods. The new Newton South High School is about 70 per cent Jewish, though local mythology sets the proportion even higher, and it is sometimes referred to as the Jewish High School. Of the remaining two-thirds of the community, about half are Protestants, half are Catholics, some of them working-class Irish and Italians who once labored in the mills of Newton Upper Falls, where they still live. The old traditions survive, and the new Jews with their historical commitment to learning have helped reinforce them, going into a tacit educational partnership with the Protestants. Today three of the eight school committemen are Jewish. One is a Catholic, and one, the most recently elected, is a Chinese.

Despite biennial elections, the Newton School Committee is a self-perpetuating organization. Incumbents do not lose elections and it is hard to find anyone who was ever elected against the wishes of the committee majority. "Newton may be the only place in New England," someone said, "where the S.O.B.s always lose." School politics in Newton are clean and closed. This is not to say that the elections are not open to all comers—fifty signatures will put anyone on the ballot—or that the committee represents a tight local oligarchy. But the unpaid tasks of the committee do not attract many ambitious politicians, public campaigns are expensive, and the voters are happy. "The day the kids stop getting into college," a school administrator said, "that's the day when trouble will begin. In the meantime, everybody's for the schools." The schools are to Newton what DuPont is to Wilmington, Boeing to Seattle, or government to Washington. What's good for the company is good for the town, and thus the School Committee survives and thrives. Irene Thresher, a former member of the committee who later served in the state legislature, explained that when a School Committee vacancy occurs "we go out and get a good man to run and we clear the way for him politically. Sometimes they call it a machine, but that's hardly correct. Good candidates are just not likely to run on their own."

The *quid pro quo* for the closed system is the committee's self-restraint. Committee members simply do not interfere with the school administration. "The committee chooses a good superintendent, pays him a good salary, and expects him to do his job," Mrs. Thresher said. "In Newton you don't call up the personnel department to say they have to hire so-and-so." Yet the committee is not an absentee board of directors. Although Massachusetts law gives school boards fiscal autonomy, the budget is kept conscientiously tight, making Newton's annual per-pupil expenditures of $586 lower than those of many other suburban communities. The committee rarely splits on major issues, it never engages in public controversy, and it has no internal cliques or dissidents. It suggests, discusses, and questions, it keeps itself informed, and lays down

"I've always defended you when they talk about police brutality."

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general policy lines, but it lets Brown and his staff make the decisions.

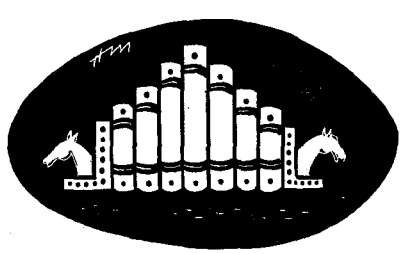
If education is Newton's prime industry, it is also its greatest avocation. "A birthday party around here," someone said, "means a trip to the Science Museum." The passion is evident everywhere. Not an issue of the weekly *Newton Graphic* passes without some story about the schools—the visits of college recruiters are faithfully listed—and of the 44,000 regular borrowers at the Newton public libraries 18,000 are children under fourteen, a figure that includes virtually every child in town. At the South High School, where the Curriculum I seniors reported a typical load of three to four hours homework nightly, no one had ever heard the word "grind" used as a pejorative student expression, and no one could think of any synonyms when it was defined.

Everywhere the thrust is up. "These kids," one of the branch librarians said, "are reading in junior high school what I read as a freshman in college." A normal high school course in Curriculum I is the equivalent in sophistication of a freshman college course. The best-selling paperbacks at the Newton school libraries are *Animal Farm, 1984, Brave New World* and *The Diary of Anne Frank;* in the study halls, the current "texts" are likely to be Lewis Mumford's *The City in History* or Clinton Rossiter's *The American Presidency.* The dress in the schools is collegiate, the talk is collegiate. In recent years about 70 per cent have continued their formal education, and so Newton students share the usual middle-class anxieties about college admissions: the school paper lists the names of those accepted and a score-board of applications at the old high school keeps everyone informed. (The board, says Richard W. Mechem, the principal, was installed to encourage students to think of places other than the prestigious few in the East.) Students talk about "how kids get pushed by their parents," they can recite the grades of most of their classmates, and they confess that study rules out most weekday frivolity during the school year.

Such an atmosphere usually leaves those not committed to intellectual enterprise outside the dominant culture, and Newton is no exception. Despite the presence of the Technical High School, those who are intellectually or culturally off the college track have few places to go; and since Newton includes not only an upper middle-class majority whose children are interested in, and often qualified for, academic life, but also a working class (to say nothing of middle-class children with a limited learning ability) there exists a silent, excluded minority. A low-ranking Curriculum II student said he and his friends "don't think the same way as the others," but he lacks a hospitable place that provides sound alternatives to the rest of the local culture. At the age of fifteen he ran away from home; when he was found it was discovered that he had taken with him his ice skates and his schoolbooks. He simply had not learned to live any other way, and he wasn't doing well in the only style of life with which he was acquainted.

Newton is now beginning to face up to the problems of the terminal student. Although the parents of these students rarely make themselves heard—the professional staff has begun, partly on its own initiative, to seek means of engaging the disaffected minority, of trying to make their education more relevant. One of the professional responses to this problem was initiated in 1962 when Mrs. Miriam Goldstein, an English teacher, and Edward Martin, a history teacher, began to collaborate on a combined course in English and history. Both had been impatient with standard approaches—especially with such courses as "business English"—and both realized that the world had changed sufficiently so that no high school alone could provide adequate vocational preparation. "What we used to think of as vocational education was neither vocational nor education," Mrs. Goldstein said. "What these kids need now is *real* education. We have to give them a feeling of belonging, help them find resources in themselves so they can keep from going berserk. . . . We want to open doors for them—not to lead them toward some middle-class utopia—but to show that we're behind them."

Martin and Mrs. Goldstein began their experimental year by discussing the twin ideas of man as an inventor of tools and man as an inventor of language, but they never strayed far from the students' own experiences. In English they asked in what way communication is linguistic and in what ways it is not; using some of Newton's Ford Foundation funds, the teachers took their classes to see *Pygmalion* so they could discuss the relation of speech characteristics to social acceptability. "We don't try to make them talk like Dr. Johnson," Mrs. Goldstein said, "we want to build their confidence in their own dialect. But we also want to show them that there's a handicap in being limited to one dialect." The students read excerpts from Homer and were asked what it is that makes a man a hero and "whatever happened to our ten-foot heroes."



Slowly the teachers began to develop a central theme: the changing concepts of the lady and the gentleman. Mrs. Goldstein read aloud from the Middle English text of Chaucer's *The Pardoner's Tale* and asked whether it was still possible to think of the lady and gentleman in medieval terms. Chaucer was then set off against a modern story of a girl who was kept waiting at the telephone by a boy who never called: What should she do? How could she be a lady? . . . The students were taken to museums and divided into small groups, eight to a teacher, each pursuing his own interest—fifth century Greece or ancient Egypt. Mrs. Goldstein showed them slides of Florence, then took them to see various Boston redevelopment projects to ask whether this, too, was a renaissance.

The development of such interests, indeed the whole problem of the terminal student, has become a matter of high priority for Richard W. Mechem, the principal of Newton (old) High School. Mechem wants to link his high school with on-the-job training programs in the community, he wants to integrate the Technical School with the high school, and most important, he wants to attack what he considers the dishonesty of American society.

The high schools, he said, are expected to support values and practices which society sabotages behind a cover of lip-service. The school prohibits smoking but the world encourages it; the school is supposed to preach democratic equality while the world discriminates. "Society has its myths," he said, "and it has always been the task of the school to shatter them. Kids are sheltered from reality until they are sixteen, then we have to lower the gate for the first time, to tell them that their opportunities aren't unlimited. The kids know that there are racial distinctions, that there are class differences, that you can't just go see the mayor of Boston and get a polite hearing; when the teachers pretend the contrary, then the kids think the teachers are squares . . ."

Right now, Mechem said, the world demands that a boy or girl be either entirely in school or entirely out; to him these are artificial alternatives and he wants to drop them, to make it possible for a student to be part in, part out, to stretch out his education and work at the same time, using whatever educational resources the community can muster. At the same time, he hopes to make the community face its own pretensions, and re-examine its values.

Mechem's major plan for the future anticipates the construction of a new building partly replacing and partly sup-

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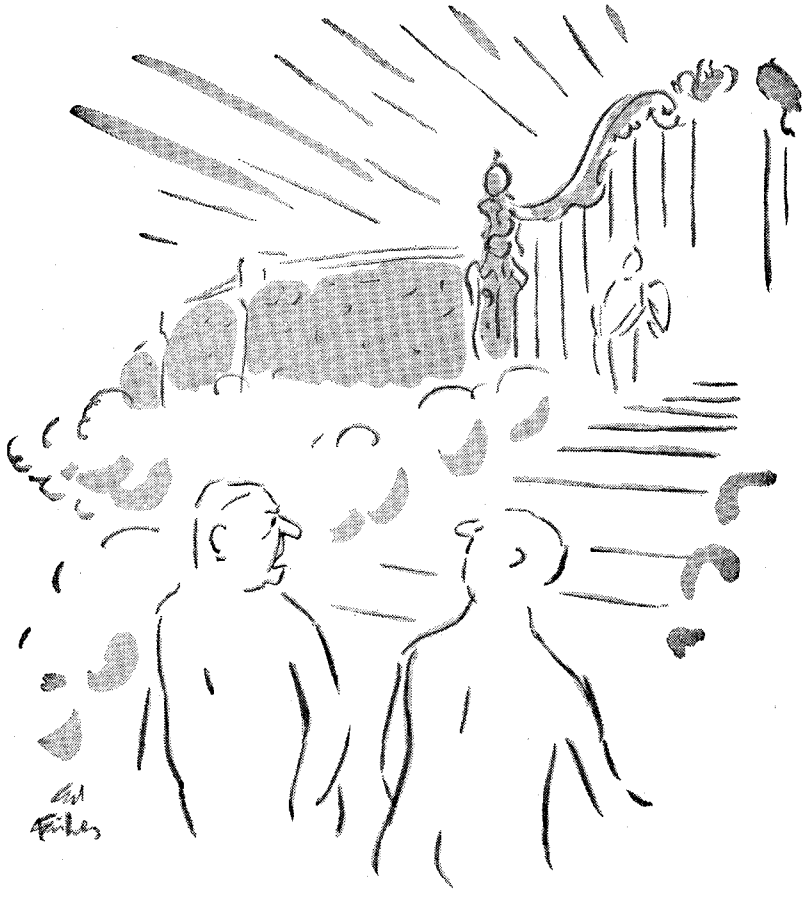
plementing the three dingy structures which now comprise the old high school. This plan assumes a much more flexible school organization (in this respect Newton is already less calcified than most schools), more student independence, a three-term year (eighteen weeks in the fall and spring, eight weeks in the summer), and more ungraded programs. Students over sixteen, who are no longer covered by the Compulsory Education Law, will not be subject to attendance regulations or to course requirements; all students will be free to come and go, provided they attend classes, to eat lunch (in a fully-automated cafeteria) whenever they choose, and to use library and open study areas throughout the school. This kind of flexibility will permit some students to work part-time while continuing their education at their own pace, eliminating the in-out choice which Mechem finds so artificial; it will also permit far more individual instruction as well as instruction in large groups and it will free teachers from administrative and housekeeping chores. Mechem's hope, a hope that many others share, is to bring the schools entirely in phase with the community (and vice-versa), to link classroom education with on-the-job vocational training where appropriate, to integrate the Technical High School with the regular high schools, and to generate a realistic set of values that the schools and the community can share. Mechem's future is a time when the school and its culture will be relevant to every child in the community.

Although far ahead of most communities, Newton will always be limited as a lighthouse. Its ethnic composition and its educational tradition are so nearly unique that even if others copy Newton's techniques, and some do, the adaptation, like Cinderella's slipper, will prove to be a bad fit. Newton has discarded techniques that many school teachers have not yet heard of. Where other suburbs listen dutifully and expectantly to the advice of university prophets (waiting, waiting, for the key to college admissions), Newton argues with the professors, takes what it can use, and discards the rest. Newton makes no attempt to have all the latest; while others try desperately to keep up with the Joneses of education (team teaching this year, Russian the next, ungraded schools the next), Newton competes with nothing except its own sense of inadequacy. Because it is decentralized Newton does not plunge; if anybody wants to team teach, he can. But this freedom applies equally to those who *don't* want to try it. Newton hires, and sometimes steals, the best teachers it can get, some at salaries exceeding $11,000, and then it tries to leave them alone.

This freedom is the blessing of an unusual community. While most suburban schools are intimidated by the ambitions of middle-management parents, transients on their way up at General Electric or I.B.M., Newton's college aspirations are tempered by some genuine respect for educational substance. Newton schools are known for their success in getting students into college but they are also respected locally for the substance that the getting represents. In the Back Bay of Boston, in Everett and Chelsea and Cambridge, the schools are left in the hands of politicians who operate them like the street department and the water works, while the people who should know better are just not willing to run or to fight for the election of others. The people who might take an interest in the schools of Boston move out. Newton is thus the beneficiary of Boston's mess.

There are some people who hope, with Conant, that Newton will be a model, not only for other suburbs, but even for downtown systems like Boston's. They say that the provision of such an example will be part compensation—at least in the guilt ledger—for the cities' loss of talented and interested people. But their hopes carry little conviction because they know—and will tell you—that Newton is unique, and that this unique quality was established at Boston's expense. Newton is populated by those who fled the city, and one cannot imagine a Newton school system without a Boston nearby. That is the dilemma, and Boston pays the price, a price in inferior education, in crowded classrooms, segregated schools and wholesale complacency. If Newton is getting what it wants—and it surely is—then is Boston also getting what *it* wants? Newton's success in putting its teachers and students in contact with the best thinking in the world is a remarkable achievement, and no one can complain that it wasn't more remarkable by blaming Newton for Boston's failures. But the fact remains that if Newton, at least some of it, is in touch with the historians and anthropologists of the universities, most schools are not, cannot be, and don't want to be. For them, most of wisdom still comes from below, making education no better than a compromise between academic competence and the wishes of Main Street; and sometimes it is far worse—a conscious attempt by Main Street to black out academic competence altogether. That Newton mastered this dilemma is probably its greatest achievement; and if Newton is in any sense a Conant-style lighthouse, it is so because it has hired competent professionals and has let them do their work. Like everyone else, Newton is getting what it wants.



"Just as I feared. It's an aristocracy-of-merit."

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Berkeley

Continued from page 48

taining the right to discipline students for off-campus activities by staging a three-hour sit-in in Sproul Hall. And on November 25, the university sent letters of reprimand to some sixty students who had manned illegal tables at the rally on November 9.

Five days later, on November 30, FSM called another rally, but it was poorly attended—about 200 students gathered. It appeared that the Free Speech Movement, in the face of the liberalized regulations adopted by the Regents on November 20, was running out of steam—until it was announced that the administration had notified four of its leaders, Savio, Art Goldberg, Jackie Goldberg, and Brian Turner, that they again faced disciplinary action for the demonstrations of October 1 and 2, two months before. Before nightfall students were again rallying to the FSM standard and events were fast moving toward a violent climax.

On December 1, FSM repeated its assertion that only the courts have the right to regulate political activity, on or off campus, and demanded that the university drop charges against its leaders within twenty-four hours or face a demonstration. Savio threatened that if the demands were not met, "the university machine will come to a grinding halt." He also warned his followers: "Be prepared to risk going to jail." The university ignored the FSM ultimatum.

The following day FSM called a rally at noon in front of Sproul Hall. Before a crowd of some 6,000 students, Mario Savio gave an impassioned justification for civil disobedience: "There's a time when the operation of the machine becomes so odious, makes your heart so sick, that you can't take part . . . you've got to put your bodies upon the gears, and upon the wheels, upon the levers, tie up all the apparatus and make it stop, and you've got to indicate to the people who run the machine. . . that unless you're free, the machine will be prevented from working at all." Then he led nearly 1,000 cheering students into Sproul Hall where they staged a massive sit-in.

EARLY in the morning of December 3, after administration efforts to prevail upon the students to leave had failed, Governor Edmund G. Brown ordered that the demonstrators be arrested and removed by force from the hall. Asserting that state laws must be enforced and state institutions allowed to function, the governor characterized the action of the demonstrators as "anarchy." Arrest records are reported to show that of 814 arrested, 590 were students, 89 were teaching and research assistants or university employees, and 135 were wives or husbands of students or other non-student FSM sympathizers. Removal of the demonstrators took approximately twelve hours; it was completed shortly after three o'clock on the afternoon of December 3.

The university community was profoundly shocked by the police action on campus. A campus-wide strike was called and large numbers of graduate students picketed university buildings in protest. Faculty members, barred by the police from entering the administration building of their own university, spontaneously arranged an informal meeting to consider the crisis. At their meeting the faculty passed resolutions calling for amnesty for students against whom disciplinary action was pending, and for a change in regulations so that students would not be subject to university discipline for off-campus political activities. Members of the faculty also met with the judge before whom the arrested students were brought to help in setting and posting bail, and raised $8,500 bail among their own members.

The following day student picketing of university buildings continued and many classes did not meet. Estimates of the strike's effectiveness vary, but it appears that substantially more than half of the university's classrooms were closed. During the weekend of December 5 and 6, behind-the-scenes activity was intense. The chairmen of all the departments on campus constituted themselves a Council of Chairmen and worked out with President Kerr an agreement designed to ease the tense situation.

On Monday, December 7, departmental meetings were held to discuss the agreement reached with President Kerr. The proposals were approved and the agreement was presented to the student body at a special convocation that morning by Professor R. A. Scalapino, chairman of the Council of Chairmen, and President Kerr. It included amnesty for all students against whom university charges were pending—both the four leaders who faced disciplinary action for the October 1 and 2 demonstrations and the 800 students arrested at Sproul Hall days before. But the substantive issue of off-campus political and social activity was deferred, awaiting the report of the Academic Senate's Committee on Academic Freedom.

It appeared that the presentation of the agreement had made a positive impression on the many thousands of students present. But as President Kerr turned away from the podium and walked toward a dressing room at the back of the stage, where a press conference was to follow immediately, Mario Savio appeared at the left side of the stage and walked to the microphone. Before he could speak, two campus policemen came up behind him and dragged him bodily to the back of the stage. He was later allowed to speak and contented himself with a ninety-second announcement of a noon rally to be held on Sproul steps.

FSM promptly branded the agreement of the Council of Chairmen and President Kerr inadequate, but picketing was suspended until after the scheduled meeting of the Academic Senate.

The following day, December 8, the Academic Senate met and approved the recommendations of its Committee on Academic Freedom for resolving the "free speech" controversy. The vote was

On Student Militants: Far from discouraging your students' social and public interests, I propose that you positively exploit them.

Here is an honorable source of college spirit; here is a worthy unifying and organizing principle for your whole campus life.

I say: thank God for the spectacle of students picketing—even when they are picketing me at Sacramento and I think they are wrong—for students protesting and freedom-riding, for students listening to society's dissidents, for students going out into the fields with our migratory workers, and marching off to jail with our segregated Negroes.

At last we're getting somewhere. The colleges have become boot camps for citizenship—and citizen-leaders are marching out of them.

For a while, it will be hard on us as administrators. Some students are going to be wrong, and some people will want to deny them the right to make mistakes. Administrators will have to wade through the angry letters and colleges will lose some donations. We Governors will have to face indignant caravans and elected officials bent on dictating to state college faculties.

But let us stand up for our students and be proud of them.

If America is still on the way up, it will welcome this new, impatient, critical crop of young gadflies. It will be fearful only of the complacent and passive. —*From Governor Edmund G. Brown's Commencement Address at the University of Santa Clara, June 1961.*

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824 to 115—a 7 to 1 majority. The proposed solution to the controversy included: 1) amnesty for all student activities prior to December 8th, 2) "reasonable regulation" of student political activity on campus "to prevent interference with the normal functions of the university," 3) the university shall not restrict the content of speech or advocacy, or seek to regulate off-campus student political activity, and 4) future disciplinary measures for political activity shall be determined by a committee of the Academic Senate.

The recommendations of the Academic Senate were immediately embraced by FSM as proposing "what we have been after for months." The university administration, on the other hand, noted that they involved "such basic changes in the policies affecting all campuses of the university" that action on them would have to wait until the Regents could make a decision.

Thus the matter stood when the Regents convened at the administration building of the university's Los Angeles campus on December 17-18. Action taken was designed primarily to buy more time in which to reach a decision and meanwhile, to avoid a direct confrontation of opposing points of view from which each side would find it difficult to retreat at a later date. Specifically, the Regents 1) declined to divest themselves of authority for disciplining students and to hand this authority over to the faculty—a responsibility that rested with the Berkeley faculty until 1938, 2) appointed a committee of Regents to undertake a comprehensive review of university policies and develop recommendations for the Board that would provide "maximum freedom on campus consistent with individual and group responsibility", and 3) stated that until the committee reported, existing rules would be enforced, but that the Regents "do not contemplate that advocacy or content of speech shall be restricted beyond the purview of the First and Fourteenth Amendments to the Constitution."

Word of the Regents' action was received in Berkeley in near-record time and FSM leaders promptly rejected it as "horrendous" and a "repudiation of FSM." Members of an emergency faculty committee of the Academic Senate, which met with the Regents as they were reaching their decision, were far more reserved in their comments. They characterized the action as "a great step forward," but noted that it was "not a full and satisfactory settlement."

The effort of the Regents to put off a final decision had much to recommend it. Christmas vacation at Berkeley began as they were meeting in Los Angeles on December 18. When students returned January 4, just two weeks remained before end-of-semester examinations and it appeared that many students —especially graduate students—who were willing to devote time and energy to FSM demonstrations at mid-semester might prove reluctant to prejudice their academic careers at exam time. FSM promised to determine during the holidays what action the organization would take after January 4. Indications were that it would depend, at least in part, on how sympathetically the Academic Senate received the report of its emergency committee, and the degree of unanimity with which the faculty urged students to forego further demonstrations until the special committee of the Regents reported. But as *SR* went to press the future remained obscure.

THE events at Berkeley have unfolded with the inexorability of a classical tragedy—and the final act remains to be played. Yet the question remains: Why Berkeley? Why didn't it happen at UCLA, or Wisconsin, or Michigan? There are many answers, and they concern all those elements that make Berkeley so uniquely itself—its students and faculty, its location and traditions, its role as the leading campus of the nation's greatest state university, and the bureaucratic problems that grow out of sheer size and phenomenally rapid growth.

Because of its size (about 27,500 students are enrolled, roughly 18,000 of them undergraduates) and its standards (students who rank in the top 12 per cent of their high school class are eligible to apply to any one of the university's campuses, but Berkeley gets more than its share of the very best students), the Berkeley student body includes the largest number of very bright, well-prepared students of any university campus in the world.

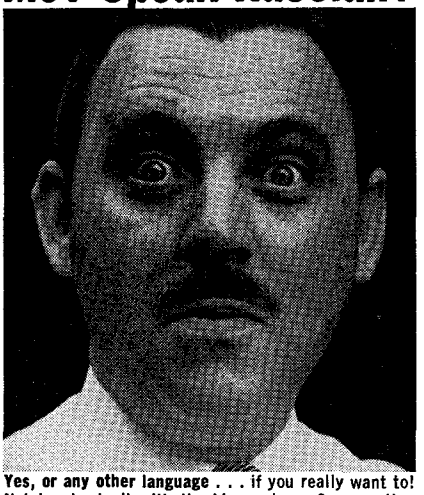
The status that Berkeley enjoys within the University of California, as well as among the universities of the world, is solidly based on the eminence of its faculty. A number of Nobel laureates are counted among its members as well as leading scholars in many disciplines. It would seem that all should be idyllic in this academic Garden of Eden. But so prestigious a faculty and so capable a student body do not make for administrative ease—and there are other factors.

Students who are attracted to Berkeley by famous teachers find that too often they are met only in lecture courses, along with several hundred other undergraduates. Many of the famous names are far too busy with the research and writing commitments to have much time for undergraduate classes—to say nothing of individual students. Much of the teaching is done by Teaching Assistants (TAs), themselves only a year or two out of undergraduate school and more intent on their graduate studies than their undergraduate students. Some of the TAs, to be sure, are good teachers who take their classroom responsibilities very seriously, but some do not.

At other points, too, the undergraduate feels pressure from the size of the institution and the impersonality of its bureaucratic operation. If his professors are distant figures whom he does not know, the administration is even more remote and the Regents function in another universe. Unlike many other universities where undergraduate life is organized in units of manageable size—around individual dormitories, or separate colleges, or fraternities and sororities —at Berkeley there are few institutions of this kind within the university. Fewer than half the students live in university housing and only about one-fifth of them live in fraternities and sororities. For mature, highly motivated, self-directed students who are prepared to benefit from the superb academic facilities offered by the university, few problems may exist. For others the problems may be severe.

As a result of size and circumstance, then, communication within the university has broken down—communication between student and teacher, between student and administration, and even

Me? Speak Russian?



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between faculty and administration. Students feel alienated from the university, mere numbers on an IBM card, figures in a line at the library desk. They refer to the university as "the factory" and claim that the administration views them as the raw material for the university's educational production line. Intelligent, informed, and sensitive to the world around them, they seek a place in which they can achieve a sense of identity that the university denies them.

Because of the breakdown in communication, the administration apparently miscalculated the depth and the breadth of the feeling engendered among students by the Free Speech Movement. Growing, in large part, out of the civil rights movement, and tied closely in leadership and objectives to the local drive for civil rights, it aroused a flood of youthful militance for which the administration was not prepared.

As the Free Speech Movement developed, it was obvious that it attracted ardent adherents from the full spectrum of political allegiance. Yet the charge was repeatedly made in newspapers and elsewhere that the movement was Communist-inspired — or Communist-dominated—or at least strongly influenced by Communists. It is a charge worth examining, for there are a number of interrelated factors that bear on it.

First, for many years there has been a strong tradition of political and social activism within the Berkeley student body. Although always a relatively small percentage of the student body, the activists have been vocal and visible, and have influenced student culture.

Second, San Francisco and the Bay area have a strong surviving tradition of native American radicalism dating back to the San Francisco general strike, and before that to Jack London's waterfront days. And it remains today an area in which adherents of the radical left can enjoy a surprising degree of respectability and status.

Third, the campus is surrounded by modest homes and apartment houses where many students live, as well as substantial numbers of ex-students, nonstudents, and sometime-students who find at Berkeley a focus for their intellectual and cultural interests. Many of these individuals have become a part of the campus community. The result is a bohemian environment that more nearly approximates the Left Bank than it does that of other American universities.

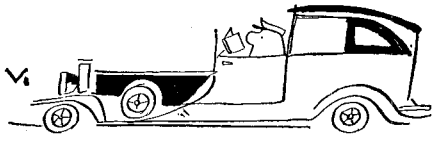
Fourth, a very visible minority of bona fide students are given to long hair, beards, and the officiously picturesque raiment of the bohemian or beatnik.

In such a setting it is easy to visualize massive Communist influences at work, but it is harder to document them. There are, to be sure, members of the radical left who are eager to make their influence felt in any movement of this kind. One well-known Communist appeared on campus during the demonstrations and made sure that his picture was taken by a local newspaper. And given the varied membership of FSM, it would be impossible to avoid some "influence." But the issue, if there is one, is how important that influence was in competition with the many pulling in other directions.

BOTH the FSM executive committee of fifty members and the eleven-man steering committee include individuals affiliated with Communist and radical socialist organizations, although they represent a small minority of each group. A number of observers, however, have noted that it was the civil rights organizations (CORE and SNCC) that provided the impetus for radical action, while the far-left groups often held out for more moderate approaches. Mario Savio, the acknowledged leader of FSM, is a member of SNCC, has no political affiliation, and appears to represent others in the group in his essentially antipolitical attitude toward social action. The rhythm and melody of his impassioned rhetoric seem more reminiscent of the syndicalists or I.W.W. of a generation or two ago than they do of the contemporary class struggle. And, in relation to adult influence in the movement, another one of the leaders is reported to have said, "We have a saying in the movement that you can't trust anybody over thirty."

Perhaps most significant, however, is the unanimity of thought and action that the disparate groups that make up FSM have been able to reach. The organizations representing the far left, usually divided among themselves by profound ideological differences, have demonstrated an unprecedented solidarity. And their capacity for finding a common meeting ground with the more conservative organizations is only slightly less notable. It seems clear that the limited issues with which FSM concerned itself provided a basis for agreement that had little to do with political affiliation or revolutionary commitments.

But what of the students who were not leaders? Were they responsible young adults, typical of the student body generally, or were they representative of fringe groups and hangers-on? Noon rallies on Sproul Hall steps, at various times, drew groups ranging from a few hundred to 6,000 or more. The strike on December 3-4 was observed by an estimated 12,000 students. But most significant is an analysis of the students arrested during the Sproul Hall sit-in on December 3. Prepared by "A Fact-Finding Committee of Graduate Political Scientists," the analysis is contained in a Preliminary Report on "The Berkeley Free Speech Controversy."



According to the report, of the undergraduates arrested, 47 per cent had better than B averages; 71 per cent of the graduate students had averages between B and A; twenty were Phi Beta Kappa; eight were Woodrow Wilson Fellows; twenty had published articles in scholarly journals; 53 were National Merit Scholarship winners or finalists; and 260 received other academic awards.

"Not only are these students among the brightest in the university," the report continues, "but they are also among the most advanced in their academic careers. Nearly two-thirds are upper-division or graduate students."

As to the political affiliations of the students arrested on December 3, the report states that 4.5 per cent belonged to "radical groups" (Du Bois Club, Young Socialist Alliance, Young People's Socialist League, Independent Socialist Club); 18.2 per cent belonged to liberal groups such as the Young Democrats; 25.6 per cent were members of civil rights organizations such as NAACP and CORE; 1.2 per cent were affiliated with conservative groups; 7.3 per cent belonged to religious organizations; and 57 per cent had no political affiliation.

The Free Speech Movement has been described in many ways: as a revolutionary plot and as a kind of socially conscious panty raid; as an inter-generational rebellion of son against father, and as an expression of pure youthful idealism. It is doubtless all of these and more. But whatever the multiplicity of forces at work, there seems little doubt that the central appeal to students who never before involved themselves in social or political action is found in the civil rights movement that has dramatized for an entire generation the issues of free speech and action. And the response to that appeal came from a student body of exceptional competence and sensitivity, whose members had few other places to give their allegiance.

The problems facing the university administration and Regents in handling so complex a matter are enormous. All state universities must constantly combat community and legislative pressures, and the problem is especially acute in the nation's most politically volatile state. In addition, in California the Governor sits as president of the Regents, and the Lieutenant Governor, the speaker of the Assembly, and the State Superintendent of Public Instruction (an elective office) are all *ex officio* members.

Within the university, competing demands are equally strong. Berkeley's

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pre-eminent faculty was assembled, in large part, by "raiding" other campuses, and the loyalty of individual members is primarily to their discipline rather than to the institution. Therefore, if the environment at Berkeley should cease to be conducive to scholarly work, not only would the university have difficulty in enticing new men, but many already on campus could, and almost certainly would, listen to the blandishments of other leading institutions.

The situation is further complicated by the complex administrative structure of the university in which the lines of responsibility and authority are not always clear between the administration of the Berkeley campus (the chancellor's office) and the state-wide university administration (the president's office), which is located on the Berkeley campus. To operate effectively, the two administrations must speak with a single voice, but in the present controversy this has not always been the case—and both the image and the substance of the university have suffered.

As president of the state-wide university, Clark Kerr has emerged as principal spokesman for the administration in the current controversy. A number of commentators have pointed out the supreme irony of a situation in which he should become the focus of FSM invective. An industrial relations expert and labor mediator of national repute, he became chancellor of the Berkeley campus in 1952 and moved to the president's office in 1958. His administration during these twelve years has been one of the most liberal in the university's history. He was, for instance, instrumental in resolving the bitter loyalty oath controversy of a dozen years ago, and in 1963 was a leader in the move to liberalize university regulations to allow Communist speakers on campus. Just last spring he received the American Association of University Professors' Alexander Meiklejohn Award in recognition of his "outstanding contributions to the cause of academic freedom."

In addition, he has analyzed more completely than anyone else the nature of the huge modern university—the multiversity—and clearly foreseen its consequences, both human and institutional. In the 1963 Godkin Lectures at Harvard (later published as *The Uses of the University*) he forecast the student revolt against a "faculty in absentia," institutional impersonality, and "a blanket" of rules that smother the individual.

Finally, he has sought, unsuccessfully, to find a means to provide small, more manageable groupings of students on Berkeley's campus. And in planning new campuses of the university—at Santa Cruz, for example—he has insisted that undergraduates be grouped in clusters of small colleges, with access to common facilities, so that they may enjoy the advantages of the multiversity without becoming lost in its mass.

Yet for all his understanding of the problem and the respect of his colleagues, President Kerr is sharply criticized for his handling of the current controversy. He is accused of understanding the problem but not the people involved. He is remote and inaccessible even to the faculty, and has virtually no contact with students.

President Kerr is criticized, too, for his concept of the role of the leader in the multiversity as essentially the mediator who seeks effective compromise among competing forces. Under ordinary circumstances the mediator-leader may successfully avoid destructive conflict and forward the welfare of the university. Under extraordinary circumstances, such as those that developed at Berkeley, it appears that a firmer, more positive role might prove more effective. But the overlapping authority of campus administration and the state-wide university administration, also based at Berkeley, may have inhibited firm, consistent action by either.

THE events at Berkeley have a significance far beyond the confines of the San Francisco Bay area. What has happened there is an advanced example of the ferment on many campuses. Therefore, we should try to understand the sources of student unrest before it grows to crisis proportions.

Ten years ago there was widespread concern with the political and social apathy of the nation's college students. It was possible, then, to wish that more of them would take to heart Oliver Wendell Holmes' admonition that, "It is required of a man that he should share the passion and action of his time—at peril of being judged not to have lived." Today, when it seems that many students have heard Justice Holmes' message, we need not shrink from the result. A passion for social justice among the nation's youth is a prize that should be eagerly sought. But we must understand clearly that this is not the only source of ferment.

The modern university has left its cloister and entered the market place. Far from concerning itself solely with the search for ultimate truth and time-tested perspectives, it has come to serve the immediate needs of contemporary society. The scholar's skills are no longer applied solely to man's past, but in very large part to humanity's future. Notable advantages have been gained by the university from its new role, but there are dangers, too, in making higher education so responsive to the importunate community. And the students, perceiving the role of the university in serving government, business, industry, and others, wonder why it should not serve their immediate needs equally.

Almost inevitably students will have a greater voice in the affairs of the university in the future. Certainly today's better prepared and more knowledgeable students should have a larger voice in determining the rules that govern them, and in other campus matters. But demands are also being made by some of the more advanced student groups for a voice in determining policy on the curriculum, in selecting faculty, and related matters. Surely these are of vital concern to students, and almost certainly their demands to be heard in relation to them will increase. Yet, just as the demands of society for research projects and other services cannot always be met without distorting the basic role and function of the university, so the immediate interests of students, which seem so urgent, may be better served by a long view of ultimate objectives. Experience in other countries—notably in South America—demonstrates clearly that a policy of allowing students a major voice in some sensitive areas of university policy can lead to academic chaos.

Therefore, university administrators, increasingly, must be careful not to confuse the demands of students that can lead to anarchy on the campus with the desire for freedom to participate freely in the great social movements of our time, and the request to contribute a responsible voice in university matters that concern them directly. These will not always be easy to distinguish—not least because the distinctions will sometimes be confused in the minds of the students themselves.

And there will be other barriers to understanding. However lofty their morals, student manners are often atrocious. The etiquette of social protest is changing; new standards of speech and action are being widely accepted. Therefore, it is doubly necessary to listen carefully to what students say, rather than to how they say it. Also, students who are passionately devoted to attacking injustice in our society are often impatient with the slow process of orderly procedure. Having learned the techniques of civil disobedience, they will sometimes employ them to seek goals for which their use is not appropriate. The objective of the university must be not only to provide an environment of freedom, but, both within the classroom and without, to instill a surer sense of responsibility.

The administrator's lot has never been an easy one, and certainly it will be even more difficult in the years ahead. To meet the future successfully will take a large measure of firmness, sensitivity, and above all, human understanding.

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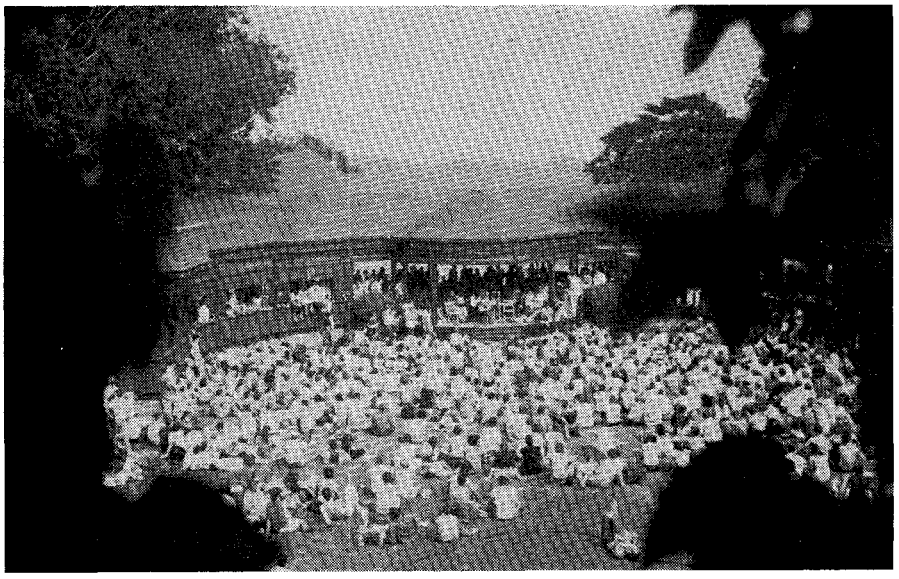
Newport Folk Festival 1963: The Recordings

OFTEN ENOUGH, folk concerts, especially so-called folk-festivals, have the uncanny knack of generally resulting in wholesale boredom and utter confusion. Generally, too, the recordings made at such "festivals" and concerts follow the same tone; rarely, if ever, do they mirror an accurate musical and poetic reflection of the unfortunates involved therein.

In an emphatic rebuttal to all this, and by far overshadowing anything of a similar nature in the recording field, the Vanguard Recording Society has issued a set of six long-play records culled from the best of the Newport Folk Festival of 1963. Vanguard has exercised unusual care and discrimination in its selections, and the result is a panoramic documentary of contemporary folk music and an excellent primer, or introductory anthology, to the field.

Of the many capable artists performing throughout the country, the cross-section presented here is wide, highly inclusive, and appropriate (though one cannot deny that there are a number of artists not invited to perform at this particular festival who were most deserving of invitation). The list of those included is a formidable one, with a fine balance of young folk, old-timers, stalwarts, and new faces. Further, not only is the listener treated to much of what is best in the entire field, but he is spared the unbearable unevenness that usually, as a matter of course, pervades a festival.

Blues at Newport (VRS-9145, $4.98; stereo VSD-79145, $5.95) presents Negro blues executed by both older and newer individuals, the former encompassing Mississippi John Hurt, Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry, John Lee Hooker and Rev. Gary Davis (whose two items were originally recorded at the Newport Folk Festival of 1959 and whose inclusion here is questionable), while the newer faces are two white artists in their twenties, John Hammond and Dave Van Ronk. The two standout performances are those by old-timer Hurt and newcomer Hammond. The former's renditions of "Trouble, I've Had It All My Days" and "Frankie" are undoubtedly the best of all of his recorded work. Hammond, twenty years old at the time of the festival, is a striking example of power and assimilation of a normally unfamiliar idiom. Few whites have been able to become so inexorably consumed with the jagged passion and anguished intonation of the better Negro country blues artists as has Hammond. "No Money Down," strongly in the Chuck Berry vein, is a driving narrative devoted to semihumorous, partially serious subjects and desires, with some fine guitar and mouth harp featured, while "Me and the Devil," a Robert Johnson composition, and the bottle-neck guitar showcase "Tallahassee Woman" are two other items of comparable interest. Hammond has assuredly assimilated. A next test will be his powers of creativity, the mark of a true artist. Of the others, McGhee and Terry are consistent with their past performances while Van Ronk and Hooker are disappointing, especially since both are capable of more meaningful work.



Folk-song fanciers at Newport—on records "an emphatic rebuttal."

Old Time Music (VRS-9147, $4.98; stereo VSD-79147, $5.95) is exactly that. Save for the forty-one-year-old blind virtuoso "Doc" Watson, the entire emphasis on this disc is old-time music (or traditional music) as played by old-timers. Some of them had been recorded many years previously and hadn't been heard for long periods of time. Both Dock Boggs, the retired coal miner from Virginia who is well into his sixties, and Dorsey Dixon, who had done extensive recording work with his brother in the Thirties as "The Dixon Brothers" (and who was a prolific composer in his day), are featured doing numbers directly identified with themselves. Boggs does "Oh Death," a rather ominous song, along with "Drunkard's Lone Child" and "Sugar Baby," the latter originally recorded by him for the Brunswick label in 1928. Dixon, a septuagenarian, does his original "Wreck on the Highway," an item that has since been recorded by numerous others; the protest call "Weaveroom Blues"; and a unique adaptation of an old tune that he calls "Intoxicated Rat." Clarence "Tom" Ashley, another vastly influential figure, recreates his country standard "Coocoo Bird," a piece that has stood the test of long years and is still a most requested and imitated song. "Doc" Watson, the master of the strings from Deep Gap, North Carolina, does four songs, sings delightfully, and enthralls with his high-speed guitar solo "Train That Carried My Girl Away from Town." The famous Maybelle Carter (of the Carter Family) does one song, as does Jenes Cottrell, a vintage find who plays five-string banjo in the old, old style.

Country Music and Bluegrass (VRS-9146, $4.98; stereo VSD-79146, $5.95) is an example of the contemporary extension of the music featured on the "Old Time Music" recording. Heavily influenced by, and steeped in the history of the same feeling, this record is a composite of older traditional matter played in country style, and the propelling, semi-sophisticated, five-string banjo genre.

Bluegrass music is represented by two distinguished groups, Jim and Jesse and

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the Virginia Boys and Mac Wiseman and His Country Boys. The former's instrumental "Dill Pickle Rag," a ragtime-mandolin breakdown, and the symmetrical harmonizing on "She Left Me Standing on the Mountain" excel, while Wiseman, easily one of the best of all bluegrass vocalists, sticks close to Bill Monroe-type material ("Footsteps in the Snow," "Love Letters in the Sand").

An excellent country quartet led by Ashley (and including "Doc" Watson) renders "Lee Highway Blues" and three other strongly traditional songs. Not as polished or as slick as the bluegrass combines, they art not, on the other hand, as mechanical or as heavily stylized, performing with a great deal of zest, feeling, and emotion.

The New Lost City Ramblers, a renowned aggregation of "city-billies," also appear. Composed of John Cohen, Tracy Schwarz, and Mike Seeger, they have done much to bring old-time music to Northern audiences. They all play numerous instruments, have a wide range and knowledge of source material, and are accomplished performers.

THE outstanding musician in this set, if not in the entire group of recordings, is Arthel "Doc" Watson, who is virtually unbelievable whether on the guitar, five-string banjo, autoharp, mandolin, or mouth-harp. Aside from appearing with Clarence Ashley's group, he is highlighted as a solo artist performing two guitar numbers each employing a different technique. "Tickling the Strings" ("Doc's Guitar") is done finger-picking style. "Black Mountain Rag" is an old fiddle tune which Watson does in flat-pick style and exhibits a number of extended, unbelievable runs that culminate with the audible appreciation of the rapt group of listeners. The Morris Brothers, composers of the popular "Salty Dog Blues," also appear on this recording, as does the Texas fiddler Benjamin "Tex" Logan.

Evening Concerts, Volume 1 (VRS-9148, $4.98; stereo VSD-79148, $5.95) and *Evening Concerts, Volume 2* (VRS-9149, $4.98; stereo VSD-79149, $5.95) are kaleidoscope vignettes featuring many of the more commercially popular folk artists. Volume 1 includes the Canadian duo of Ian and Sylvia, the Rooftop Singers recreating their extremely prosperous "Walk Right In," Joan Baez, the Albany, Georgia, Freedom Singers with "Woke Up This Morning" and "We Shall Overcome," Bob Dylan doing his "Blowin' in the Wind" à la Woody Guthrie, and the peerless Jack Elliott, puzzlingly shortchanged and slighted with an appearance on only one track ("Diamond Joe"). Mississippi John Hurt reappears with four numbers, including the bad-man ballad "Stagolee" and a rendition of his 1928 recording "Spike Driver Blues," a John Henry-tinged offering.

The real surprise here is one Sam Hinton, a familiar figure on the West Coast, in his maiden voyage before an Eastern audience. Hinton's brilliant monologue of "The Arkansas Traveler," a narrative delight concerning the "city-slicker" and the "country bumpkin," is made doubly enjoyable by the artist playing the guitar while, at the same time, blowing the mouth harp without the aid of the usual holder or brace. His "accumulation" song "The Barnyard Song" and "Must I Go Bound" are equally compelling and communicative endeavors.

Volume 2, another potpourri, features three interesting foreign artists. Jean Redpath, from Scotland, does "The Muckin' o' Geordie's Byre," in Doric, and "Song of the Seals," a Hebridean chant, both a capella. Bob Davenport, a baritone from Britain, is heard doing a traditional mining song, "With My Pit Boots On," also unaccompanied. The third visitor is Jean Carignan, a French-Canadian fiddler from Quebec. He is a traditionally steeped, technically brilliant instrumentalist, and his offerings are breathtakingly electric. Other artists include Judy Collins and Theodore Bikel, Jackie Washington, Dave Van Ronk (much more suitable doing Rev. Gary Davis's "Candy Man"), Bessie Jones and the Georgia Sea Island Singers, and Pete Seeger with a medley of three five-string banjo instrumentals.

Newport Broadside (VRS-9144, $4.98; stereo VSD-79144, $5.95) lends support to the view that the topical folk song is currently enjoying a resolute, though belated, resurrection. This recording presents much of what is the best of several current essayists and delineates sundry themes well known to most.

Bob Dylan and Pete Seeger do the former's slyly incisive composition "Ye Playboys and Playgirls." Tom Paxton and Phil Ochs, who, along with Dylan, are the most prominent heirs-apparent to the creative crown of Woody Guthrie, each performs two of his originals. Their subjects vary from "The Willing Conscript" (Paxton) to "The Ballad of Medgar Evers" and the tragicomic "Talking Birmingham Jam" (Ochs). The Freedom Singers again appear as does Joan Baez, Sam Hinton with a priceless interpretation of "Talking Atomic Blues," and Bob Davenport. Also featured are Peter LaFarge, Ed McCurdy and Jim Garland, the latter a brother of the late Aunt Molly Jackson and a leading figure in labor organizing activities in Kentucky in the 1930s.

ADDENDA: Most all of the artists who were recorded at the Festival are featured on recordings devoted solely to their several talents. Some of the more important newer releases are "Old-Time Songs and Tunes From Clay County, West Virginia," available through Folk Promotions, 1549 Lee Street, Charleston, W. Va. ($5.30), which features banjo and fiddle duets by Jenes Cottrell and French Carpenter; Dock Boggs (Folkways FA 2351, $5.95), all new recordings and not reissues; Jack Elliott (Vanguard VRS-9151, $4.98; stereo VSD-79151, $5.95); Phil Ochs (Elektra EKL-269, $4.98; stereo EKS-7269, $5.95) in an all-topical song program; "Doc" Watson (Vanguard VRS-9152, $4.98; stereo VSD-79152, $5.95), an entire album by the standout performer of the festival; Judy Collins, No. 3 (Elektra EKL-243, $4.98; stereo EKS-7243, $5.95), presents one of the best female singers in her finest performance; John Hammond (Vanguard VRS-9153, $4.98; stereo VSD-79153, $5.95), the second solo album by a fine talent.

—LAWRENCE COHN.

Grove Street: Selling The News

By Robert Hutchinson

ASIA was at war; the Nile was rising;
The white-faced girls liked older men.
What was the news from the windy corner,
Late, and my coals of money in?

Greta Garbo came by and left a tear.
Shirley Temple, and left a rose.
Your mother will want you one more year
Unless it rains, unless it blows. ——

And night a torrent. Limb from limb
It shook at the houses, seized the eyes.
The streets came grovelling to an end,
And still in the dark the sound that night

Went extra, extra, extra dim,
The branch in my hand a fiery legend:
KING OF THE NEWSBOYS OUTSHOUTS WIND

And at length, the plunging present.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: JAZZ LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Louis Armstrong: *In the '30s and the '40s.* Armstrong, trumpet and vocal with sextets, nonet and big band. RCA Victor LPM 2971, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Armstrong's ability to rise above mediocre material and accompaniments has always been striking and it is much in evidence here. Despite the presence of Budd and Keg Johnson and Teddy Wilson, his 1933 group left a great deal to be desired, as did the big band of 1947 heard on the second side. Yet all of the performances are illuminated by his personality and artistry. Moreover, his five choruses in a row on "Jack-Armstrong Blues" (it is Bobby Hackett in the first ensemble), like the three final choruses on "Where the Blues Were Born," are exceptional even by his standards.
Art Blakey: *Selections from Golden Boy.* Blakey, drums; Lee Morgan, Freddie Hubbard, trumpets; Curtis Fuller, trombone; Julius Watkins, French horn; James Spaulding, alto saxophone; Wayne Shorter, tenor saxophone; Charlie Davis, baritone saxophone; Cedar Walton, piano; Reggie Workman, bass; Bill Barber, tuba. Colpix 478, $3.98; stereo, $4.98. Cannonball Adderley: *Fiddler on the Roof.* Adderley, alto saxophone; Nat Adderley, trumpet and cornet; Charles Lloyd, tenor saxophone and flute; Joe Zawinul, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Louis Hayes, drums. Capitol T 2216, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Songs from movies and Broadway shows at one time formed a sizable proportion of the jazz repertoire, but in recent years, whether or not their quality has declined, they seem to have found less favor in it. Each of these sets represents something of a marriage of convenience, the music in neither case being especially meritorious from a jazz viewpoint. The Adderley group, with its limited instrumentation, has the harder task, and the leader assumes a heavy thematic responsibility, though individual honors go to his brother for neat, muted solos, and to Sam Jones and Louis Hayes for sterling work in the rhythm section. Blakey having wisely augmented the regular "Jazz Messengers," his album has far more color and variety. The additional instruments also challenge the arranging skills of Wayne Shorter, Cedar Walton, and Curtis Fuller, who would doubtless welcome more such opportunities. Some of the ensembles seem unnecessarily shrill, but there are many original touches and plenty of space for improvisation. Of the soloists, Shorter impresses at up tempo in a Coltrane vein and Lee Morgan introduces some welcome lyricism.
Ella Fitzgerald: *Ella Sings Gershwin.* Ella Fitzgerald, vocal; Ellis Larkins, piano. Decca 4451, $3.98; stereo $4.98.	Reissued here are eight collaborations originally on a ten-inch LP. The tasteful piano accompaniments contribute much to what are among the best examples of Miss Fitzgerald's art. Two titles have been added to each side: "Nice Work If You Can Get It" with Larkins, "Oh, Lady Be Good" with a band directed by Bob Haggart, and a couple of non-Gershwin numbers with a quartet featuring pianist Billy Kyle and guitarist Jimmy Shirley. Beginning with Shirley's introduction to *I'm Just a Lucky So-and-So,* a superior, relaxed jazz atmosphere is established and maintained. Verve has a good collection of the singer's more recent successes, such as "Mack the Knife" and "Shiny Stockings," in a set entitled *The Best of Ella Fitzgerald* (V6-4063).
Wardell Gray: *Memorial Album.* Gray, tenor saxophone, with trios, quintets, and sextet. Prestige 7343 (two records), mono and stereo, $4.98. Stan Getz: *A Look at Yesterday.* Getz, Wardell Gray, Paul Quinichette, tenor saxophones; Benny Green, trombone; Al Haig, piano; variously featured in five different groups. Mainstream 6025, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Wardell Gray, who died in 1955, was one of the better disciples of Lester Young, and Prestige is to be congratulated on presenting this fine collection of his work at such an attractive price. The Young influence survived the tidal wave of bop, but Gray was also very much a part of the bop era and the effect of Charlie Parker's innovations can often be heard in his phrasing and on the contexts in which he plays. The recordings were made between 1949 and 1953, the first session being in many respects the most successful. The Mainstream album, derived from the same period, contains "Stoned," a famous performance by Gray, and two well-accompanied numbers by another worthy disciple of Young—Paul Quinchette.
Illinois Jacquet Plays Cole Porter. Jacquet, tenor saxophone; with a nineteen-piece orchestra of strings, woodwinds, harp, French horn, and rhythm. Argo 746, mono and stereo, $4.98.	Last month it was Harry Edison with strings. This month it is the turn of an equally forthright swinger, Illinois Jacquet. He does his best with a relatively unhackneyed selection of Cole Porter ballads, but the sweet, soporific backgrounds and slow tempos clearly do not inspire him. Lacking the tonal sensitivity and the subtlety in rephrasing of musicians like Hawkins, Webster, and Gonsalves, his melodic statements tend to be tedious, but when he begins to swing in mild variations the listener's spirits lift with his. There are even moments in, for example, "It's All Right with Me" when he seems on the point of escaping the cloying orchestral confines altogether.
Jonah Jones: *Blowin' Up a Storm.* Jones, trumpet and vocal; André Persiany, piano; John Brown, bass; Danny Farrar, drums; and four trombones. Capitol T 2087, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	With the exception of "76 Trombones," all the numbers are jazz standards on this, the best Jonah Jones album in recent years. He makes overmuch—though understandable—use of the mute, and the tempos are often uncomfortably fast, but the number of exciting trumpet choruses suggests that it is time Capitol allowed him to record an all-out jazz session with musicians like, perhaps, Dicky Wells, Vic Dickenson, Buddy Tate, and Budd Johnson. A reasonably sympathetic quartet gives body to these performances, and the French pianist, André Persiany, is particularly effective on "A Monday Date," which Jones also sings. The last three titles on the first side and "Muskrat Ramble" on the second are recommended, as is stereo for the set as a whole.
Lee Morgan: *The Sidewinder.* Morgan, trumpet; Joe Henderson, tenor saxophone; Barry Harris, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Billy Higgins, drums. Blue Note 4157, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Purportedly descriptive of the "bad guy on television," *The Sidewinder* has catchy melodic and rhythmic figures that no doubt account for the album's rise on the best-seller lists. Morgan's trumpet style, complete with half-valve effects, is better heard on "Totem Pole," however. The fascination Latin and waltz rhythms hold for the younger jazz musicians is generally all too audible, so that passages in straight four-four become almost refreshing. Bob Cranshaw's bass is impressive and Barry Harris's piano contributions are, as usual, full of understated originality.
Joe Pass: *For Django.* Pass, guitar; John Pisano, guitar; Jim Hughart, bass; Colin Bailey, drums. Pacific Jazz 85, mono and stereo, $4.98.	This tribute to Django Reinhardt consists for the most part of material that was normal to his repertoire, and the instrumentation bears a resemblance to the kind he favored. Temperamentally, however, Pass seems to be a very different kind of player, though perhaps the difference is more a matter of the influences to which the two guitarists were exposed. Like most jazz musicians of the Thirties, Reinhardt drew much of his inspiration from Louis Armstrong. In the terminology of the times he was, as annotator Mort Fega suggests, primarily a "hot" player, whereas the almost mannered restraint of Pass's style seems to derive from the post-Parker "cool" period. Nevertheless, the quartet is very pleasant to hear and it develops a gratifying feeling of momentum and swing on numbers like "Rosetta."
Dick Vance: *Like Dixie But . . .* Vance, trumpet; Benny Morton, trombone; Eddie Barefield, clarinet; Al Williams, piano; Beverley Peer, bass; Herb Lovelle or Shep Shepperd, drums. Sue 1024, $4.98; stereo, $5.98. Juggy's Jass Band: *Riverboat Jass.* Pee Wee Irwin or Bernie Privin, trumpet; Cutty Cutshall, trombone; Hank D'amico, clarinet; Joe Mazzu, piano; Al Chenet, Don Arnone, Everett Barksdale, banjos; Harvey Phillips, tuba; Cliff Leeman, drums. Mainstream 6029, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Both sets are rendered offensive by the overall conception that Dixieland must be corny to be acceptable. In the first, Dick Vance is unhappily saddled with "new tunes in the Dixieland idiom specially written for this album." Most of the tempos are too fast, pianist Al Williams is over-recorded throughout, and there is virtually no opportunity to hear to any advantage that great trombonist, Benny Morton. The "Riverboat Jass" is even worse, underlined as it is by the unnerving clank of *three* banjos, not to mention the pawky notes of a tuba—added, please note, in the name of "authenticity."

—STANLEY DANCE.

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Coltrane Triumphant

THE LINER notes to a new Columbia release called *Discovery!* (CL 2267, $3.98; stereo CS 9067, $4.98) say that Charles Lloyd, who leads two quartets on the LP, is "an intensely individual musician." His companions here variously include Roy Haynes, *the* drummer of modern jazz after Max Roach, Don Friedman, one of the most interesting and exploratory of younger jazz pianists, and Richard Davis, a prodigiously equipped young bassist with a personal solo style. Lloyd himself, on flute, frequently states his opening themes with an appealing sensitivity (as on "Little Peace"). But on tenor saxophone, as previously with Chico Hamilton's and Cannonball Adderley's groups, Lloyd does fairly tepid John Coltrane, with a matter-of-fact bar or so from Sonny Rollins, and, on "Ol' Five Spot," an assay at Ornette Coleman's style that is at once blatant and curiously timid. All of which may mean that Lloyd is a derivative player, or may mean that he is a still-apprenticed artist, soundly absorbing his youthful models. But intensely individual he ain't.

Lloyd is not the first player to emulate Coltrane, of course—hundreds of young men have been doing that for years now. But in a sense he may be the last, for the John Coltrane heard on *Crescent* (Impulse A-66, $4.98; stereo AS-66, $5.98) is a rather different musician. I think it is his best album in several years, and it is at least an exceptional set and an excellent presentation of his work.

It is hard to believe that the poised melodist of this LP is the same Coltrane who once seemed compelled to gush out every possible note, to careen through every scale on every complex chord—and go beyond even that profusion by groping for impossible notes and sounds on a tenor saxophone that seemed about to burst under the strain. Or who, apparently to bring some order to this swirl and fury of notes, subsequently cut back the harmonic structures of his pieces so drastically that some performances sounded like endless vamps-till-ready, or perhaps twenty-five minutes of furious E-flat sevenths.

I doubt very much that the earlier Coltrane could have played the lovely incantive melody that introduces "The Drum Thing" on this new album without embellishing it out of shape. The performance also includes an exceptionally self-contained and satisfying drum solo by Elvin Jones, which at the same time does not sacrifice his formidable ability. On "Lonnie's Lament" the saxophonist similarly sets up solo space for his pianist McCoy Tyner, who here has his sometimes overripe harmonic sense under control, and for his bassist, Jimmy Garrison, who offers a gratifyingly personal statement.

On the three numbers that feature the leader more predominantly, Coltrane is like a man returned from a dangerous but mandatory journey, now ready to share the experience. Strange beauties and perils are vividly related in the improvised section of the title piece, "Crescent"; even the once "impossible" notes and sounds have become natural and firmly established musical techniques for him. Musings and evaluations of the journey take place on the "Wise One." And "Bessie's Blues" is

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like an up-tempo, communal celebration of the new experiences.

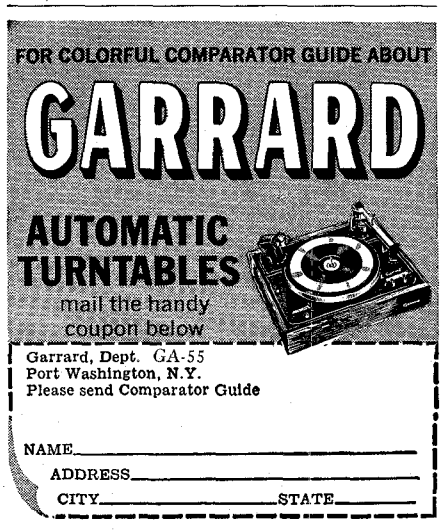
Turning from Coltrane to Stan Getz is rather like turning from reports of a battle recently won to reports of a man still reliving the battles of the early Forties—which would be fine except that Getz does not really seem sure whether those earlier battles were won or not. *Getz Au Go Go* (Verve V-8600, $4.98; stereo V6-8600, $5.98), recorded in a New York coffeehouse, includes examples of most of the things that have brought the saxophonist success in the past fifteen years. There are the lushly sentimental ballads of his earlier days ("Here's That Rainy Day"), the standards that roll along at somewhat faster than usual tempos ("Summertime" and part of "Rainy Day"), and the bossa novas that renewed his career, beginning a couple of years ago. There are, in fact, six of the latter (including "One Note Samba" and "Corcovado" and "Eu E Voce") sung in both Portuguese and English by the amiable Astrud Gilberto, wife of the amiable but more professional Antonio Gilberto.

Two newer developments are also evident. First, Getz has a rhythm section that really knows how to set up the rolling musical momentum that Getz needs. And second, perhaps because he is still not sure his battle is long since won, there is the luxuriant weepiness that is so evident in his current playing, and that may soon make Stan Getz the David Rose of jazz—or perhaps its Mary Worth.

From Vienna with Jazz, by pianist Friedrich Gulda and a jazz orchestra (Columbia CL 2251, $3.98; stereo CS 9051, $4.98), is an ambitious LP. Gulda, who plays both Beethoven and jazz, once warned American musicians against imitating "what European composers were doing two hundred years ago." But here he clearly borrows the concerto form, in its more or less classic manifestation, for three movements of "Music for Piano and Band." The notes say that "his writing will lose only the plastic-tower boys who unthaw only for the indigestible," and for what that apparently means, you can probably include me in. On this piece Gulda seems to me only an average composer of melodies, and the virtues of form that he might have imported from his classical studies are not readily evident. I would be a liar to say that I did not enjoy the first movement of his "Music," but I would also be lying if I said I think it comes off. Its main theme is very un-jazzlike in character, and the various introductions of secondary themes, improvisations, and changes of tempo do not so much develop a cohesive structure as they constantly change the subject. It is as if, whenever things began to move, either in the written form or the improvisation, the composer timidly pulled back. The second movement begins with some neoclassicisms from the pianist, then becomes a jazz ballad. The third and best is an up-tempo showcase for Gulda.

The LP finishes with "Veiled Old Land," on which Gulda has strung together a medium-tempo ballad and a quasi-gospel blues structure to feature his chief soloists, Idrees Sulieman, trumpet; Tubby Hayes and Hans Bigler, reeds; Pierre Cavalli, guitar; and himself. Gulda has become a much better jazz pianist, less stiff rhythmically, less clichéd in his ideas, and much better able to use his classicist's virtuosity in the jazz idiom. But I wonder if jazz is not still a "light music" for him.

—Martin Williams.



Columbine and Laurel

By Lewis Turco

DAMOISELLE those white limbs
genuflecting
before you as you push
that instrument through the forest,
bend but to stroke

the keys of your marimba
with the lightest of mallets.
I can hear you coming
like a freshet through stones,

with a step soft as mole's wool.
My ears are like throats
savoring your ivory cantata.
Your feet are words buoyant

in an ocean of moss—
ah, what a phrase they trail
down the mountain.
You are columbine and laurel
sprung from snow,

you come singing from the old time
your song blue, your eyes grey
as lichen,
your hands ten stings of gnats
in the chapel of my brow.

Prisoners

Continued from page 18

ample, it had little reason for optimism.

An alumnus of Nazi jails, Brandt was a leading Berlin Communist before he defected to the West in 1958. In June 1961 Brandt was in West Berlin on business. One evening he visited a family to which he had been introduced by a mutual friend. He accepted a glass of whiskey; it was apparently drugged, for, as Brandt later recalled, "I had hardly got out on to the street when I had heart pains and sank to the ground. I last remember what seemed like four men coming toward me remarking, 'We've been waiting for you.'" Brandt woke up in an East German jail. For eleven months he was held incommunicado and denied a lawyer. Finally, he was tried in secret; the charge was espionage and he received a thirteen-year sentence.

THE case was a tough one, not only because of Brandt's prominence but because the East German regime was clearly vindictive toward a man it regarded as a traitor. Amnesty launched a many-faceted campaign. Three emissaries went to East Berlin at different times, on one occasion carrying the appeal to Walter Ulbricht, the Communist boss of the country. British MPs bound for the Leipzig trade fair were asked to make overtures to any government officials they encountered. A book on the Brandt case was planned. Philosopher Bertrand Russell agreed to write one preface and Ilya Ehrenburg, the Soviet author, was asked to write another. No one expected that Ehrenburg would agree, but it was hoped that the correspondence with him would spark some Soviet interest in the affair and that the Soviets, who were trying to sweeten their relations with the West, might put pressure on their German satellite.

In 1963 Amnesty named Brandt "Prisoner of the Year." Mrs. Brandt was brought from Germany for Amnesty's Human Rights Day ceremonies in December; her participation brought another spate of publicity. The following month, Bertrand Russell publicly denounced the Ulbricht regime for refusing to free Brandt; to underscore his protest, Russell returned the Ossietzky peace medal which the East Germans had awarded him the year before.

Somewhere along the line, Ulbricht and his comrades decided they had had enough. On May 23, 1964, Heinz Brandt was released—eleven years before the completion of his sentence.

To be sure, prison walls will not fall to a trumpet blast, but one by one the iron gates are creaking open.

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Sinister Establishment

Continued from page 57

such "authority figures." No one should be surprised that the three most frequently mentioned names (in this order) were U.S. Commissioner of Education Francis Keppel, NEA executive secretary William G. Carr, and James B. Conant. Each of these three was mentioned more than ten times. Only five others were mentioned more than once; John Fischer, president of Teachers College, Columbia, 3; Earl Armstrong, recently retired from the National Council on Accreditation, 2; Clark Kerr, president of the University of California, 2; Carl Megel, immediate past-president of the American Federation of Teachers, 2; and Ben Willis, Chicago superintendent, 2.

One person said, "There aren't any authority figures. Conant might have become one, but the Establishment has taken care to undercut his influence." Another replied, "Willis, Carr, Engleman, Conant,—and a lot of people whose names one cheerfully forgets." A New England education editor confided, "I'd like to think it was you and me, but I'm afraid that Peter Elder and Henry Chauncey and Clark Kerr and even Max Rafferty wield an influence that we can only stand in awe of."

ALL in all the responses of these responsible reporters reveal enough diversity and disagreement to dispose of any charge that the education Establishment is a diabolic conspiracy or a monolithic monster. Whatever it is, not everyone recognizes the same organizations or people as constituting the power group. But whatever relief some may derive from the assurance that the Establishment lacks national unity and cohesion, this is not the same as saying that all is well within the temple.

Although the responses do not reveal a clear-cut pattern differentiating the views of the "ins" from the "outs," two replies stand out in their presentation of a firm minority view, carefully enumerating dissatisfactions with the incumbent administration. These two replies, from the president and the executive director of the Council for Basic Education (a kind of establishment for the "outs") deserve the attention due any serious and sincere minority report.

James Koerner, who is now in England studying the teacher education process there, accuses the educationists of declaring the public schools their own private domain and ruling it through their own exclusionist organizations. Koerner, who stayed in college teaching only a few years, characterizes the Establishment as "tight, narrow, utilitarian-minded, arrogant, and often anti-intellectual." He questions the pluralism and the state-to-state differences mentioned by most of the respondents, citing the astonishing sameness of teacher education programs from coast to coast.

Mortimer Smith, caustic editor of the CBE *Bulletin*, questions the competence of the current Establishment, asserting that changes in educational philosophy and standards emanate from leadership outside the Establishment. He cites teacher education, textbook reform, and theories of learning, in which he says outsiders have produced the most effective new ideas of the past decade. Smith is also disturbed by what he views as the trespass of professionals on the policy-making power of local school boards and the growth of the union concept of teacher organization.

But the minority view of Koerner and Smith, whatever its merits, is not wholly shared by James Conant, whose references to the Establishment in his *Education of American Teachers* helped to promote the current interest in the power structure in education. Conant said in that book:

> In most of the states I am convinced that the establishment is flexible and responsive enough so that anyone actively concerned with teacher education can make his influence felt.
>
> As we have seen, in most states the public school forces hold the greatest power as far as teacher certification is concerned. Is this situation unwholesome? The answer, of course, depends on whether or not these forces are serving the public interest and can be held in the final analysis accountable to the public.
>
> As a general policy, I believe, the public interest is well served when there exists a clearly identifiable group of people who assume continued responsibility for the operation of the public school system.

Mr. Conant has also proposed alternative power structures. In his most recent book, *Shaping Educational Policy* (*SR*, Nov. 21), he suggests that leaders from many states confer to create nationwide policy that will not be a national policy. Meanwhile a top-level interagency governmental committee on education has been created by a Presidential executive order that confers increased authority on the U.S. Commissioner of Education. Other changes are in the offing. The NEA continues to gird for battle with the growing AFT. In many states the Establishment in its many organizational forms is readying for a showdown with a recalcitrant legislature. Most persons support the organizations of which they are members and deride the divergent groups. Little of the future can be foreseen, but one can safely forecast it will be uncertain for antidisestablishmentarianism.

Education Letters

Continued from page 46

these issues to get himself fired from the presidency of a university because of them, was that tiny giant Alexander Meikeljohn. And he died, at ninety-two, in the very moment of fighting for these things here at Berkeley, on December 16. In his memory —if for no other reason—could we open this question in your pages to adequate debate?

JOHN SEELEY,
Professor of Sociology,
Brandeis University;
Fellow, Center for Advanced Study
in the Behavioral Sciences.
Stanford, Calif.

Facing Unrealities

I. N. BERLIN'S soundly perceptive article, "Unrealities in Teacher Education" [*SR*, Dec. 19], has been of tremendous value to me concerning my classroom behavior problems (and consequently to the rest of the group), even though this old work-horse has been in the teaching shafts, Grades K through 12, for twenty-some years.

As to its value to the supervisors of student teaching, I am recommending it to our State Department because of its applicability. I supervised a student teacher last spring; I did my own student teaching in 1928-29. Dr. Berlin has held up the lens that enabled me to see for the first time my own lowered threshold of anger and frustration (dropping in geometric progression over the thirty-five years) as anything other than a bad case of Creeping Incompetence. Then he makes the practical suggestions that work and that call back to mind some similar plans that have worked in the past with my "challenges" but had been forgotten because their significance was not clear.

I want my personal thanks to you and to Dr. Berlin to prove but a pebble in the big professional pond.

MARY MATTHEW TAYLOR.
Hendersonville, N.C.

Whoops!

Many thanks for the mention of George Stern of the "University of Syracuse" (David Boroff's article, *SR*, Dec. 19), but the name of our place is Syracuse University.

I'll bet you wouldn't like it if people called you the *Review of Saturday*.

RICHARD WILSON, Director,
Office of Information Services
Syracuse University.
Syracuse, N.Y.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 7, 5, 6, 1, 2, 8, 3, 4.

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Education Editorial

Continued from page 46

humanities, mathematics, the behavioral sciences, and the basic sciences. And it can keep the love of learning alive in students who will later go on to universities for their specialized study. But it can do these things only if it has a competent faculty. Some colleges that pride themselves on their low student-teacher ratio would be better institutions with faculties of half the number and twice the quality. One inspiring professor does more to build up a college than two or three second-raters and in the present market few first-rate college teachers can be had for salaries in the $6,000 range.

While even a very small college can offer sound introductory instruction in the major disciplines at the freshman and sophomore levels, it dilutes its efforts if it attempts to provide major areas of concentration in all the academic disciplines. In his article on page 52 of this issue, George Hanford proposes a method whereby small colleges can pool their resources in order that each may offer a few sound majors while making suitable provisions for students who select other areas of concentration. Such a plan would make it unnecessary for each college to attempt to cover all the areas of knowledge.

Though such a plan will help small colleges to survive and to improve the quality of the education they offer, these institutions will still need more financial aid than is now available. Donations from individuals will help but it takes a tremendous number of small donations to make a dent in the red figures of a college budget. We would like to see the establishment of a major philanthropic foundation dedicated exclusively to the survival and further development of the small, non-prestigious, undergraduate, private college. No philanthropist could leave his money to a better cause. —P.W.

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(Continued on page 78)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 77)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1606

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. In industrial engineering, a component part of the motions involved in operations of any kind (anagram of inventor's name).	179 197 42 16 65 101 154 98
B. Exist in great plenty.	9 173 84 192 51 31
C. Small Long Island locale immortalized by Irving Berlin during World War I.	19 116 59 180 90 121 49
D. Important American jurist, contemporary, of Italian birth (N.Y. Supreme Court, etc.).	118 169 61 195 95 106
E. Provided once more with stockings.	175 165 87 74 135 67 80
F. For some time longer (2 wds.).	109 56 40 63 1 164 170 76 5
G. Free from scent of any kind.	158 194 134 167 130 73 89 48
H. Neighborhood cobbler serviced some boots for thrifty customers.	66 143 176 191 38 127 102
I. Glazed frame of a window (2 wds.).	196 184 131 153 45 125 149
J. Hebrew prophet who preached against the kingdom of Israel, 8th cent. B.C.	133 128 52 54 110
K. Nineteenth-cent. German writer, known for his translations of de Maupassant.	26 23 34 7 160 151 50
L. A sort of horn made of rolled birch bark, by which certain northern hunters summon game.	91 70 174 189 60 115 21 46 161

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Second mowing or harvest.	57 82 4 81 155 111 15 148 28
N. Scamp, often a playful term (from the Anglo-Irish).	104 75 178 139 129 122 152 14
O. How we ask the nature of impending things or events (2 wds.).	97 25 132 53 172 185 190
P. Undesirable, incorrect, unsuitable.	137 85 72 11 100 37 156 182
Q. President Harding's middle name, meaning recompense of God.	171 3 99 103 140 17 123 108
R. Galeate.	147 88 18 78 198 136 77 33
S. What RLS went on with Modestine.	193 8 79 142 92 64 93
T. When directed traffic positively must halt (3 wds.).	96 186 86 2 35 177 32 69
U. Newton's name for calculus.	71 22 188 6 141 120 117 58
V. Gentle little, tremulous utterance of a bird.	163 144 62 183 94 44 83
W. The Dionne Quint who died eleven years ago.	150 199 166 27 145 68
X. One of the greatest of religious painters, and architect of St. Peters, 1514.	124 47 162 41 30 181 138
Y. Supplementary instrument or other music performer.	55 119 126 114 105 168 10
Z. Xenophon's "camel-sparrow" as quoted by Marianne Moore.	36 43 146 113 13 24 159
Z¹. Spurned.	107 29 187 39 20 157 112 12

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

1 F	2 T	3 Q	4 M	■	5 F	6 U	7 K	8 S	9 B	10 Y	11 P	12 Z¹	13 Z	14 N	15 M	16 A
17 Q	18 R	19 C	■	20 Z¹	21 L	22 U	23 K	■	24 Z	25 O	26 K	27 W	—	28 M	29 Z¹	30 X
31 B	32 T	33 R	■	34 K	35 T	36 Z	37 P	38 H	39 Z¹	■	40 F	41 X	42 A	43 Z	44 V	■
45 I	46 L	47 X	48 G	49 C	50 K	51 B	52 J	■	53 O	54 J	55 Y	56 F	■	57 M	■	58 U
59 C	60 L	61 D	62 V	63 F	64 S	■	65 A	66 H	67 E	68 W	69 T	■	70 L	71 U	■	72 P
73 G	74 E	75 N	76 F	77 R	■	78 R	79 S	80 E	81 M	■	82 M	83 V	84 B	85 P	■	86 T
87 E	88 R	■	89 G	90 C	91 L	92 S	■	93 S	94 V	95 D	96 T	97 O	98 A	■	99 Q	100 P
101 A	102 H	■	103 Q	104 N	■	105 Y	106 D	107Z¹	108 Q	109 F	■	110 J	111 M	112 Z¹	113 Z	114 Y
115 L	116 C	117 U	■	118 D	119 Y	120 U	121 C	122 N	123 Q	124 X	125 I	■	126 Y	127 H	128 J	129 N
130 G	131 I	■	132 O	133 J	134 G	■	135 E	136 R	137 P	138 X	139 N	■	140 Q	141 U	142 S	143 H
■	144 V	145 W	146 Z	147 R	■	148 M	149 I	150 W	■	151 K	152 N	153 I	154 A	155 M	156 P	■
157 Z¹	158 G	■	159 Z	160 K	161 L	162 X	■	163 V	164 F	165 E	166 W	167 G	■	168 Y	169 D	170 F
171 Q	172 O	173 B	174 L	175 E	176 H	■	177 T	178 N	179 A	180 C	181 X	182 P	■	183 V	184 I	185 O
186 T	■	187 Z¹	188 U	189 L	190 O	■	191 H	192 B	193 S	194 G	195 D	■	196 I	197 A	198 R	199 W

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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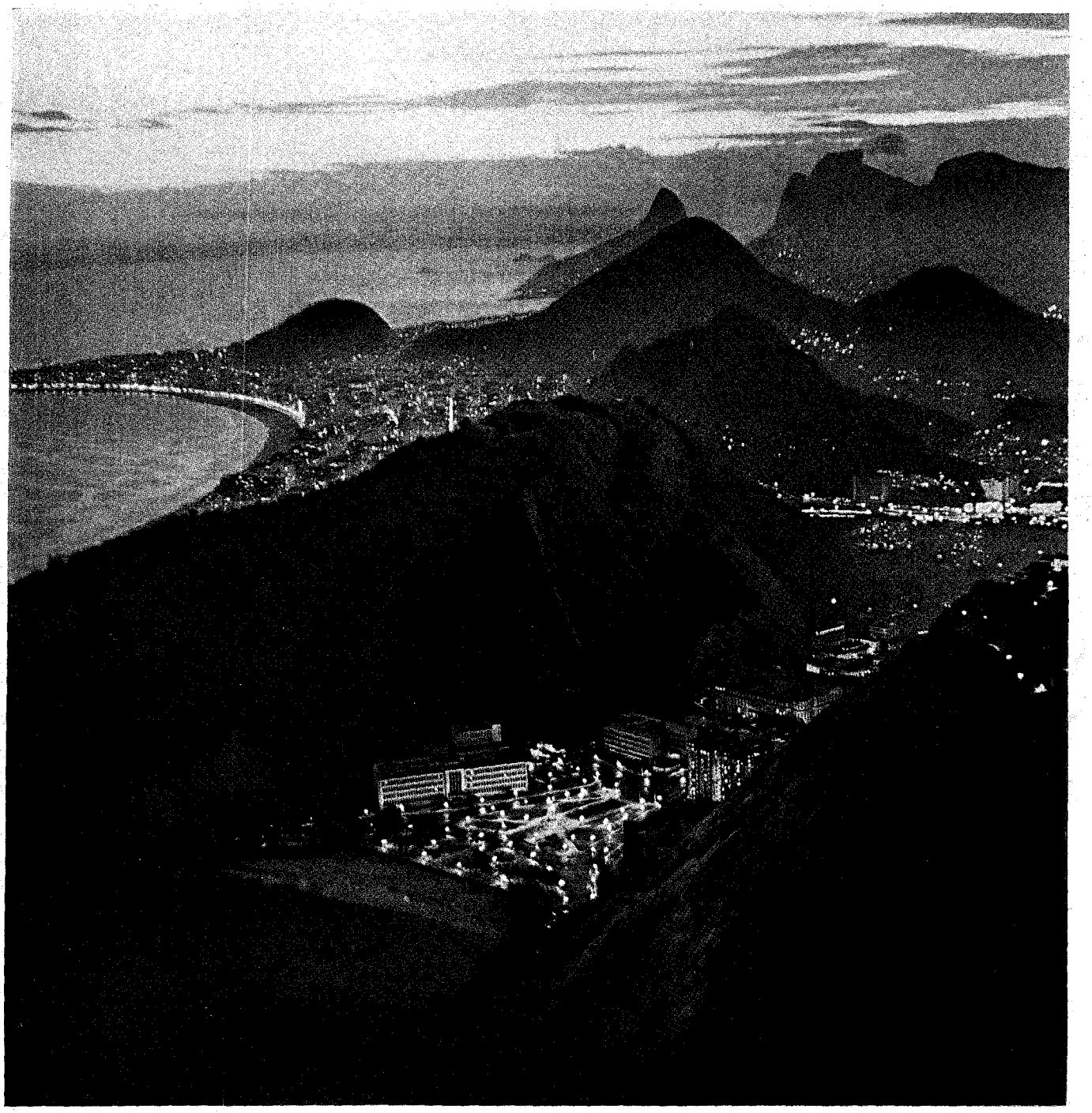

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